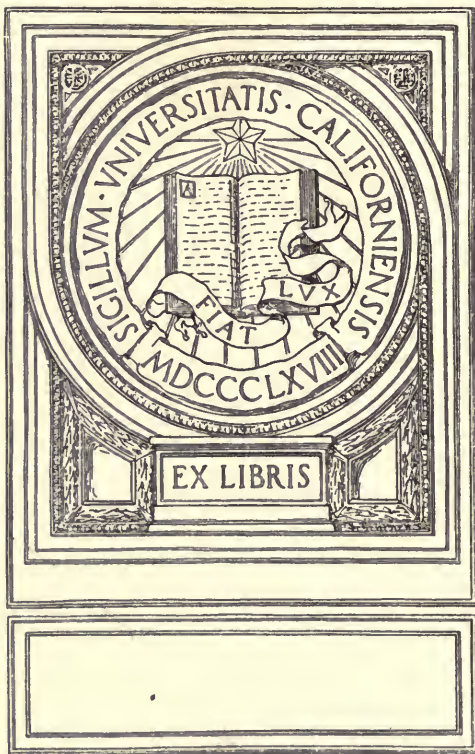


LETTERS—ESSAYS

C. E. SANFORD

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES

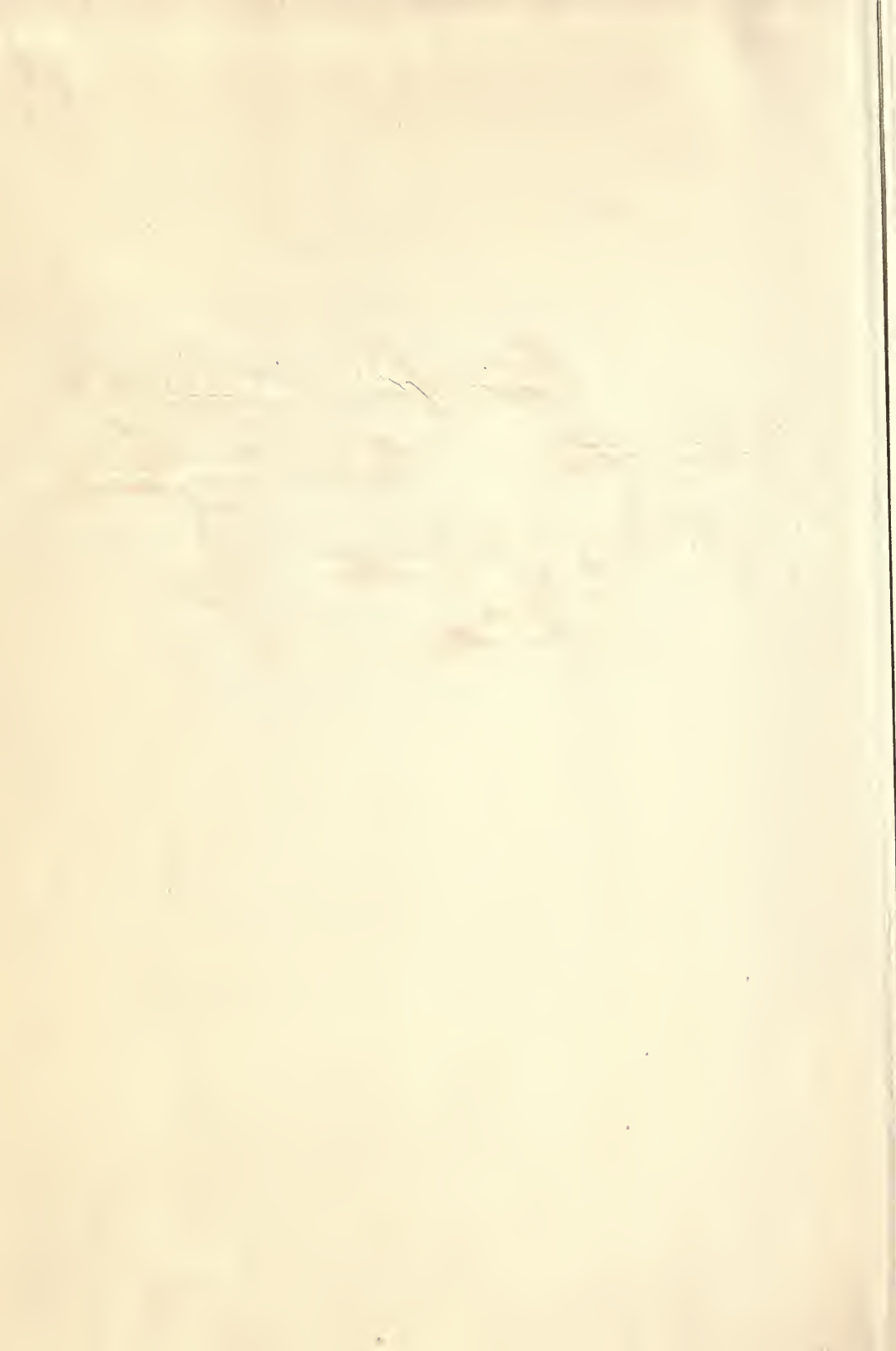


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CARLTON E. SANFORD

Letters, Essays

AND

Biographical Sketches



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Preface

A very large part of the articles contained in this volume were first printed in the *Courier and Freeman* newspaper at Potsdam, New York, at divers times during the past thirty years. As will be observed, some are written in the first person, others in the second person plural, while others are in the third person. I may be wrong, but after some reflection, I do not think it best to now change them in this respect from the form in which they were first written. If my readers will keep in mind the fact that they were written here in the village of Potsdam, about it and its people and affairs, some appearing as editorials and others as communications, I feel sure no trouble will arise from this inconsistency.

Scattered through many of the articles are items of a historical nature which, through lapse of time, are already becoming of interest. To preserve these for the future, mingled with the hope that the volume may afford pleasure to a few and be of interest to others, has induced, and is my only excuse for its publication.

C. E. SANFORD.

Potsdam, N. Y., July, 1907.

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In the memory of my father, Hon. Jonah Sanford, Jr., a bright and sensible man, who strove to help his children, and of my mother, Clarinda (Risdon) Sanford, a gentle and noble woman, this work is feelingly inscribed.

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Wherein Lies Greatness?*



AM aware that my views on this all important subject are not in accordance with the belief of many; however, I feel at liberty in this age of "free speech and free press" to express them as best I can. Were a young man to put the above interrogatory to a hundred men, nine-tenths of them would answer, Greatness lies in labor.

Now this article does not deny that labor is essential to greatness, but it does deny, and will endeavor to show, that it is not the chief requisite of greatness. As I shall confine my remarks to man, it perhaps would not be amiss to inquire what is man, and what are his functions? According to the Scriptures, he is a rational being, fashioned after the image of his Maker, and endowed with certain abilities. According to chemistry, he is a shovelful of earth and a pailful of water.

Be his composition what it may, his essential characteristics, above all other species of being, are his erect position, powers of speech, and ability for reasoning. Now the first and last of

*Phrenological Journal, March, 1871.

these peculiarities are, beyond a doubt, inherent in man's organization.

Again: man was endowed with these and other powers that he might make all things subservient to his physical, intellectual, and moral growth. If, as they would have us believe, intellectual greatness lies in labor, then the positions once occupied by Shakespeare, Milton, and Newton, being open to all, are within the reach of those who labor. If this be true, we must have many Shakespeares and Miltons; but, alas! where is the second "Julius Cæsar" or "Paradise Lost"?

Unfortunately, for some, this is not the case, and this paper will attempt to prove that superior intellect or greatness lies behind man, so to speak, in Him who created him. All that is required to do this is to show that the dissimilarity existing among men, not only in outward resemblance, but in intellectual powers, originates in their native constitution.

Now, there are some so bigoted or prejudiced in favor of old doctrines, that reasoning is to them a delusion. They claim that every man makes himself, and are contented with their belief. If perseverance, as they say, is alone the donor of greatness, we must have many unknown Franklins scattered through the land, for there are many men who are striving as hard as he ever did to become enlightened, but who, wanting nature's strong aid, must live and die in obscurity. Now all that is required to convince them of

their error and of the fallacy of their theory is observation. But as they do not wish to put themselves to so slight a trouble, let us look at the subject from a general standpoint. There are now something over one billion of human beings living upon the same food, breathing the same air, and warmed by the same solar body. And yet no one claims that any two are alike either in disposition, passion, wisdom, or in any of the peculiarities of man. How has this great dissimilarity come about? Were all men created with equal powers, all the training that could be devised by the ingenious mind of man could not bring about such a dissimilitude. But I hear them cry, "Circumstances alter cases." Yes, I grant it; but they can not destroy—they only modify what nature decrees and constructs.

They tell you circumstances make men, when these rather offer opportunities for men to show their abilities. You may turn the stream from its course, but you can not prevent its onward progress to the sea. You may allure a mathematical genius from his Euclid for a moment with classical mythology only that he shall return to his old love with the greater zest. Really, circumstances work marvelous changes, yet they can not create—they only affect. You may conceal a fire with ashes, but you do not extinguish it—you only make it the warmer inside. Just so a stranger in a foreign land will in time forget his own tongue; nevertheless his genius for mathe-

matics, poetry, painting, or whatever it may be, is not destroyed.

Do circumstances create this dissimilarity? Let us see. Let us go into a thriving village where the general circumstances are the same. Churches, schools, laws, customs, news-rooms, and dramshops are alike to all. But lo! this same dissimilarity exists. There are moral, wicked, intelligent, unintelligent, industrious and indolent people here as elsewhere. But, they say, the poor can not, or do not, associate with the rich, and thus two classes are made. To some extent this is true. But let us go farther. Let us peep within a private household, governed by the same head, and watched over by the same tender, motherly care. Here circumstances can not be brought to bear, for the same mother nurses them in their youth, watches over them in their childhood, and advises them without partiality. But are they alike in every particular? Most certainly not, and it would be idle to argue it. Many are the clergymen's sons who lead a miserable life in dramshops and gambling dens, after all the Christian training and good moral lessons they have received. How is it? They have turned their backs on noble circumstances and taken the hand of vice and crime. They can not cry, "Oh! the way the twig is bent the tree is inclined," for the twig was started upright, and no saplings of vice were allowed to take root near it.

There is no perfect man, and consequently all

men have more or less of those passions which are akin to evil. These are what bend the human twig, and if they are stronger than his resolution, he is a vagabond. Since they claim there are two classes, viz., the rich and poor, let us enter the poor man's hut.

There, in one corner, sits a studious youth poring over his lessons. In another part of the room are his brothers quarreling over a misdeal at euchre, or spending their time in some other unprofitable manner. How came the former with such a burning desire for knowledge, and the latter with such a hatred for study, after being brought up under the same roof and circumstances? Tell me, ye who believe in equal intellectual powers. I have not pictured an uncommon instance. Far from it. Many similar examples are recorded in history, and many are yet to be recorded. I have only to cite you to the early childhood days of Horace Greeley, one of America's leading benefactors. Who does not fancy he can now see him, as biography states it, lying upon the floor of their humble cottage, and by the light of a pine-knot intently at study notwithstanding the annoyances of his playing companions. Tell me if the lad of a poor but industrious family of Kentucky, to whom neither academy nor college was ever opened, and who spent his youth in clearing the forest, and his full manhood in guiding the councils of his country through a great war, did not rise up in a similar

manner? He had little or no schooling, and scarcely any books with which to awaken in him a thirst for knowledge. Circumstances were against him; but he had within him that which education can not supply, that which is bound to lift man above circumstances and his fellow-man. That the powers which have made such men great and famous were innate seems to me conclusive. But now they tell us education creates this dissimilarity. Let us see.

Take, for instance, two men equally well educated in the same medical school. You go to one and tell him your ills, and, as best you can, what the trouble is. He listens attentively, examines your pulse, looks at your tongue and says you are threatened with a fever, and gives you a dose which he thinks will break it up. Time passes along, but you do not get any better, and so you go and see the other. He goes through with the same investigations and says you have all the symptoms of apoplexy.

Take another instance. Here are two reverend gentlemen, both well educated, who are spending their lives in studying the Holy Book and preaching its precepts. One goes from place to place preaching the existence of a place of punishment in the hereafter; while the other preaches that there is no such place as "hell." Thus we find mental differences in every department of life, which lie in the native constitution of men. There is the source or fountain-head of in-

tellectual greatness and also of intellectual inferiority. Therein, to a great extent, lie man's character, principles, and acts in life; and these are the catalogue of the man. If in a man judgment is wanting, he is like a vessel at sea without a rudder. If he is wanting reason, he is like an engine without a governor. If he is wanting ambition, he is like an engine without steam. But if he has all the powers or faculties so blended or united that each works for the good of the others, he will pass on like the giant locomotive, carrying with him multitudes who are ready and willing to pay him homage and applaud his greatness. All history proves this, tradition corroborates it, and observation will confirm it. Just look back upon the vast expanse of time, and of that multitude of humanity who have lived and perished, and see how many gained that fame which time can not destroy. For every one that yet lives, I venture to say a hundred thousand are sleeping in forgotten graves, and "the places that once knew them know them no more." Here and there we see bright stars on which are written in ineffaceable letters such names as Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, and Newton. They were extraordinary men, possessing abilities far superior to nearly all of their fellow-men. The Creator lavished upon them His greatest bounty—a giant intellect. The theory of equal powers is a delusion, and, thank Heaven, it is fast dying out.

It is said that no man could meet Daniel Webster without saying, "He is an extraordinary man." His every feature and movement struck you as being singularly grand. His high, massive forehead was alone sufficient, says a cotemporary, "to impress any one with a feeling of admiration." And this man, by some thought to be America's greatest son, had the next largest brain on record. I do not claim that every intelligent man has a large brain. Far from it. A small brain may be so evenly balanced as to bring forth better results than many larger ones.

Many strong minds have gone down to ruin on account of their lower powers being predominant. The towering forehead, keen eye, and expressive countenance are all the work of the Creator through nature, as are also all of the intellectual powers. She molds the man and gives to each certain abilities. And when it is said that to her we owe all that we are and all that we may be, my conscientious belief is expressed.

But in all that has been said, the writer does not wish to be understood as disparaging any young man from getting an education. It is his right, his duty, and it is the duty of every intelligent man to assist him. Because a man has meager powers, it is no reason why he should forsake their culture. So much the more he should strive to become enlightened that he may appreciate the intelligence of others. There are but few men who can not by persistent effort be-

come masters of some branch in the world's work. Stephenson, it is said, could neither read nor write, yet by untiring perseverance he came off victorious and was one of the world's greatest benefactors.

Some men look with contempt upon those whom nature has not so well favored. Such can not be aware that small minds are as essential to the world's equilibrium as large ones. Were every man either a Johnson or a Butler, the world would be in continual dissension and turmoil. Every man would consider his views to be the more beneficial to the country. Every rock and stump in the land would support a shouting orator. The plowshare would rust in the furrow, the fire go out in the forge, and the gutters would fill up with filth. But fortunately this dilemma will never occur, as the Creator has decreed otherwise.

A word to the young man, and I am done. Of all the sermons ever uttered, there are none better for you than this: "Know thyself." From the fact that observation teaches us that different men are constituted by the Creator with different aptitudes for different pursuits, it behooves every young man to study himself, to learn if possible for what calling nature has best equipped him. When he has determined this, he should give a loose rein to that spirit which throbs within him and bend every power to make it a success, remembering that—

“ One science only can one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.”

Learn to bridle those passions or powers which would lead you astray, otherwise your attempt is an almost certain failure. All men seem to have a passion for becoming distinguished; but as eminence is only allotted to a few, patience of obscurity is a duty we owe to ourselves and to the quiet of the world. If you take as your motto “ justice and perseverance,” you may at last burst forth into light; “ but if frequent failure convinces you of that mediocrity of nature which is incompatible with great actions, submit wisely and cheerfully to your lot.”

NOTE—The foregoing was written long ago when I was younger. My observations since would lead me now to give more credit to labor. A boy of fair abilities possessing indomitable perseverance, will get further and higher and accomplish more than a boy of great ability who lacks perseverance.

Checker Playing

 ON a recent evening in Firemen's Hall, in Potsdam, Mr. J. Dempster, a young man of about thirty years, who hails from Jefferson County, gave an exhibition of checker playing—memorizing and reasoning—which excelled anything of the kind I have ever seen. He has five checker boards about two and a half feet square, with the squares on which the men are moved numbered consecutively in large figures from one to thirty-two. The men are held in place by a pin inserted in a hole in the board. The boards stand upright against the wall, so that spectators can witness the playing.

By his bills he invites five of the best local players to be present and test their wits with him. He was quite fortunate here in getting good players. Our best, or at least those who have taken great delight heretofore in getting their fellows into a hole, a corner or some sort of situation from which there was no escape but annihilation, and who have made many a poor fellow stew and perspire, rub his eyes and scratch his head, in his endeavor to study his way out, were on hand. On this occasion each of the

five local heroes took a seat in front of the five boards. Mr. Dempster sat over in the corner of the room to the right of and with his back to the boards. He did not turn about during the playing and had he done so it would have been of no help to him as he could not have seen the face of the boards. He offered to be blindfolded, but as all were satisfied he could not see the boards it was dispensed with. A person was selected to do the moving of the men for Mr. Dempster and the playing began, Mr. Dempster taking the first move on all the boards. Then local player number one moved, stating the number from which and to which he moved his man, so that Mr. Dempster could hear it. Mr. Dempster would then direct what move to make in response by giving the number from which and to which he wished his man moved. When done the moving was repeated on each of the other four boards in their order and in the same manner, so that there were five games going simultaneously. No two games were alike, and after a few moves had been made, any one who knows anything about the game can readily see that matters got intricate and involved in all sorts of schemes and plans, each player trying to entrap Mr. Dempster and he each of them. All the local players being good ones and some of them exceedingly apt at the game, the playing soon became interesting and exceedingly hot, so to speak, and so continued till the collapse came.

The games lasted for three hours and Mr. Dempster had no aid whatever as to the position of the men on any of the boards but his memory. Very often he would direct his move immediately, but at other times it would take him several minutes to do so. He had, of course, not only to keep the position of his own men, and all of them, on all the boards, but those of his opponents in his memory, and then to hold the board before his mind while he studied out the move to make. When playing on one board he must necessarily drop out of his mind the other four, and then when it came his turn to move on another, bring that board up for study. To all who witnessed the playing it seemed not only astonishing, but amazing, and one gentleman so much doubted his own senses that he went and made a careful and thorough inspection and examination of Mr. Dempster for some hidden spring, mirror, trap or other device by which he felt he must be getting some help. I noticed one thing which gave me some annoyance, and that was that while playing he chewed tobacco rather too freely for a clear and full action of the mind. He only made one error in directing a move to be made and in this he claimed he had got board four confounded with board three, but no one helped him and he soon cleared the matter up.

Mr. Dempster beat in four of the games, in the other with Mr. Henry C. Batchelder he made

it a draw. On the following evening he played again, beating all five of his competitors. As an exhibition of memory I think it the most remarkable performance I have ever seen, and so did all who were present. In other ways and things, especially in executive ability, I hardly think Mr. Dempster is equal to the average citizen. I hear that one of our leading citizens (not a spiritualist) stated to him that if he had claimed it was not he who played but the spirit of one who had gone, who, while on earth, was passionately fond of the game, and that he simply moved as such spirit directed, that he would have been more puzzled, and that it would have added one more to the many mysterious things that happen for which there seems to be no other or, at least, so easy solution or explanation.

Spirits

A "Sitting" With the Celebrated Dr. Henry Slade

R. HENRY SLADE, the world famous spiritual medium, arrived in this village from Malone on Monday, Nov. 5th, 1883, and took rooms at the Albion House. He is probably the most successful and famous medium who has yet appeared. He has traveled extensively, not only in this country, but in Europe, Asia, etc. All grades of men and women, from crowned heads to peasants, have taken seats at his table and been greatly amazed and bewildered by his manifestations of spiritual phenomena.

In Germany he had the attention of several of the cold, calculating, unbelieving professors for which that country is famous, and he so bewildered them that one of them wrote a new work on physics.

Not long ago the *New York Tribune* contained a column report of a "sitting" with Dr. Slade

by one of its reporters. According to that report the phenomena produced was marvelous, I might almost say miraculous.

Having read so much of him I was anxious to take a "sitting" and witness the phenomena with my own eyes. Accordingly another gentleman and myself called on him soon after his arrival. He received us pleasantly, but could not give us a sitting then, but would in the evening. My companion did not seem to be impressed with the doctor and declined to accompany me again. That evening Mr. W. H. Brooks and myself called on the doctor and took a "sitting." Dr. Slade claims to be a medium—a person peculiarly organized—charged with magnetism or some other subtle influence or agent, and so organized and gifted by the Almighty, for the express purpose of mediumship, that the spirits of the departed may through him, and such as he, communicate with the living. If that be true, he has certainly a high calling, and it should be known by all. If it be not true, then, certainly, he should be exposed, and not be allowed to prey upon the credulity of men. I am not against spiritualism, although I do not believe in spirit manifestations, so-called. However, I would treat this, as every other question, fairly and investigate it thoroughly. With this, surely, no one can complain. In giving this report of our "sitting," I shall endeavor to avoid all feeling or prejudice, simply stating what took place.

We told the doctor that we were skeptics, and he replied that those were the men he desired to meet. He had a bare, plain board table, with leaves. On this sat the lamp. Just behind him was a stand on which were several articles. He said that he could promise nothing, that he could not control the manifestations, that the conditions must be favorable or nothing could be done, that he could not tell as to conditions until he had tried for phenomena.

He arose and took from the stand two small slates with wood frames and handed them to us. We examined and found them clean. He took them and turned and stepped to the stand, the while speaking to us of the pencil he used, and instantly returned to us with two slates and several bits of pencil. Immediately, he said, we will begin, and directed Mr. B. to place his right hand near my left, well towards the center of the table, so he could place his left hand on each, and for us to join our other hands. This brought Mr. B. and myself close up to the table. The doctor sat nearly sidewise, at the end of the table. A chair sat opposite me, well up to the table, and turned facing the doctor. The doctor placed a bit of pencil about three-fourths of an inch in length on one slate and then the other slate over and upon this. He took them at the end in his right hand, having the fingers extended under the slates, and his thumb on top, and carried them below the table and under the corner of

the leaf, moving them toward himself and then out into view, keeping them, or at least his arm, on the move all the time. He placed his left hand on ours and instantly removed it, acting as if he were frightened, saying one of us was highly charged. After two or three trials, he got so he could keep his hand on ours. Mr. B. then asked to see the inside of the slates and he brought them up and opened them. They were clean and the bit of pencil was there. He took them back below the table and at once we heard rapping. The doctor asked if he could place the slates on my shoulder. I said certainly. He did so, keeping his hand under them as before. At once we heard a noise very similar to slate pencil writing. We joked and laughed, the doctor joining in, but the "writing" kept on. He remarked how similar the noise was to pencil writing. I said yes; but how do we know but that one of your fingers under the slate is doing it? He replied that he couldn't make such a noise with his finger nail. Presently there was rapping and he placed the slates on the table and opened them. The lower slate had a full page of good writing in straight lines, light hand, correctly punctuated and signed J. Lawrence. He asked if we were acquainted with him. We said we were not, never knew any such person. He seemed greatly surprised and soon after asked us again. I asked him if he did not know him, and he said he did not. I have since been told

that he was a spiritualist and died in this town a few years ago. He then placed a bit of pencil on a pencil mark, on the slate, and also placed an ordinary slate pencil on the slate next the frame and carried the slate below the table as before. Very soon the pencil came in a curve on the table, and the bit of pencil remained on the pencil mark.

Then he placed a bit of pencil on the slate and carried it below the table, moving it to and fro, and orally asked if the gentleman at his right was a medium. He remarked that chairs were sometimes thrown about, and very soon the vacant chair fell over rather violently. We waited some two minutes for a reply, and during this time he was talking to us upon topics foreign to the occasion, as I then surmised, and now believe, to get our attention. As I said, I had to look over my shoulder to watch him and then could not see the slate except when it came by the edge of the leaf. I noticed, however, that his arm had quite a swing, bringing the slate well over his knees. Mr. B. could not see anything except the movement of his arm above the elbow. Finally, we heard writing and he soon placed the slate on the table. The words "He is" were there, but in a poor, scrawly hand. Then he repeated this, asking if Mr. B. was a medium, and after taking about the same time he got the reply "He is not," in a similar scrawly hand.

He then asked me to write a question on the

slate. I did so. This was turned down and a bit of pencil placed on the top of the slate and the slate carried below the table as before. The question was in two parts and occupied nearly two lines. The name of the person I addressed was plain and distinct; the balance of the question was rather indistinct, owing to the oily condition of the slate. I noticed he soon gave his arm a rather long swing, occasionally bringing the slate nearly or quite over his lap. Very soon he asked, "You did not write but one question?" I replied that I did not. He went on with the movement and soon said, "You are sure you did not write but one question?" I said I was. Soon after he brought up the slate and at the same moment said the person I addressed (giving his name) was not present and took a wet sponge and began wiping out the writing or scrawls that were on the slate. As soon as I saw what he was doing I reached for the slate, but it was too late. I asked why he did not let us see it. He said he was sorry, that he didn't think, etc. I got a glance of what was on the slate and, if it was writing, it was miserably poor. There certainly was not half as much on the slate as he orally stated; of this I am sure. What puzzles me is: Where he got the whole of the reply he gave to us. Not from the slate, for it was not there. Time and again he told us he was as ignorant as we of the communications until he read them on the slate.

I then asked if I could not put my head under the table and watch. He replied, "Certainly, I have no objection. I court the closest scrutiny." Accordingly I moved back, bringing my hands nearly to the edge of the table so I could put my head under. The doctor said, "No, that won't do. You must put your hand over there," (near to center of table). I did so, but got my head under the leaf and asked him to proceed. He commenced moving the slate as before, and immediately we heard rapping. We had heard this rapping at the beginning of every trial, and I thought we were going to have another communication. But the doctor knew the rap, it seems, for he put up the slate and said that was the signal for the flight of the spirits; that they were gone; that he could not control them; that we could not do anything more that evening.

Mr. B. says that he will take his oath that there was a third slate on the stand. From my position I could not see as well as he. At any rate, I can't see why he did not bring the bits of pencil in the first instance with the slates, why it was necessary to take the slates back to the stand with him, to get the pencils.

The other communications were only a word or two, and a clever juggler could easily have put the slate between his knees or in his lap, kept his arm swinging to deceive us, written the word or two, picked up the slate, swung it again and brought it forth.

But what satisfied us that he does it himself more than anything else that took place was the trouble he had over the question I asked. The form in which I wrote it made it look, at a casual glance, as if there were two questions. As he does not get any aid from the spirit, is it not fair to assume that he got his eye on the writing? What was it to him whether I asked one or more questions? He had nothing to do about it, as he stated time and again. The spirits were the ones to complain. If a spirit can answer one question why can't it answer two? If a spirit can't answer two it can't do as well as when in the flesh. But as I believe, his only point in asking about the two questions was to break the long suspense and get time to read the question. The name was plain and he got that. The rest of the question was rather indistinct and he couldn't decipher it. So he tells us the person addressed is not present. Surely that is vague and general enough. Whether that or any part of it was on the slate, no one except he and the spirit that wrote it will ever know.

Again his warning us that chairs were sometimes thrown over and the chair being almost immediately upturned, fairly shows that he knew that the spirit which throws chairs was present, while he repeatedly asserted that he knew not the purpose or even presence of a spirit until the phenomena appeared. Whether he or the spirit turned it, I do not know,

but certainly he could easily have done it with his foot.

Then, also, the hasty flight of the spirits after putting my head under the table, which he assented to and encouraged, seems, at least to a skeptic, as a little strange. Surely the spirits were not frightened, and if there were present spirits from the unseen world, would they not eagerly embrace every opportunity to remove all doubt? .

Other persons (spiritualists) who had "sittings" with the doctor tell us of most wonderful phenomena taking place, such as a chair rising some two feet with a person upon it, the doctor simply touching the chair; getting long communications, they having hold of the slate all the time, and in the original handwriting of the departed. I should have been pleased to see something of this kind, and expected to from such a medium as Dr. Slade. In all that I have seen or read, I have never known of such phenomena taking place in the presence of a skeptic.

I asked the doctor if the writing between the slates was done with the bit of pencil placed between them. He said it was. I then said that the communication from J. Lawrence was in a fine hand. To write thus finely the pencil must have been nearly on end. The pencil was $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch in length. The slates were only about $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch apart. How could the pencil stand up to write thus finely, and, especially, how could it

stand up at all, without also writing upon the upper slate. He said he could not tell; that it was one of the many mysteries.

NOTE—This was not written, nor is it included here, as an attack on spiritualism. I have no knowledge that what they teach is not true. Their main claim, as I understand, is that the spirits of the departed remain on this planet or come back to it on occasion. Why may they not remain or come back here, since as the whole Christian world teaches that they can and do go to a far distant celestial sphere or abode?



COL. JONAH SANFORD

Flag Presentation to the Col. Jonah Sanford Grand Army Post

(An Address*)



R. PRESIDENT—Members of the Col.
Jonah Sanford Grand Army Post:

It gives me great pleasure to be with you on this occasion. Aside from the gratification of meeting many whom I know, the presentation just made to you of this elegant flag is doubly pleasing to me. If it were not, I should confess myself wanting in all the finer sensibilities which animate our natures.

Any exhibition of gratitude is ever a welcome and a pleasing sight. In fact, gratitude is one of the finest and noblest attributes of our natures and he who is without it is a poor creature indeed. I would as soon that reason should forsake me, as to be bereft of gratitude.

The flag which has just been presented to you is the generous gift of ladies whose hearts are warmed by the blood of him whose memory you

*Delivered at Nicholville, N. Y., July 4, 1884.

have honored. It is their testimonial of gratitude for your very generous and kindly act. With it, also, towards you, goes woman's gentleness and love—certainly a no more fitting tribute of regard could be made to a soldier of the republic. If there be anything which is dear to him, it is the flag, under which, and for which, he fought.

For its supremacy he bore, without murmur, all the trials and hardships of war, and even offered his life as a sacrifice. It is the flag, too, which our fathers unfurled as the ensign of a free people.

By your valor and that of your comrades in blue, and by the grace of God, it still remains the emblem of a free republic, the only purely free republic on the earth. And now, gentlemen, as a grandson of Col. Jonah Sanford, whose memory you have honored, and in behalf of his numerous descendants, some of whom are members of your post, I should be pleased to have you bear with me for a few moments.

Those who bear his blood feel a just pride in his achievements, and the position which he won among his fellows. It is but natural that they should. No lapse of time can erase the ties of kinship. Respect for the memory of those who have gone is the greatest tribute which we can pay to those we once loved.

Soon each of us in turn will enter that eternal sleep which "kisses down the eyelids still," and

to know that we shall be remembered by at least those who best knew and loved us, greatly softens the sting of death.

Col. Jonah Sanford died on Christmas day, 1867—nearly seventeen years ago. It is astonishing how fast the years roll by. It seems but yesterday that I last saw him, hale and well, as fine a specimen of elderly manhood as one seldom sees in a life time. Large of stature and commanding in bearing, with a face, though stern of purpose, yet radiant with kindness and beaming with intelligence and character. His courage was dauntless, and his will power indomitable. “In every storm of life he was oak and rock, but in the sunshine he was vine and flower.” To those who met him as capable opponents, he was sometimes austere and unrelenting, so strong were his convictions; but with the controversy at an end, all feeling would pass away. He was too generous and too great to harbor enmity or ill will.

For all aspiring young men he had the greatest respect and kindness; and I only regret that I cannot pay his memory a more fitting tribute. I loved him, living, for his sterling worth and character, and now I revere his memory.

Since you have honored him with the name of your post, and since it is nearly a fifth of a century since he passed away, I have thought that a brief sketch of his life would not be uninteresting.

He was born in Cornwall, Vt., in the year 1790 and came into this county in the year 1811. He selected a piece of woodland in the town of Hopkinton, where he continued to reside until his death. There were then but a few settlers in all this section of the country, and those quite distant and widely separated. He cleared a small spot and built him a log cabin that year, when he returned to Cornwall. He returned in 1812 and also in 1813 and 1814 to enlarge the clearing he had begun, but did not permanently settle there till 1815.

In the summer of 1814 he went back to Vermont, as that section of the country was then threatened by the British. He enlisted into a Vermont regiment, and took part in the battle of Plattsburgh, Sept. 11th, 1814. For gallantry in that engagement he was made a corporal. On the termination of the war he returned to his cabin in Hopkinton and devoted himself assiduously to the clearing of the forest and the making of a home. Having but little education, being barely able to read and figure, and recognizing his own sad condition, and that of those about him, in this respect, he purchased a few law books and began their study with a heroic determination. Blessed with great natural abilities, an indomitable will, and a power of perseverance that knew no bounds, he soon mastered the fundamental principles of the law and began its practice. For some years thereafter he de-

voted himself almost entirely to the practice of the law, and became one of the ablest and most successful practitioners in the county.

In 1828 he was elected one of the two members of the legislature from this county, and was also re-elected in 1829. March 9, 1830, he was elected to Congress to fill out the unexpired term of Silas Wright. In 1846 he held the honorable position of one of the three commissioners from this county to revise the constitution of the State. He was a member of the old state militia, in which he rose by successive promotions, by reason of efficient services and eminent qualification as a military officer, to the rank of Brigadier General.

In politics he was a Democrat until the organization of the Republican party in 1854-5. On its organization he became one of the most ardent and zealous advocates of its doctrines and principles, and remained such until his death.

When the great rebellion of 1861 burst upon us, threatening the destruction of our free republic, I well remember with what ardor and zeal he threw all the energies of his nature into the cause of the Union. If there was nothing else in his career to which I could point with pride, this alone would be sufficient to make me proud of his memory. Those were dark days indeed, and he who was brave and loyal then was a patriot to the cause of constitutional liberty. Neglecting his own personal affairs he gave substan-

tially all his time from 1861 to 1865 to the support of the war and the union. He was intensely loyal. He believed that it was every man's bounden duty, who was physically capable, to go into the war. To his sons and grandsons he said, as the Spartan fathers of old, "go, it is your duty." For those who hesitated or opposed the war he had no mercy or pity.

In the fall of 1861, when it had become evident that a great war was upon us, he obtained permission of the state government to raise a regiment of men. Although seventy years of age he entered into this great undertaking almost alone and unaided, working night and day, driving about the country—attending and addressing war meetings—infusing into all a spirit of loyalty and of concern for our country. He labored with such zeal and energy that in February, 1862, he started for the seat of war with the old 92nd Regiment, of a full thousand men. He went with them to the seat of war on the James River, but, owing to his advanced age and his arduous labors in organizing the regiment, he was unable to remain long in active service.

He resigned his commission into younger hands and came home, but his interest in the success of the war did not abate one jot or tittle. Until its close in 1865 he was actively interested in every project and movement for the Union. He lived to see the war a success, the rebellion put down and the government of our fathers re-estab-

lished, on, I trust, a more enduring basis. And now, gentlemen, I have an agreeable task to perform.

Mr. Jonah Sanford, out of gratefulness to you for the compliment you have paid his father's memory, requests me to present to you this elegant crayon portrait of Col. Jonah Sanford.

And now, gentlemen, one word more of a personal character to you. It is now twenty-three years since that dark cloud of disunion and war burst over this land. For four years thereafter that war waged more fiercely than any of the wars of modern history. At times it became a wild carnage of slaughter and blood, and the wisest among us were fearful of the result. When defeat fell upon the boys in blue, there was sadness in every loyal face. Then, when victory would reward your bravery, every loyal heart beat nobly and every loyal face became radiant with hope. Thus, for four long years, the destiny of the republic hung alternately in hope and gloom.

No army of men, in any age of the world's history, was ever engaged in a nobler cause, or ever fought more valiantly and bravely than did the boys in blue. Four hundred thousand of them gave their lives "that this nation under God might have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, for the people, and by the people, should not perish from the earth." It was a terrible sacrifice of treasure and blood,

with an attendant sea of suffering and sorrow; but, when viewed in the light of results, who can say that it was too great? Had our republic gone down in that struggle, kings and monarchs would have received a new lease of life, and the doctrines of liberty, equality of men, and sovereignty of the individual, which are so dear to us, would, in all probability, have ceased to exist, at least as factors in our national life. Such a calamity, not to us alone, but to the human race, your bravery averted. Every soldier dead, and every soldier living, may proudly boast that the perpetuation of these principles as a force in the affairs of men, is his legacy to mankind.

Nineteen years have since passed away. During that time many of the boys in blue have joined their comrades who fell in the struggle in that "eternal sleep which knows no waking." One by one they are falling by the wayside, and in a few short years all will have passed away. It is well that you organize these army posts. Band yourselves together as a band of brothers. The ties which should bind you one to another are hardly less strong than the ties of blood. You were brothers in a great contest, when to be a brother meant to be a hero or a martyr. Then you stood shoulder to shoulder in defense of the best government yet instituted among men. And now, as the evening of life is coming on, it is well that you stand together as you stood then. See to it that every comrade is secure in all his

rights. See to it that every comrade receives all the blessings which the government bestows. See to it that no injustice or wrong is done to any man who wore the blue. See to it that every comrade who is entitled to it has his pension. See to it that no comrade suffers from penury or want. See to it that every comrade's widow and his orphan children have and receive all the rights and dues to which they are entitled. See to it that every comrade, when he is called hence, is properly laid away to his eternal rest.

Your fame is secure. A generous people and a generous government will ever hold your services in grateful remembrance.

Hon. Jonah Sanford

HE was a son of the late Col. Jonah Sanford of Hopkinton, where he was born Oct. 24, 1821, and consequently was wanting a few days of being sixty-five years of age, dying Oct. 18, 1886, on his farm in Hopkinton. His schooling was principally obtained at the old St. Lawrence Academy in Potsdam. On arriving at his majority he spent the first four years following as superintendent of his father's farm.

He then moved onto a small farm about three miles east of Parishville, where he labored with such perseverance that he was soon able to purchase a large property, upon which he has since resided, and to which he has added extensively. In February, 1847, he married Clarinda Risdon, daughter of Elisha Risdon, to whom four children have been born, viz.: Carlton E. of Potsdam; Silas H., residing at home; Mrs. L. C. Shepard of Somerville, Mass., and Herbert J. of Potsdam.

In politics he was a Democrat up to the organization of the Republican party, to which he early united and to which he has steadfastly adhered.



HON. JONAH SANFORD, JR.

In 1862 he was appointed Assistant Assessor of Internal Revenue, which position he held till the consolidation of the system in 1872. In August, 1862, he was appointed enrolling officer of his town. He was first elected Supervisor of his town in 1868 and was annually thereafter re-elected to the same position down to and including the year 1885, excepting two years that he was in the Legislature. He was elected Chairman of the Board of Supervisors for the years 1878, 1879 and 1885, and made a most excellent presiding officer. He was quick to act, judicious and impartial in his rulings. As a testimonial of this, the Board presented him with a handsome ebony cane, gold mounted, which he highly prized, at the close of the session in 1879. He served in all sixteen years on the Board, and I think it safe to say that he was the best informed man during his last years as to the business and affairs of the county that we had among us. He seemed to know it all, though much of it is quite involved and complicated. He was on nearly all the important and active committees. He gave whatever he had to do such thoroughness of research and study that his reports were almost invariably adopted and his suggestions followed. In the fall of 1873 he was elected to the Legislature and was re-elected in 1874.

As a legislator he was careful, judicious and level headed. He voted right, as his constituents would have voted, on all measures and came out

of the Legislature unsullied. Two local measures of considerable importance came before the Legislature while he was there, which he handled with much dexterity, sagacity and good judgment.

Mr. Sanford in his prime was a man of splendid physical ability. He had muscles of steel and great powers of endurance. He stood full five feet nine in height and weighed two hundred pounds. Through all his life he took great delight in feats of strength, games and exercises of all kinds. At wrestling and other sports requiring agility and strength he met but few men from his boyhood, who were his equals. While a student in the old Academy he was one of the leaders in all the vigorous games and sports of those days, and this same fondness for athletic exercises was his to his death.

He liked and courted society, especially that of younger men and women. He could have more fun and enjoyment with them, as a rule, than with older people. The young people about him in turn enjoyed his society and were at his home a great deal. There was nothing prosy in his nature, nor did he enjoy staid, inert people. He wanted matters to be stirring and people to be alive with mirth and laughter.

Mr. Sanford was a man of great industry and business sagacity. He accumulated quite a property and it is, substantially, all the work of his hands and brain. In matters of business, his

good sense and judgment almost invariably guided him right. He made but few missteps, and those were due to being over sanguine. Had he dealt in stocks he would have been a bull. He always looked on the bright side of business matters. If an enterprise turned out poorly, he never fretted or worried over it in the least. Those who did not know, could not discover by his speech or action but that a poor enterprise had been a splendid success.

For years he has been doing a large business as a speculator in every kind of property pertaining to an agricultural section, in addition to the conduct of his farms, and had become known to every person about him for quite a distance. People were continually going to him who had anything to sell or who needed a little help. He always made a good trade if he could, but did it manfully and honorably. He was also well known and highly respected in this village, and generally throughout the county. He was strong in his attachments, and no one loved his home or his children more warmly than did he.

Some five years ago he was stricken with that terrible disease known as diabetes, and ever since it has been sapping his vital forces. At times he would seem to rally and surmount the disease, and then after a little would gradually fall back again. It was so insidious and stealthy in its approach upon him that he did not know that he was afflicted until it had taken a firm hold.

Four weeks previous to his death he, wife and daughter started for Iowa on a visiting tour. The journey tired him very much and, besides, he found the weather very warm—90 degrees and over—which was greatly debilitating to him. His wife and daughter urged him to come back at once, but he said no, he would be better when he got rested and that they would make a hurried call on the friends they had gone to see. He grew weaker and very soon he was too feeble to return when the weather was so warm. They waited for a change in the temperature and as soon as it came they started, reaching home October 16. For two weeks it had been the prayer of his life to get home, and nothing but his great will power ever brought him through. On getting home the energy and tension that had borne him up, of course, gave way and there was a relapse. About midnight of that day he fell into a stupor or comatose state, which those about him for some time supposed was slumber. From this he never rallied, dying as one would sink to sleep at 2 p. m. on Monday, surrounded by his family.

Was Conkling Invited?

FRIEND FAY—Some little time since, I met a gentleman well advanced in political preferment, who gave me, as he claimed, “a bit of inside history” concerning our late presidential contest. I was amazed at the time, and so much so that I have not since related it, fearing it was not true—that he had been misinformed. Were it true, I knew it would some day ere long come to light, and I have been scanning the papers since, hoping to learn something further on the subject. I would not speak now but for the fact that I noticed an Albany letter in the *Watertown Times* of the 25th ult., which seems to bear out what was related to me. If there be any truth in the story it should come to light and the people should know it, so that the blame for our defeat may rest where it should. If it be not true, I know of no way of ascertaining that fact so expeditiously or well as to make the story public. Now that it seems to be gaining currency, and as we are on the eve of a great State contest, if it be not true, that fact should be made known. I understand, from pretty reliable sources, that whatever of

bitterness, jealousy or feeling among our leaders which has distracted us in the past has been buried in the grave of our defeat, and that we are to pull together united. If that be true, and I earnestly hope that it is, we shall be invincible. Thus viewing the situation and my duty in the premises, I give you the substance of the story as related to me.

It will be remembered that about the time Mr. Blaine went into Ohio, it looked a little gloomy for us. There did not seem to be that life, spirit or enthusiasm in the canvass which augured success. Certain members of the State and also of National Committee were apprehensive of the result unless something could be done to awaken the people. Some members of both committees were very anxious that Mr. Conkling be officially invited by them to take part in the canvass, while others were opposed to any such course. The former (as I understood) did not know that he would take part, if invited, but they thought it was their duty to make the effort. Accordingly, several members, either of the State or National Committee, or made up of both, informally called on Mr. Conkling to ascertain if he would speak if invited. Making known their mission, Mr. Conkling inquired by whose authority or direction they came. They replied, of course, on their own. In the conversation that ensued Mr. Conkling informed them that if Mr. Blaine would personally or by autograph letter request him to take

part in the canvass he would make them three speeches. These gentlemen were elated and went back to their headquarters and a telegram was sent to Mr. Blaine, requesting him to send an autograph letter to Mr. Conkling accordingly. I did not understand this to be by any official action of the State or National Committee, but a joint enterprise of several of the members of both, feeling assured that the committee would most heartily approve of it. Mr. Blaine, on receipt of the telegram, sent his son Walker on to New York City at once with the letter required. On his arrival there, he called on the committee and made known his errand. Several members of the committees were in doubt as to the propriety of the proposed course, and so called to their council the editor of a great Republican journal and a United States Senator from this State, who was then in the city. These two gentlemen were so vehement in their denunciation of the project, so sanguine of success without the aid of Mr. Conkling, that the whole matter was thrown up, and Mr. Walker Blaine returned, carrying the autograph letter back to his father.

This is the story in brief, as told me with every assurance of its truthfulness. Whether it be or not, of course, I cannot say. However, my informant occupies a high political station and has excellent opportunities for knowing whereof he speaks. I cannot imagine any object or purpose he could have had in fabrication or in misleading

me. There are those who can speak positively, and if this shall in any manner aid in eliciting the truth I shall be pleased.

NOTE—The foregoing was addressed to Editor Fay and written in the fall of 1887. Mr. James G. Blaine was defeated for the Presidency in 1884, by failing to carry New York. Mr. Cleveland carried it by only about eleven hundred plurality. The statements made in this article were hotly assailed by various newspapers, and, I think, had the better of the argument. My informant was Senator George Z. Erwin.



PERMELIA S. BROOKS

Permelia S. Brooks



ERMELIA S. BROOKS was a daughter of Col. Sanford and was born in Hopkinton July 2nd, 1819. She died at her home in Potsdam October 16, 1886. On November 10th, 1841, she joined Erasmus D. Brooks, a live and enterprising young merchant at Parishville, in marriage. Blessed with good health and great physical vigor, she entered upon life's duties full of cheer and with no other thought than to make life a success—to fill her sphere as a wife and a mother. All along the highway which she has traversed are strewn the flowers and kind deeds of a noble woman, dutiful wife and loving parent. There are no places over which she came lazily, indifferently or dreamily. It is one unbroken path of filial love—active, virtuous, Christian life and living. She accepted all its duties that fell to her with great womanly heroism and fortitude. When clouds would gather over and seem to darken the way, as they do to all of us now and then, they did not chill or dampen her ardor in well doing or weaken the motherly love with which she filled her home. Always hopeful, looking on the bright side of

things, she saw a silver lining in all the clouds that shadowed her path.

Mrs. Brooks was a woman of full medium height, weighing upwards of two hundred pounds, with a fine complexion and a bright face, as is shown by her picture.

Six children were born to her. (*See obituary Erasmus D. Brooks.*) In 1858 Mr. and Mrs. Brooks came to this village, where they have resided ever since, in their cheerful and pleasant home on Elm street.

Mrs. Brooks was an exceedingly genial and sociable woman and made friends. She was fond of bright company, and spared no effort or pains to make it pleasant for all who entered her home. She was especially bright and intelligent, and none excelled her in repartee—remarks just spiced enough with wit and humor to make intercourse pleasant and enjoyable. Many of these were really brilliant and are treasured in the memories of those who heard them.

As a house-wife she had no superior. She loved her home and she gave it her constant care and unremitting attention. It was always in order, everything in its place and everything done with exquisite taste and cleanliness. Her handiwork—articles of beauty, taste and adornment—abounded on every hand. To make her home bright, inviting and cheerful she seemed to regard as a wife's duty as well as a pleasure.

A year ago last May when in full health she

was stricken with a heart trouble, and ever since has been in constantly failing health and strength. At times she would have terribly distressing spells, being barely able to breathe, lasting an hour or more, which would make those about her weep and even suffer from sheer pity and sympathy. To those who called just after her recovery from one of these spells she would appear as bright and cheerful as ever—seem to forget self and her own sad condition and interestingly inquire after the caller's health and that of his or her friends.

Since first taken, with the exception of a brief spell of a week or two, she never went to bed or lay down. She slept sitting in a chair near her husband's bed with a cane by her side, that she might awaken him in case of trouble. But, all the while, she was growing weaker and more feeble and less able to stand the strain of the recurring bad spells. And yet, with all her agony and suffering, not a murmur of complaint ever escaped her lips. Her courage and fortitude were as remarkable as they were praiseworthy. On Saturday last a little after eight a. m. a distressing turn came on. She had fought her last battle. Her strength gave out and her spirit took its flight.

The Sewers and the Board of Trustees



ON the 6th day of May, 1886, the people of this village held an immense meeting at Firemen's Hall. The matter of drains and sewers was the sole object and subject before that meeting. It was discussed thoroughly and exhaustively. A proposed bill had been prepared and was read to that meeting, which empowered the Trustees to go on and put in drains and sewers. A vote was taken as to whether that bill should become a law, and it was carried, all but unanimously—there being only two or three votes against it. Accordingly it was sent to the Legislature and became a law at once.

The Trustees thereupon set to work, with a zeal that was commendable, to do what they deemed was for the best interests of our village and people under that law.

They tore up lawns and yards and made sad havoc of our streets, it is true, but the result is, we have four miles or more of sewers, two miles or so of drainage, a foul and filthy old run or ditch that passed right through the main part of the village, which for years has been a reeking



HOSEA BICKNELL, PRESIDENT

shame and disgrace, obliterated; sinks and basins, foul, filthy and disease-breeding, tapped or filled or the water diverted; cellars that have been damp and wet for thirty years, made dry; some eighty cesspools, the most cursed and damnable institutions with which any aggregation of people was ever afflicted, disinfected and filled. Is not that a grand season's work? What can man do for his kind that is more humane, more brotherly or for which he should receive warmer or more heartfelt thanks, than to improve his sanitary conditions, save him sickness and the loss of prattling children?

Some men seem to act as if there was nothing really essential or important in this world but to make money. Health is nothing, life is nothing, except as it contributes to money getting, and a neighbor's health is nothing at all. Away with such selfishness and with men of that ilk. Spare no effort or pains to save your family, those you love, from sickness and death; join your neighbor in every reasonable effort to keep the pallid cheek and fevered brow of sickness from his home.

Heretofore there has been no possible way of getting rid of the slops, garbage, etc., except to have vaults, cesspools, etc., or a ditch or private drain to some hollow or basin out by the road side or over against a neighbor; no way to get the water out of the cellar, in which in many cases it remained the year round. Now all this

is changed as to four miles and over of streets. Every man can now drain his cellar, ship away to a remote point all his offal and slops by simply digging a ditch and laying a pipe out to the road and there connecting with a pipe which all his neighbors have contributed in bringing almost to his very door. This done, there will be no occasion for cesspools. The year 1886 marks their departure. Their removal alone is worth five, yea, a hundred times the whole expense of the sewers.

The sewers in, there will be no occasion for our stores, hotels, etc., to run all their slops, filth and garbage into the pond from which we get our water supply, nor will it longer be permitted.

Who wrought all these blessings to our village and people? The Trustees. Why did they do it? Did they do it from any selfish interest or motives? Did they make anything out of it? No. No one even whispers any charges of that kind. The work was most thoroughly done and at a surprisingly small expense—considerably less than any estimate that was made. In fact, the expense was from a half to a third less than we had expected.

The whole board gave it their constant care and attention all the summer and all the fall, holding meetings almost every evening, discussing this subject and that, looking after this item and that, watching the whole work as it progressed. Two members of the board gave the matter sub-

stantially all their time from the beginning to its completion.

I both honor and respect our physicians for the part they have taken in this whole matter. From the start, with only one exception, they have urged on this whole movement and aided in every way they could. Were they as selfish and mercenary as the most of us, they would have opposed it, since they live on sickness. Had they done so by united action I doubt very much whether any street, unless perhaps Elm and part of Main, would have been sewered. So, I say, all hail to the doctors.

It is indeed fortunate that we had a Board of Trustees composed of men of intelligence, men, who, believing their cause was just, were not afraid to face obloquy—to face the jeers and sneers of the multitude; men with the courage of their convictions. Had they not been such, not a foot of sewer would have been laid outside of Elm street. Abused and maligned on every hand, they heeded it not, but quietly and orderly pushed on the work. They felt that what they were doing was for the public weal and that in the end those who cursed them would not only repent but thank them. They were taking a great responsibility upon themselves, giving up two seasons of their time without compensation; incurring the displeasure of many and the bitter enmity of others, for what? Was there any pleasure in it? Do men sacrifice or neglect their

own business, work for the public or their neighbors who are abusing them, for the fun of it? And again, the law was so drawn that they had no money and could get no money to carry on the work. They could not construct the sewers without money. What were they to do? Most men would have declined to buy a pick or a shovel unless the money was supplied them. What did they do? Put their hands in their pockets, or what was the same thing, personally incurred the entire responsibility, got the money and went ahead. How many men are there among us who would do that?

If there were ever five men in this community to whom we are indebted, to whom we are under lasting obligations, they are our present five Trustees. In my humble opinion no five men have ever done a greater work for this village and its people than they. A great many of our people recognize this fact now and those who do not will, I am sure, in the near future.

There is much to be done yet—no heavy expense or outlay, but any number of little things, odds and ends to pick up and close up. There are no other five or even ten men among us who know so much about it, who know just what is necessary to be done or who know so well how to do it as they. This has been and is their work, and I submit they should not only be allowed but required to complete and finish it. If they should decline to serve again we could with much justice



MAJOR WILLIAM H. WALLING

insist on their doing so, for the reason that their work is not quite complete.

Every voter should attend the coming caucus and, forgetting all bitterness, passion and feeling, cast his ballot for the renomination of the old Board. It is due them as an indorsement of their work. Not to do so stamps them with our disapproval. Those who do not support them will live to regret their act.

COMMENT, February, 1907.—The foregoing article was written late in December, 1886, as may be plainly seen, to induce a public sentiment favorable to a renomination of the Old Board. As it contains quite a little record of the most important event in the history of Potsdam village, I give it place in this volume, and more particularly for the reason that it affords an opportunity, after the lapse of twenty years, when all rancor and bitterness have passed away, of commending that Board for the grand and noble work that it did.

During all the intervening twenty years, I have thought that something should be done to commemorate their memory. They are entitled, as I said in the article then, to the lasting gratitude of all the residents of the village living and that shall live within its bounds. Their work cleansed, purified and redeemed the village and made it a fit and habitable place in which to live. Those of our people who were not residents then, and those not old enough to appreciate or under-

stand the storm of protest, vilification and abuse under which the Trustees labored and through which they passed in doing the work, have little idea of their trials or discomforts in accomplishing the work. Some people I fear would have weakened and put in sewers in only one or two streets. But they did not relax. There were times, I confess, when it was feared that they would weaken and, had it not been for the loyal, vigorous and persistent moral support of such men as Charles O. Tappan, George W. Bonney, T. Streatfield Clarkson, Dr. Jesse Reynolds, Dr. L. E. Felton, Erasmus D. Brooks, Gen. E. A. Merritt, Hollis Snell, William W. Weed, Dr. Reynold M. Kirby and some others whose names I cannot now recall, it is quite possible that they would have greatly curtailed their work. Had they not had this backing, who could have blamed them with the populace wild and crazy over the great expense? This they faced, to do their duty and therefore earned their praise. There were many good men who neither supported nor opposed the work, holding and believing that sewers would be in the nature of a luxury of which only the rich could take advantage.

The sewers were brought about by a great amount of sickness that fell upon the village in the spring of 1886, beginning in March and continuing into June. I kept a record of the cases and still have it. There were about one hundred and seventy-five during that time, many of them

light, and twenty-five or six deaths, though not all died in the village, a few going home when taken sick. The village had been afflicted nearly every spring and fall with more than normal fever cases, and at some seasons with an excessive amount, back as far as 1867. Such sickness was the cause of the putting in of a complete water works system in the year 1870, at an expense of \$50,000, but it did not prove to lessen the sickness—it continued the same as before till the great outbreak in 1886. At that time it was so great that the people forgot their pocketbooks and were willing to do most anything to bring relief. A special meeting was called to be held May 6th in Firemen's Hall, to take action on a system of sewers and drains. It was conceived and conducted by Judge Charles O. Tappan, to his memory and credit, be it said.

Enthusiastic speeches were made in favor of the project by Hon. William A. Dart, Dr. Jesse Reynolds, Prof. E. H. Cook, Gen. E. A. Merritt, John A. Vance, Judge Tappan and others. Judge Tappan had a prepared bill authorizing the Trustees to put in a complete system of sewers and drains. It was read and adopted by a great vote, only three men having the face to say "No." It was mailed to Senator Erwin in Albany, the Legislature being about to close, and he, by his influence and power there, secured its passage and enactment in three or four days.

The Trustees, backed and supported by the

leading men I have named, took steps immediately to put the Act into effect, and it was well that they did. It was also very fortunate that the Board, elected in the January preceding, contained such public spirited men as it did. Had they not been such, there is no telling what would have been done, nor even that anything would have been attempted. The Board consisted of

Hosea Bicknell, Chairman;

Thomas S. Clarkson,

William H. Walling,

Charles L. Hackett and

D. Frank Ellis,

all living to-day except Mr. Clarkson, who was injured at his quarries and died in 1894.

The sickness began to abate soon after the law was passed and there was a great revulsion of public sentiment against the project. Petitions were promptly signed, remonstrances filed, angry meetings held, but still the streets were being dug up in every direction. On went the work. The Board heard not and this intensified the feeling. Small crowds gathered here and there, and were harangued by men I could name, though probably it is not best. They were simply mistaken. The most of the abuse was aimed at Mr. Bicknell since he was Chairman and gave practically his entire time to the work. Mr. Clarkson also gave much of his time. Many hearings were given by the Board and many meetings, during all the summer and fall.



CHARLES L. HACKETT

The work begun, there must be money. The Trustees had none for the sewer part of the work. What was to be done? Raise it in some way. Did they? Yes. How? Messrs. Thomas S. Clarkson, Hosea Bicknell, William H. Walling and Charles O. Tappan put their names to four \$5000 notes and got it of the bank. Was not that both heroism and patriotism?

There were four and 40/100 miles of sewer put in during that time at a cost of \$24,500 and three and 28/100 miles of drains at an expense of \$25,560. It was work rapidly done, well done and judiciously, a grand achievement, a noble work for the village and humanity. With the close of the year it was not quite complete in detail and some minor matters, and the friends of the Board felt that they should be re-elected, not only to complete the work, but especially as a vindication.

A citizens' caucus was called and held in the last days of December, 1886. It was a motley throng. The friends of the old Board were determined and persistent, and, led by Judge Tappan, fought every inch. They were outnumbered, but by having printed ballots, carried the day. The opposition was so chagrined and bitter that they held a bolting caucus and named George Pert, Harvey M. Story, James Lemon, Luther E. Wadleigh and Isaac Mathews for Trustees. The issue joined, the canvass began. It is doubtful if a harder or more intense mu-

nicipal struggle ever took place in the village. Over seven hundred votes were cast, the old Board winning by from thirteen to thirty votes.

Thus came the sewers and drains to the village. It was a fight and this time right won. In this connection mention should be made of another struggle almost as bitter as that over the sewers. Several people were using the pond and open runways for private sewerage. Cesspools, the most damning device ever adopted in a congregation of people, were all about the village, their contents decaying, rotting, fermenting and poisoning the earth and wells far and near. Competent judges estimated their number from one hundred to two hundred. We had had Boards of Health, but they were awed, frightened and intimidated into doing practically nothing. The excuse of some of the powerful had been that there was no other place than the river and open drains for sewage, and when the sewers were put in they even then practically declined to connect. At this juncture Mr. Ogden H. Tappan, Prof. E. H. Cook and J. W. Barbour were finally induced to become the Board of Health. Each was elected because of his known courage and fearlessness to make both high and low do what was right. Dr. L. E. Felton became Health Officer and rendered most excellent service. Mr. Tappan was then a young man, but he had the courage of his convictions and the nerve and executive force to compel compliance

with sanitary regulations and the law. In this struggle he took the leadership which his father had in the sewer question.

Suits were brought, attorneys engaged, but the Board of Health had to go out of town to get them, and judgments secured. Relentlessly they kept on till practically all private sewers to the river and open drains were taken out, and until all known cesspools were cleaned out and filled with earth and lime.

The work done, sickness in the way of fever ceased, and it seems ceased for good. There was no recurring fever sickness, even in the spring or fall of 1887. The sewers in and cesspools removed, fever sickness at once disappeared. The origin had been found and removed. Whether the cause was cesspools or the want of sewerage can never be known, though I suspect the removal of cesspools and the introduction of sewerage both contributed in practically eradicating fever sickness from the village. At the time I was quite inclined to think that most if not all the sickness in 1886 was due to the excrement of a fever patient being thrown into the river. It could not then be decided and, of course, cannot now, though I still cling to my belief. If it was, it does not help us or explain the spring and fall sickness for twenty years previous. If it was, and the village could not otherwise get sewers and a removal of cesspools, than by such an affliction, I am tempted to say

that it was well that it came. No recurrence of fever sickness has afflicted the village during all the intervening period of time. For the past twenty years it has been one of the healthiest villages in the State and the record of vital statistics at Albany prove this, as any one can see by the reports. Prior to 1886 for about twenty years it had been quite unhealthy. Now practically every home has sewer connections, and no one would be without them under any circumstances, nor can any man now be found who would admit that he ever opposed the sewers. The sewers have also been greatly extended since their installment.

Was not the work of the Trustees for 1886, and those who stood by them and back of them and with them, a grand work, and should they not be forever honored and remembered? To them, one and all, I say, All Hail! You did a great and noble work for your village and for humanity.

License or No=License. Which Shall It Be?

THE voters of Potsdam, and of every other town in the county, will, on the 8th day of February next (1887), be called upon to determine whether intoxicating liquor shall be sold in their respective towns or not. The law, as it now stands, makes it the duty of every voter by his ballot to say yes or no.

The Legislature has relegated the question of sale or no sale to the people of each town. The wish or will of the voters of every town on this question as expressed by their ballots becomes the law of that town. There is no middle ground. There is no way under the law to prevent its sale except to have a preponderance of negative votes. There is no way to secure its sale under the law except to have a majority of the votes in the affirmative. Therefore, the duty of every citizen is not only plain, but apparent and paramount. No voter can shirk the responsibility which is upon him, in justice to himself, his people, or the State.

The question is before us and a vote about to be taken. How shall we vote? It is well that

we give the matter our candid, sober, serious thought. It does not fall to the lot of many of us to ever act in a matter more important than this, or in one fraught with more direful consequences. As you shall vote, so you will speak, for the weal or woe of your brother—your neighbor. As you shall vote, so you will speak, either for or against the good order and well being of society. As you shall vote, so you will say whether peace and sunshine, or anguish and sorrow, shall go into many homes in this town and county. Is this true? Does so much as this depend on how we vote? Let us see. Let us look at the matter and calmly and dispassionately. I am no temperance bigot, fanatic or crank. I have seen the “ins and outs” of rum. I have been along its tortuous and serpentine way. I have seen the midnight lamp set by the loving tenderness of the mother to guide the erring and uneven footsteps of her dear boy. I have seen the father, kind and loving, transformed by drink into a beast, driving a true and loving little woman—his wife—into the street with curses and blasphemy. I have seen little children—wan and half clad—the offspring of intemperance, whose sad faces and pitiable condition would bring a tear from the stoutest heart. I have helped to bury its victims, bright young men, the pride and hope of loving parents; middle aged men, kind and loving husbands and parents. Is this true? Are such things going on, taking place, in this

Christian and enlightened age? If you doubt it, look about you. Go to the hovel or home of the intemperate poor. Count up on your fingers the young men and middle aged men that you know, who are now on the highway of intemperance. Then make a list of those you have known who have "fallen by the wayside" before this demon of drink, and you will not ask if what I say be true. What has done and is doing such work as this? Rum. The legalizing of certain places to deal out liquor to our boys—to mankind. What reason is there for it? What return does the State get for the legal privilege it grants? Surely there must be some compensation, some return, for so much misery and sorrow, so much anguish and suffering. What is it? What arguments are advanced in favor of license? Let us see. I will be fair—I will give all that are known to me. If they be ample compensation for the wretchedness and sorrow that license directly entails on mankind, then I will admit that the cause I plead is wrong.

The first and fundamental reason or argument of all pro-license men is that every man has a right to "eat, drink and wear" whatever he pleases. This has been and is their Declaration of Independence. To it they cling with the tenacity of life itself. Has a man the right to eat or drink poison? No, neither a moral nor a legal right. The law makes it a crime to attempt to commit suicide. The mere fact of our existence

carries with it certain duties and obligations. No man living among others has all his native, natural rights. The great bulk of them are given up to the State. If you would have them all, you must go into the forest wilds and live alone. But you can drink what you please and to your heart's content. You can take it to your home and there guzzle as you will, and no man can molest or make you afraid, unless you abuse your wife or children. Isn't that freedom enough? If you have a right to drink what you please, have you a right to get drunk and go prowling and blaspheming about the streets? No, certainly not. The moment you do this you interfere with the rights of others, and this you have no moral or legal right to do. But the right of private drinking, and the establishing of certain places where all can get liquor, are different things altogether. The former only concerns yourself, the latter the public. With the welfare of the public the State is most intimately concerned. It is not only its right, but its duty to prevent pauperism and crime, to shield the weak and to stay the arm of the strong. But why argue this further?

The courts, not only of this State, but of every State and of every civilized country on earth have decided that the regulation of the sale of intoxicating liquor comes within the police power of the State. So, then, you have a right to drink, but no moral or legal right to open a bar to sell

to others, except as the law grants it to you. Then, as you must admit, there is no force in your claim that you have the right to "eat, drink and wear" whatever you please, as giving you the right to sell others liquor because they wish to drink.

The second claim or reason advanced by those who favor license is, that there is a demand for it; that so long as liquor is manufactured it will be sold; that if it is to be sold it is better that its sale be placed in the hands of men who are known—men who will not abuse the privilege; that licensing will stop the terrible evil of illicit selling. This is the argument of every liquor seller, every drunkard, every tippler, every man who now and then takes a drink, every unthinking man who makes loud proclamation of his "eternal right to liberty." It is a plausible one, I admit. If I am any judge, it is the argument which carried the day in this village two years ago for license. It was then quite forcibly and adroitly put before your readers in a long communication which is before me. I wonder if the young man who wrote it has not since seen times when he wished he had not done so. I wonder if the business men who signed it have not regretted that they did? I personally know that several of them could not be hired to do it now. A change for the better has come over them. The spirit of the times has touched their hearts.

But to the argument. Let us take it up se-

riatim. We are told that there is a demand for it. Yes, I admit it, and I am sorry that it is so. Are you not, Mr. License Man? Do you not wish that your eyes should never see a drunken man again? If you do (and surely you must, if you have a spark of manhood or brotherly feeling in you), then do you think it wise or politic or best to supply that demand, to intensify and increase it? How will that help matters? If you sell to those who thirst for it and must have it, you will necessarily be obliged to sell to others who are drawn into the maelstrom of drink by them. So that five years, ten years, hence, though many of those who now demand it be dead, a new army of tipplers is on hand to demand it. So, using your "remedy," which is no remedy but an aggravation, this demand would always be kept good. But in reply to this, you say if men be not licensed to sell, others will do so covertly, secretly, and in defiance of all law or decency. I admit it. But is that any reason why we should set the seal of public approval on wrong doing? Because low, disreputable men, vagabonds in society, without regard for law, public morals or decency, will surely do that which is confessedly wrong, is that any reason why the public should do the same thing in a highly gilded and festooned bar-room? Does drinking over a marble top counter, in front of a costly mirror, with finely cut bottles, beautifully decorated and artistically arranged, help the matter any? Is it any less

an evil to drink in such places than to crawl into some alley or by-place and do it? Because some men will steal would it be well to appoint a committee to do the stealing for the town, or to abolish all laws against theft? The fact is that the selling of liquor as a beverage is an evil, a wrong. Gloss and gild it as you will, you cannot hide the cloven foot that is behind it. Because vagabonds will sell it if you do not license men to do so, is no argument why we should do so. If it were, you could with equal reason wipe out half the laws that guard and preserve society. There is no way that wrong can be legalized into right. No way that baneful practices can be made productive of public good. How can a law that grants a party the right—or should I say privilege—to do a wrong be upheld or maintained? Is not the State in passing such a law a party to the wrong?

But does the licensing of its sale stop the illicit, unlawful sale of liquor? Does it drive the low, dirty rascals out of the business? That it would, was the main argument for license two years ago. Give us a license, was the cry then, and we will stop this cursed and nefarious illicit selling. We took you at your word. We gave you a license. Were you right? Has it stopped it? No! not even for a day nor an hour. Every man who has eyes to see and ears to hear is painfully aware of the truth of what I say. Every man who holds a license knows it. It has been

going on right under your very eyes. Have you done anything to stop it? Have you lifted your hands against it? No, not one of you. No doubt you have regretted it, for it hurt your trade, but further than this not a murmur of complaint has escaped your lips. Why have you not kept your promise? Why have you not protected the monopoly which the law granted you? If it was worth taking was it not worth guarding? Are you so liberal and generous that you were willing to pay a large fee for a license and then let others share the trade without fee? Why have you not hunted them out and driven them either out of the business or into prison?

Now, I submit, would it not be better to hunt down these illicit venders, these vagabonds, even though it takes years and the public be compelled to rise up en masse against them, than to legalize its sale—to open bar rooms and saloons? These are the places where most young men get started on the wild and maddening career of intemperance. Only drinkers can get it of the illicit dealer. A boy with any pride or manly feeling in him would not seek out the illicit dealer if he could, and with rare exceptions he could not if he would. Into the bar-room they can go with the gentry of the town. To drink there and with these leading young men is high-toned, and besides the bar-room and saloon are always open. Into them you can go at any time and get liquor without let or hindrance. With the illicit dealer

that is not the case. If you are not a known tippler you can not get it. You must hunt up some loafer who is known, to go and get it for you. The bar-room and the saloon are the crying evils of this day and age. It is in them that the seeds of intemperance are sown. It is in them that the first steps are taken. They are the nurseries of drunkenness.

In the third place it is claimed that as liquor will be sold in any event, we had better grant licenses, getting a fee therefor, as some compensation for the pauperism and destitution which the sale of liquor, illicit or otherwise, entails on the community—that there is a great demand for it for medicinal and other purposes than as a beverage, and that it can not be had unless some place be licensed. As to the first point, I maintain that it has no force or strength, especially with us in these rural sections, for the simple reason that we can stop its sale, illicit or otherwise, if we will. Our villages are not so large but that we can know every den and dive and hole if we will. Public sentiment has sufficiently advanced in this town and in most towns to uphold and maintain the law. In some of the western states their prohibiting laws do not seem to prohibit, and they have enacted high license laws as the only expedient at hand. But I venture to say that this will not cure the evil or greatly help matters. Licensing, be it for a large fee or a small one, will not stop illicit selling. What we

want here and all we want is that the leading men of the village shall raise their hands and say that the unlawful and illicit sale of liquor in this village shall cease. Let them do that, and in six months from the first of next May I will guarantee you a village as free from rum and the evils of intemperance as can be found anywhere. The most of them vote the temperance ticket, but for some unexplainable reason that is as much as they have ever done. They sit in the background and hob nob with both sides in every fight against the rumseller.

But, on the other hand, suppose the money taken for license does make the town good for all the expense it is put to in keeping the poor caused by the free sale of liquor. Is that any compensation for the misery and want, sorrow and suffering, caused among the poor? Is that any compensation to the kind and loving mother who with sorrow unspeakable sees her boy come home reeling from drink? See the young wife, with her heart full of tenderness and love, at the midnight hour, praying and patiently awaiting the return of him she would give all but life to save. Is it any compensation to her? See the little children, affrighted and terror-stricken at a father, drunk. Is it any compensation to them? Have I drawn it too high? You, into whose homes this withering curse has not entered, are not qualified to speak. Ask those in whose homes this monster has reveled. Ask the fathers and mothers

and sisters who have kept the vigils of the night—who have suffered such anguish and sorrow as no pen can depict. Have I drawn it too high? Scenes like these and hundreds of others equally as touching and painful have taken and are now taking place, not only in this, but in every community. You who do not drink and you who do not often drink, but vote the license ticket, are you in favor of continuing, of aggravating, of multiplying these scenes? You may be safe, you may be proof against excess in drinking, but is there no regard for others—no fellow feeling in you? Give the matter a little thought, a little honest meditation. Had you not better deny yourselves this privilege, that your weaker brother may not stumble and fall?

And now as to the second branch of this claim for license. I admit that liquor is used, is needed, if you please, for many purposes other than as a beverage. I admit that there should be some place in every locality where it can be had for those purposes without the vendors violating the law. There are a great many who do not agree with me in this, I know. It is the rock on which many have split. To me it is the worst feature of the whole excise law. As the law now stands, no man can make a sale of liquor, no matter for what purpose it is to be used, without violating the law, unless he has a license. But there is no remedy except by a change of the law, and that is extremely remote and doubtful. All there is

for us to do is to accept matters as they are—to choose the lesser of two evils. Any druggist can sell it when medicated without an infraction of the law, and this will answer in most cases. In Vermont and other places where they have no license, town agents have been appointed to sell it for these useful purposes, but in many cases they were found to wretchedly abuse their trust.

Now I think I have been fair. I have stated all the reasons or arguments advanced in favor of license known to me that are worth considering, unless it be that our merchants lose some trade when there are no licenses. I doubt this very much. The trade of most men who are constantly drinking is not worth getting. Many of these have a day of reckoning near at hand and a wise merchant would not carry them on his books. And besides there are temperance men and women who love quiet, sober, orderly streets, who will come here to trade, and send their boys here, when we have no license, that would not when we have a license. But whether the loss in the one case is made up by the gain in the other is a question after all of but little moment, when we consider the dangers to society from open bar-rooms and saloons.

Trade, as against virtue, upright, sober life and living? Trade, as against the peace and happiness of the home? Would you barter them for gold? If you would, then to such I have nothing to say. Should we establish pitfalls, places where

our young men may stumble and fall, places that will take a goodly part of the earnings of the laborer which his family so sorely need? Is it not wiser and better to remove temptation from the path of the weak, than to punish them because they have stumbled and fallen?

And besides there is a large number of young men among us, gathered in from the surrounding country. They are here attending school, paying tribute to our village. They have not the fostering care and anxious watchfulness of parents. We owe it to them, to their parents, to ourselves, that we keep no toll gates which open on the bitter and saddening highway of intemperance. So long as they remain with us they are in one sense the wards of the village. If the verdict of this town shall be no-license, as I doubt not it will be, by an overwhelming majority, every parent whose boy is with us will utter a silent prayer of thankfulness. It will send a ray of hope into many homes that are now filled with gloom and sadness. It will cheer and make glad many a young man who is unable to resist the temptation of an open saloon. It will give us character and standing among the people around us. It will help many a weak brother who would turn back if he could. Let us help him all we can. Let us put away the pint bottle and the bar. They are of no earthly use or good. We shall all feel the better for it, for we can rest in the consciousness that we have done at least something to stay the terrible evil of drink.

Prayer in War



WE notice that Bishop Whipple has directed praying in his diocese for the protection of our soldiers in the field, but the Spaniards are praying busily for the protection of their soldiers. In every war between two Christian nations these conflicting prayers have been a scandal, ever since the foundation of Christianity, and we hoped they had ceased. They are founded on the theory that the Creator takes a certain pleasure in watching fights, and that He gives the victory to the pluckiest and best drilled. It would be better for religion to have this view of the Creator's tastes drop out of sight. To the question why God permits war if He does not like it and does not take sides in it, we must answer by asking why He permits robbery, murder and lynching and lying? As we know we shall not get any authoritative answer to these questions, had we not better leave the subject alone?"—*The Nation*.

The Nation is considered by many as being the purest, most wholesome and most scholarly of all political periodicals. The position taken in the above extract is for this reason on first reading a little startling if not surprising. And yet the more we reflect the less are we inclined to dissent or complain. The questions there presented have not only troubled but baffled the wise and learned of all ages and climes. Today with all the learning and wisdom of the past, in addition to our own to aid us, we are no nearer a solution of them than we were two thousand years ago. There are many mysteries in this world which

the ken of man can not pierce and which probably it is best that he should not.

Whether the Creator countenances wars or takes part in them we are unable to divine, even from a study of the millions of struggles and wars through which man has come. If battles and wars were always won by the forces which, as viewed by man even, are confessedly in the right, then we might reasonably conclude that He does take part. We cannot tolerate the thought or even entertain it that He would take sides with the army in the wrong. The trouble is we may not, do not, know with our weak vision the ultimate ends and purposes to be accomplished. Therefore it may be better in the end that victory should now and then go with the forces which finite man regards as in the wrong. We have no other answer to make to the many battles and wars which have been won by the cruel and tyrannous. Terrible and awful as wars are, hardly less cruel and wanton than the struggle of beasts, yet there are many who maintain that they are the means, the crucible by which the Creator will reach ultimately a perfect and noble manhood. Else they argue and with much reason why has he been required to come through such ages of struggle and blood.

Man is certainly growing better and wars fewer. If this be true, and it is confessedly so, then if this progress be not due to wars it has been attained in spite of them. There are others

who maintain that man is a free moral agent, and that we are left to work out our own destiny; that the Creator takes no part in our controversies or wars. Which is the true theory will probably never be known. *True, it must be that if He so wished or willed there would be no wars.* That we have wars is some proof that He does not act to prevent them, though it is no proof that He does not take sides. There are others who maintain that it is the office of humane and intelligent people to kill off and destroy cruel and barbarous people and they argue that this must be right since we have always been doing it. Intelligence is superior to brute force, they say, and a much better factor in the civilization and progress of the human race. Cruel though it be, they maintain its ultimate end is good. Thus in this field of doubt and darkness we grope and must continue to do so.

The soul of the great and big-hearted Lincoln was cast down by these same questions and as much so as are we. With all his wisdom he could no more solve them than we. In his second inaugural, speaking of the great armies struggling each to destroy the other, he uttered these memorable words:

“Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God’s assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men’s faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The

prayers of both could not be answered; that of neither has been answered fully."

The prayer of the North had not then been answered, but was it not soon after?

After all, we see no harm or wrong in prayer for success in war. Though both may intensely believe they are in the right, neither knows that he is because neither knows or can know the Creator's ultimate ends and purposes. As it is right to act up to ones highest convictions, then surely as there must be much solace and comfort in prayer for the success of our friends even in war, why say aught against it? Men will pray for their side to win. It is the cry of the soul due to the fear of consequences should the enemy win.

Henry Gurley Brooks



HIS bright, clever and once promising young man has been called hence in the spring time of early manhood. It seems, and it is sad, that one so well gifted and equipped for all the struggles and duties of life should be stricken down ere the stream is half crossed. But it was so willed and we must not complain. We cannot even say that it was not for the best. He died on Friday evening last at the residence of his father, Erasmus D. Brooks, after a long and lingering illness. He was born at Parishville, January 23, 1853, and came to this village with his father in the spring of 1858, where he has since resided, except during short periods when away at school.

He died October 2, 1891. In early boyhood he was called Gurley by his chums and companions, and this name clung to him through life. He was hardly known by any other name. He was a bright, active boy and full of fun and sport, though not rash or wild or vicious. He liked sport for sport's sake—for the amusement that it gave. As a boy he was courteous and gentlemanly and these traits were characteristic of him through



HENRY GURLEY BROOKS

life. He possessed a bright, strong mind and was, as a boy, a scholar of much promise; but he had so much fun in him that it seemed impossible for him to apply himself to his studies. He would master his lessons by reading them over on his way to school or by getting some classmate to explain them to him in the hall before entering the class-room. In this cursory and hasty way he could usually get at all the points in a lesson. He always stood well in his classes and generally at the head. His mind was so bright and his perceptions so clear that he grasped and mastered problems and lessons almost at a glance—by intuition. He had a bright, intellectual face which was always radiant with mirth and kindness. There was never a party or gathering to which he was not welcome. He brought mirth, pleasantry and good cheer, never enmity, ill-feeling or trouble. He could not be mean or peevish or ugly if he tried.

He stood about five feet eight, well and compactly built, fine of figure, handsome of face, and the beaux ideal of the ladies. In sports he was a champion. No one he ever met could excel him in throwing ball.

In all the various business affairs of men he was scrupulously upright and honorable. He detested deceit, trickery, cunning and fraud. By no possible means could he be induced in a business deal to resort to deceit or trickery, and he hated those who did. His word was as good as his

bond, and his honesty never came in question. He had his weaknesses, but they did not touch or taint his manliness, his integrity or his honesty. These were cardinal principles with him.

He was blessed, too, with a most magnificent physique, both in form and in powers of endurance. His muscles were of steel. For several years past he has been associated with his father in the dry goods business. As a merchant he was always pleasant, genial and agreeable and made for himself a large circle of warm and true friends.

For some three or four years his health has been gradually failing him. However, he did not give up his duties at the store until last winter. Last summer he went up to Gale's, thinking the change and the atmosphere of the woods would do him good, but it did not seem to. Then he went to New York City to consult an eminent physician, where he remained a few weeks. On his return in August he felt a little stronger, but he soon began to fail. His disease was consumption, though he was not aware of that fact until a few days before he died. He did not believe this was his trouble. He felt and was sanguine through all his illness, except during the last few days, that he would finally get well. He had great fortitude and courage. But few men could have borne up so heroically as did he. He was a warm-hearted, kind, generous young man. He had no piques or jealousies and no enemies. All

who knew him were his friends. He will be missed by a large circle. He leaves a widow, Cynthia Brooks, daughter of George Everett, to whom he was recently married. In his death Mr. Brooks loses the last of his five sons, leaving of his family only his devoted daughter, Mrs. Abbie S. Landers.

Shooting Does



BRIEF article recently went the rounds of the press, stating that a game "protector," one or more, had actually captured parties killing deer "out of season." It attracted my attention, but not in the same way or for the same reasons that it did a recent writer in the press. To me it was a matter of surprise and even astonishment that a deer slayer had been apprehended at all. I can hardly comprehend it yet. I have known for some years that there were men called "game protectors," selected, of course, for their kind heartedness, love of fair play for the poor deer in their wilds, and because of such sympathy and love for them, creeping and flitting with open ears and eager eyes along and in the edge of the great forest and from camp to camp on the streams and ponds, but it is so long since I have heard of their capturing anyone or anything that I had begun to lose faith in their sleuth qualities or sympathy for the deer. Accordingly, this recent arrest is proof that they are still alive and on guard protecting the mother deer worn and poor because of her cares, who hides her young a little way back from

the stream or pond while she creeps quietly and noiselessly to the water's edge for a drink and a meal of juicy lily pads, trusting she can avoid or will not meet a Christian gentleman, sitting wearily in his boat through the starless night to do her to death. Think of a man who will leave his home and a comfortable bed and drive miles to sit for hours in the mists and fog of the water, hidden by the rushes or alders and the darkness of the night, and in defiance of law, both moral and statutory, to kill deer in the summer months when, poor from the trials and hardships of the previous winter, motherhood and the flies that pester them terribly and to escape which under the cover of darkness they steal to the water for relief and a drink. Is it not shameful? They should be run down, prosecuted and thrown into jail. Ever since I can remember it has been common talk that it is done every year, but I thank heaven that this butchery seems to be growing less, not through punishment of the offenders, but through and by reason of a higher and increasing moral sense in man.

Only last season, I think it was, Carrol Vance, whose credibility cannot be questioned, camped on the Bog, and in his rambles along its shores came upon the bodies of six deer that had been shot which the hunters did not find. How many did they shoot that they did get? How many did they shoot that got too far back in the woods to die to be found? How many were seriously in-

jured and maimed? Good hunters tell me that in their judgment not one-half the deer that are fatally shot are secured. Why do men, good men in every field and walk of life, take such supreme and uncontrollable delight in killing deer when they are nursing their young, fighting flies and poor in flesh, or, for that matter, at any time? During the early season the deer can furnish but little meat and that of a very poor quality. So, it is not a question of food at that time of the year, nor is it at any time, except possibly now and then a case with a lazy backwoodsman. No, there are but few cases where the need or necessity for meat enters into the question at all. There seems to be and there is an innate, inborn pleasure in the most of men to lay for, chase, hunt out and shoot down wild animals. Ages ago our forefathers, according to modern research, had to fight their way, both for food and existence, among and with the animals about them. It was then largely a question of which should die that the other might live. It was a strange carnival into which to place a man with a soul, but modern scientific research and the ablest students of today tell us with no hesitancy that such was the case.

It is pleasant to think and feel that man first came from the hand of the Creator free of this propensity to kill, and that it became engrafted into his being through and by the untold and unknown centuries of a barbarous and semi-bar-

barous life up through which he climbed, at least in the civilized parts of the world, to the full stature of man, and we may, I think, with equal right and reason, so believe and feel. Be that as it may, it seems to be very strong yet in the most of us. The boy of six or eight cries for a toy pistol or bow and arrow, a little later for an air gun, and, finding that is not quite sure and deadly enough, pleads and cries for a man's gun with powder, shot or ball that he may not miss and be more successful in killing. These boys begin on the birds singing in the door yard, adding cheer and spirit to life, then on the chirping squirrels and other game, ending up with a corduroy suit, belt and cartridges with a most deadly modern gun, and, thus equipped and fortified, sally forth upon the deer in their forest home. Many gentle fathers and mothers in this village are now to my knowledge having a severe struggle with their young sons, who are teasing and pleading for a gun with which to kill. Some of them, but not all, I regret to say, will, when grown up, regret this propensity of their youth. I know this, for it is my own experience.

Some recent writers maintain that much of our nursery rhymes and reading are both baneful and bad and that they inculcate these morbid desires to shoot and kill in our youth which may be and are no doubt true in a measure. All rhymes and stories having such a tendency should certainly be eliminated from the books of

our youth. Let us think that much of the barbarity which afflicts us comes to us from our reading since that, in time, can be remedied.

The stories which I have heard of the fearfully maiming and wounding of deer and of the long chase after them in their decrepit condition, are too horrible to relate and could not be told, would not be permitted to be recited in the hearing of gentle women, as I know from experience. There are some, however, I must admit, that it would not disturb, but they are few as compared with men.

The deer is one of the trimmest, fleetest, most graceful in form and action of the animal creation. Their great, warm, kindly eyes bespeak friendliness and friendship and how any one, not actually needing food, can look into those eyes and fill that face with buck shot, be it a mother doe or a dry doe or even a buck, is beyond my comprehension. They live in the forest where God or nature placed them, feed and live on the food there afforded, care for themselves without the aid or assistance of man, taxes, constables or a standing army which men require, and, it seems to me, should not be chased and hounded by man, or by man and his dog. Let the wolf and catamount do it, for it is their nature and their only way of living, but not man, except possibly he be hungry and need food. For him to do it for sport, pleasure or achievement seems to me to be cruel and wrong.



HON. WILLIAM A. DART

Hon. William A. Dart



WILLIAM A. DART was a son of Simeon Dart, who settled at Smith's Corners, now known as West Potsdam, in 1808.

He was the youngest of six children and was born October 8, 1814. He died March 8, 1891, at his home in the village of Potsdam. His entire life was spent in the town in which he was born. His boyhood life was spent on his father's farm, where he attended the district school and St. Lawrence Academy in Potsdam, teaching school in the winter to help him at the Academy.

In the spring of 1834 he entered the law office of Hon. John L. Russell at Canton. In the succeeding spring he became a student in the office of the Hon. Horace Allen at Potsdam, where he continued until May, 1840, when he was admitted to the bar and opened an office in Potsdam.

In September, 1841, he married Harriet L., daughter of Judge Allen, and succeeded to his business. In the spring of 1845 he was appointed postmaster at Potsdam, and district attorney of the county. In the fall of 1849 he was elected to the state senate and served during the years of 1850-51. In 1853 the law partnership of Dart,

Dewey & Tappan was formed, which continued until August, 1856, when Mr. Dewey withdrew. The firm of Dart & Tappan continued until 1869.

In his early life, and until the formation of the Republican party, he was a Democrat. In April, 1861, he received from President Lincoln the appointment of United States district attorney for the northern district of New York, which comprised the greater part of the State. In April, 1865, he was reappointed District Attorney, and in 1866 removed from office by President Johnson, mainly for the reason that he refused to follow Mr. Johnson into the Democratic party.

In April, 1869, he was appointed Consul-General to Canada, by President Grant, which office he held until March, 1878. On the expiration of his term he resumed the practice of law with his son-in-law, George Z. Erwin, under the name of Dart & Erwin, which continued until within a few weeks of his death, when Mr. Erwin withdrew and Mr. Edward A. Everett took his place, under the name of Dart and Everett.

He was vestryman in Trinity Church in 1844, and held that office from 1879 until his death.

Mr. Dart was about five feet six inches in height, quite stockily built, vigorous in health, and weighed well for his height, probably about one hundred and ninety pounds. The writer met him and knew him from 1871 till his death. During all that time he was the very picture of

health, with a full, round, ruddy face, fine complexion, no beard and white hair. He was a bright, able man, and this no one could question who conversed with him, or even passed him on the street. As a conversationalist, no one excelled him among his contemporaries, and I very much question if any one equalled him. He was ever bright, quick at repartee, sparkling in wit, filling his talk with pat stories and apt illustrations. Nothing in life seemed to please him more than to visit and chat on any and all subjects, and to tell stories, whether in his office, on the street or at his home. In these respects he was very much like Lincoln, when an attorney in Springfield, and this thought often came to me on seeing him in the street, delighting those about him with his wit, bright remarks and stories. These, he would, like Lincoln, accompany with a great burst of laughter, usually if standing, putting his hands on his knees, shaking his whole body in his intensity of good feeling, which naturally similarly enthused all his listeners.

He was, in every way, an exceedingly social man, both with men and women as well. His delight in conversation was the product of his great social qualities. When everything was serene and going his way I think he was the most genial, happy and companionable man I have known. If others were thwarting his purposes or his moves, or men he did not like were seeking

positions, then he would become greatly wrought up, walking the floor with both hands clenched hard, both arms pumping vigorously, jaws firmly set, sarcastically and eloquently pouring out a Philippic upon his presumed, or assumed, opponents or adversaries.

In these outbursts he was often more caustic and brilliant than in conversation. Whenever he wished to be emphatic, this was his characteristic way of expressing it, and people agreeing with him were greatly interested in his sparkling wit and humor and brilliant attack.

Nature gave to him a natural legal mind, one of the quickest to act, keenest to see and ablest to comprehend on a simple presentation of a case. He was not, however, so far as I ever observed, a hard or laborious student of the law, due, as I think, to two reasons, first, his consciousness that he could grasp the case without labor, and, second, to his great social qualities. With his fine natural gifts for the law, had he been a great student, hard worker in the books, and had he studiously stuck to the law, he certainly would have attained high eminence at the bar and in the courts, not only in the county, but in the State. As it was, when in his prime and full practice, he took and held, as I am informed, equal rank with the ablest lawyers of the county. In public speaking he excelled, as he did in conversation, since he was as much at ease on a platform as in a private room, and therefore could

give free play to all the qualities of his brilliant mind. I have often heard it said that he was one of the brightest and ablest, if not the brightest and ablest, impromptu speaker among all his contemporaries. He did a great deal of political speech-making and was considered one of the best speakers in this section. He spoke extemporaneously, and so was free to turn his remarks to suit and please his audience. He was naturally a free trader, or at least, one favoring a tariff for revenue only. After returning from the Consulate at Ottawa, he advocated this doctrine quite persistently in conversation, to the discomfiture of his son-in-law, the Hon. George Z. Erwin. So imbued did he become that he went to West Potsdam, where he was born, and delivered a prepared and able speech, which was printed and copied by many papers leaning that way throughout the country. It was considered a masterly speech on that side of the question, and probably as able as any he ever made.

He was particularly well-informed and well-read on all questions of a political nature or bearing upon the history of parties, the principles espoused by each, and of the leading men of the State, with many of whom he had a familiar acquaintance.

He was a genial, able and companionable man, and his bright, happy face and memory will linger till all who knew him have gone. Some of the trite remarks, pat stories, sparkling wit and hu-

mor uttered by him are still often repeated by those who heard them.

In the evening of March 9, 1891, he and his daughter, Harriet, called upon a neighbor. The visit being over, he complained of being ill, but declined assistance to his home, saying the walk and open air would do him good. Very soon after entering his home he sank suddenly to the floor and soon expired. His last effort was to gratify his great social qualities. And so passed away the bright and genial Mr. Dart. Two daughters, Mrs. George Z. Erwin and Miss Harriet Dart, survive him.

Aching for War



OR some time past a war spirit has been quite manifest in nearly all the great governments of the earth, as also in some of the smaller ones. In fact, they are already fighting in Abbyssinia, South America and Cuba. Why is it? There is a cause or, more properly speaking, a motive for every human action. We cannot act, if we would, without motive. Is it because of the distressing condition of the poor, toiling millions, everywhere finding their lot and their environment growing harder and more awful to bear? Is it due to the savage instincts of man's nature? Is it due to the rulers of government, looking to war as a relief, as a vent to the restless and turbulent spirit of their subjects? Do the rulers feel that there is greater safety and security to themselves in the waste, devastation and murder of war, and the consequent debilitation, poverty and distress that must follow? Is it due to wealth, with idle factories wanting contracts of millions to make guns, to build war ships, to build forts and arsenals, to make clothing, furnish supplies, etc.? Is it due to great capitalists who see millions in the barter

and exchange of securities consequent upon war? If these or some of these be not the reasons for this war fever what, then, is the reason? There are those who maintain that every considerable government should have a good, smart war at least every thirty years, as a soothing, softening influence upon the independent spirit of man. History tells us of more than one war brought on for no other purpose than this. What a libel on the God-given nature of man is such a doctrine as that! Is man, here at the close of the nineteenth century, but a varnished barbarian? Only recently we noticed a sentence in an editorial in the *Watertown Times* about like this,

"After all, our boasted civilization is but a thin veneer. Scratch the average man of today but lightly and you reach a barbarian."

These are not the exact words, but the substance as near as I can remember. The thought there expressed has been ringing in my ears ever since, and I fear will continue to do so till the end. The idea was new to me, or, at least, put in a new and forcible way. Can it be true? I had thought that man inherently possessed attributes of a divine nature, elements which lifted and placed him on a plane above animal savagery, above the barbarian. I was so taught in my childhood and I hope I may continue to so feel and think, that my faith shall not be entirely shaken by the meditation which the statement of *The Times* has awakened. But, when I read, as I did only a few

days since, that the United States Senate, once the ablest body of men ever gathered together in council in all history, actually cheered a message from the President which indicated war, I confess I began to think we are barbarians varnished over, and thinly at that. When eighty-eight men, the select and elect of sixty millions of as enlightened and high-minded men as there are in all the world, cheer a prospect of war, knowing full well the influence of such an act, what are we to think of our boasted civilization or of man's inherent nature?

Soon after this scene in the Senate I read of a large council of ministers of the Gospel bringing the matter of that message up, and being so evenly divided that they could not take action upon it. Just think of it! A minister, a teacher of the precepts of Christ, supporting or countenancing any move that might bring on or culminate in war. Such an act is equally as surprising, and more painful, than that of which we have before spoken and makes our query more difficult of solution. The mission of Christ on earth was peace, good will, one toward another. And history tells us that ministers and religious people have been in all wars as fierce and as relentless as others. How they can be thus holding the beliefs they do passes my comprehension. Every minister, of whatever creed and wherever placed, should be, as I believe, an apostle of peace. If he be not can he be a true disciple of Him who

said: "Love thy neighbor as thyself. Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you."

The common people, or as Lincoln would say, the plain people, upon whom the burdens, distress and horrors of war principally fall, awakening in their might, to their honor be it said, are against war and have put a quietus on the war fever which followed the President's message. And perhaps we should be restricted in our inquiry as to whether man is a barbarian veneered, or as to the thickness of that veneer, by the voice and acts of the great army of plain people. *They have no motive to influence their judgment other than the good of all, no fat contracts to get by war, no fame to make, no honors to acquire, except that of brave soldiers dead or living.*

The Venezuelan question has no more than quieted down than Senators of the United States stand up in that historic hall and make speeches breathing war with Spain, on account of Cuba. Germany seems quite ready to go to war over a trifling matter, in far off Africa. Russia wears her iron collar, and is ready to crush any power that thwarts her will. Turkey, or her subjects, have been and are butchering the poor, defenceless Armenians because they are Christians, and doing it in so brutal and savage a way as to shock the world. The great Christian governments of the earth stand aghast and are appalled, it is true, but not one lifts its hand to stay the barbarous work. England, that mighty em-

pire, mistress of the seas, says she can do nothing, that Armenia is too far away. She could do something, and would, were any trespasses committed upon her property rights in near-by Egypt or even in India, still farther off. I do not say she should. I deprecate war. But I do say she would, were her property rights invaded, even in the least. Is this not some proof that all wars are based on greed, selfishness or rapacity?

It does not help us in the least, as we can see, in our query, that for several centuries after Christ there was little or no civilization, that there was a long period of appalling darkness, black with war, butchery and savagery. Brutal and black as it was, it was not more brutal, cruel and inhuman than that now going on in Armenia. Poor Armenia! Her doom has come, her fate is sealed. The Christians of that province are to disappear by butchery, and that, too, at the close of the nineteenth century!

There are those that tell us that, by some inscrutable necessity or requirement, man could not and cannot reach his full stature except by the uses, the pillage and murder of war, and for proof of this they point to his record for past centuries—and to his gradual growth and development amidst war. Man's record through all the ages has been black with war, it is true. It is equally true that man has been developing, growing wiser and better at least, in some countries.

Is man of today, then, a barbarian with a veneer? If we accept the doctrine just stated we are almost compelled to agree with *The Times*. If we are to judge by the conduct of the Turk we must say yes. If we are to judge by the inhuman butchery that has been and is now going on just off our Coast in Cuba, we must again say yes. Have we, have the government of the earth, had so long a period of peace that war is a blessing to established authority, in the distraction it causes? Are rulers looking to war as a diversion of the public mind? Does the independent spirit of the young men of new generations require war every now and then for their proper submission to established rules and authority?

If this be so, I submit there is no other answer to our query but an affirmative one. At any rate, there is a war fever here and in nearly every government on earth. I call it a war fever, to use a milder term, but perhaps I should say a thirst for blood.

Our own Congress, stung by the atrocities in Cuba, passes resolutions which may, very likely will, lead us into difficulties and, possibly, war with Spain. But for one man, a man of oak and iron from Maine, the House in all likelihood would have passed the resolution at once. Why should we mix up in the quarrels of those Cubans and Spaniards? They are a hot-blooded, hot-headed race, and nearly always fighting. We can, and do, sympathize with the Cubans and

hope they may secure independence. But, though we do, is it best, is it wise, to bring on war with Spain and possibly England also? A war with either would cost us millions of money and thousands of lives. A war with both might blot out our own fair fabric of constitutional liberty. To kill from ten thousand to a hundred thousand good American citizens to achieve independence for the Cubans! What a sacrifice! If slaughter there must be, let it be among themselves. It is their quarrel, not ours. Why kill good citizens to save Cubans? Give them independence and they could not maintain it a twelve-month. Even Spain could not. But we are told that the cause of the Cubans is just. Suppose it is. Should we support every righteous cause, we would be at war somewhere all the time—we still have the Venezuelan question on our hands. Does it look well to provoke two wars at once?

Does conduct, can any acts of the people of one government, justify the people of another, in the sight of God, in waging war, save possibly that of defense against invasion?

In private life it is said to be a pretty good doctrine to mind your own business. Why is it not the same with governments? In olden times war was waged for conquest and plunder, but that day has passed, or very nearly so.

There is nothing more wasting, more cruel, more wicked than war. It is organized and legalized murder and butchery. It would seem that

no man in his right senses, be he in authority or not, would or could say one word or take a step calculated to inflame the passions of others and thus lead to war.

The great army of plain people abhor war, and were it left to them there would be few. Wars are nearly always the work of rulers. As Grant said, so say I, "Let us have peace." When we can have a full century of perfect peace, then we can answer our query with much brotherly love and with a decided, no—Can we before?



ELLIOT FAY

Elliot Fay



ON Wednesday morning last, November 22, 1893, as the people of this village came out from their homes to assume the labors of the day, they were startled and shocked by the news that Elliot Fay had passed away only a few hours previous. They were startled because no one had even a suspicion that his end was so near, though all knew that he was feeble and ill. The daily information for some time previous had been that he was slowly recovering and that he would soon start for a warmer clime in which to spend the winter.

Thus it is, always has been and no doubt always will be. In the midst of the activities of life, when we are buoyed up, strengthened and encouraged by the plans that we make for the future; by the hope in tomorrow which we all so fondly cherish; by the love of our natures which warms and irradiates all, we are cut down and pass away. Oftentimes, as in this case, the end comes at a time which, to our short and weak vision, seems untimely, and we can hardly keep back a murmur of complaint, so torn are our affections. We submit, conscious of our own inability to dis-

cern the immutable causes and forces in which we "live, move and have our being," tenderly lay the departed away, resume our duties, as we must do, and move on. Hope fills our sorrowing natures and bids us be cheerful, whispering in our ears that this is not all, not the end, that ties so strong, affections so deep, cannot be cut off and lost, that the great law of compensation proves this, and that we shall meet again.

Mr. Fay was a son of Nathan Fay of Richmond, Vt.; where he was born May 11, 1837. He remained on his father's farm until about 1850, when he apprenticed himself to his brother, Harry C., who was conducting a printing business in Canton, N. Y. In 1851, his brother having purchased *The St. Lawrence Mercury* at Potsdam, he removed there with him, and was with him through the various changes and consolidations of the paper into *The Courier and Freeman* in 1861, when Harry C. entered the army as Captain in the Ninety-second Regiment. Not long after this, Mr. Elliot Fay became sole proprietor of the paper, and continued as such for some years, when George H. Sweet became associated with him for two or three years, under the name of Fay & Sweet. In 1891 he took in his son, Ernest A., making the firm name Fay & Son, and a little later he added his sons, Harry H. and William, under the name Elliot Fay & Sons.

Mr. Fay was of spare, slight build, under five feet eight, weighing less than one hundred and

fifty, moderate in movement, wearing a full beard, always cheerful, never ruffled, and carried his right arm from the elbow at nearly right angles to his body, due to a severe burn to his lower arm when a boy.

In 1869 he was appointed Postmaster at Potsdam by President Grant and held the office for twelve consecutive years.

Soon after coming to this village in 1871 I formed the acquaintance of Mr. Fay, which soon ripened into a close and intimate friendship. From that time till his demise that friendship was never broken or even disturbed. There were times, of course, when we did not at first agree as to "men and measures" and courses to be pursued, but these never affected our relations or my friendship and regard for him. He had his views of matters and things, the ability to express them and the courage to stand by them. These are qualities which we all admire and which both test and toughen friendship. He did not like controversy, except as it was conducive to a right understanding of the matter in dispute. He would not engage, or long participate, in a bitter or acrimonious discussion. Not from any fear, but because he did not feel or believe that such a controversy was helpful to a just determination of matters. Naturally quiet, modest and retiring, he shrank from all display or ostentation. He sought after truth for its sake only.

Early in my acquaintance with him I found him to be a true man, gentle, considerate, genial, companionable and steadfast in his friendship. I soon learned to confide in him and then to love him. We all have our confidential friend, the one to whom we go with our complaints, our grievances, our trials and troubles, and Mr. Fay was mine. For some years I have confided in him, and not in a single instance did he ever betray a confidence reposed, even to those who became interested with us in the matter to which the confidence related.

My last interview was on Sunday evening preceding his death, when I was with him for some time. He was up and dressed, but very feeble. His voice was weak and it troubled him to talk. He asked me to go on and tell him all the news, which I did as well as I could. In his sickness and feebleness he was the same patient, cheerful, uncomplaining man that he was in health. He told me that he would start for California about the 10th of December, and that he thought by "putting two summers" together he would get better. Full of hope and cheer, little did he think there was no more summer for him.

His paper was his pride. He did not aim to make it startling or profound, but rather a clean, calm, judicious newspaper; to give his readers a fair, candid statement of all matters. I do not think there was ever anything in his paper which one could not read unblushingly in the presence

of ladies. In his paper, as in his conversation and life, he was calm, considerate and judicious. In this way and by this course he had built up and made his paper a force for good, a factor in the affairs of this section.

No man among us took a deeper interest in the welfare of this village or in the prosperity of our people. In the twenty years that I have known him not a single project or movement, calculated and intended to improve and better the conditions of our village and people, has been brought forward that he did not encourage and assist by his time, his counsel and his influence. The more important of the public measures and improvements, which he contributed to the establishment of among us, are the normal school, town hall, cemetery grounds, pavement of streets, sewer and drain system, new district school houses, engine house, board of health, loan association, and many others of a minor nature.

He loved our village. He grew up with it and he was proud of its growth, its schools, its church edifices, its fine buildings, its majestic elms, its beautiful streets, its clean and tasty homes, its happy and contented men and women.

He loved our people, and without exception they respected and loved him. I doubt if there was a shop, mill, store or home in this village to which he would not have been warmly welcomed. He had no enemies, because he was a true man.

He walked uprightly and lived nobly. He had no jealousy, no piques and no resentments. He was kind and sympathetic and his heart was ever warm toward all. He was a home man and he loved his family. He was proud of his children and, naturally, was much interested in their welfare and success.

The expression that over death we should throw the mantle of silence and charity has no application or requirement with respect to Mr. Fay. In his case we can remove every curtain and portierre, and freely invite the gaze and criticism of men. His life was pure and sweet and wholesome. There is nothing to hide, nothing to forget, but everything to remember. One of my sweetest treasures will be the memory of my association with him and the belief that for a time I had and held his respect and confidence.

Will War Ever Cease?



AM not at all surprised to learn that Gen. Sickles maintains that wars are ordained; that no death is so glorious as one on the battlefield; that since we have had wars from the beginning we shall always have them. That is just what one would expect from him, or any other soldier of distinction. Should he take a contrary position he would be going back on his own business. He was a good soldier, no, not a soldier, but General in the Civil War, and won lasting fame at Gettysburg, where he lost a leg, since which time he has been the recipient of courtesies, honor and even adulations by every assemblage into which he has entered. I frankly admit that it is right and just that they were and are being bestowed. It is safe, I think, to say that his name would not last a hundred years but for the opportunity of war. Through war and by war he won the homage of all men while living and a place in history for some centuries to come. War has been tender and kind to him and we should expect just such sentiments from him.

What, think you, would be the views of war, could they speak, of the real soldiers he commanded, those who did picket duty while he slept, who carried heavy burdens, marched through sand, rain and mud, cooked their own meals, slept on the ground and fell in battle pierced to death, or of those who survived the tempest of lead, scattered here and there over the country, quiet heroes, with no honors beyond their neighborhood and with no fame or place in history other than the muster rolls at Albany and Washington? Would those who fell in battle or died in the hospitals or prison pens, could they speak, tell us that war is right, much less ordained? Would the mothers, widows and orphans of those who so died, could they speak, tell us that they believed war to be a divine institution? No. I hardly think that any, or at least but very few of those would so view or look upon war. War, as Gen. Sherman told us, and as everyone who knows anything knows, is hell. Sherman was an able man, a great General and won almost immortal fame as a soldier, and yet I venture to say that his characterization of war, though only using one word, will last longer than any other message written or oral that he ever uttered. Why? Because he could not in an article of two thousand words paint anything more horrible and awful of war, and so he summed it all up in the single word of four letters—hell.

And yet Gen. Sickles says wars are ordained

to enforce rights and redress wrongs, and that they will never cease. Can it be that they are ordained? If so, where, I ask in all sincerity, comes in or is shown the divinity in man? It has been man's pride and boast from time immemorial, that he was and is, made in the image of the great Father whose spirit gave him life. If he be such, how are we to reconcile his propensity for war with the divine spirit with which he is endowed, if wars shall never cease? To say this puts man, it seems to me, on a plane not one whit above the animals in this respect. They are warring on and eating one another all the time, but to their credit be it said, unlike man, none of them makes war on his own species. No, it is not good for us to think or believe, much less to maintain, that man shall not some time and somewhere, if not everywhere, rise in the scale of manhood and decency sufficiently to cease maiming and killing his brother man by wholesale, and receiving honor and glory for the transaction. Now we honor and decorate the man who, by daring feats with mine or gun, does the greatest butchery or causes the greatest ruin to the enemy. Will we always? Will it always be creditable to creep in the darkness out to an anchored vessel, place a mine and blow a thousand men into eternity? If man be the unredeemable animal that Gen. Sickles would seem to indicate, it probably always will be, but I am loath to believe this. It is nobler and better to look upon

man as a progressive, and all the while improving, animal. In fact, we know that he is. Not many centuries ago he was a barbarian and back of that a savage. Today, in highly civilized countries, he is a respectable being. In our own day and time quite a change has been wrought. Man is not as coarse, rough and brutal here in our midst as he was fifty years ago. He has become more gentle and refined. In highly civilized countries he has sufficiently advanced to settle private disputes without resort to the knife or gun. Why cannot governments, then, which are but a collection of individuals, do the same? They could if they were composed entirely of pure and noble men. The law hangs over the individual and throws him who uses violence into jail, but over governments there is no such restraint. Greed, gain, selfishness, fame and glory enter very largely into every war, and war once begun these are given full play. But for these base and sordid elements in man's nature there would have been but few wars, and none today, among civilized races. Perhaps they can never, even in thousands of years, be entirely eliminated, but they are being and will continue to be softened and weakened as a potential force for wrong. If man be a divine being, it must of necessity be that he will ultimately eliminate, or at least subdue, his animal passions to the extent that he can live with his neighbor and with all mankind in peace. It cannot be that it was intended or

that man will always war upon and kill his fellows. To think that he always will do so seems cruel and heartless and must make those who so feel and believe doubt, if not deny, the existence of divinity in man's nature.

Mother

 ON the 19th day of October, 1893, she fell asleep—closed her eyes, not again to open on the scenes of this world, but oh, how we hope and pray to open again on the scenes of another, where there are no trials, no bickerings and no sorrow.

She was a daughter of Elisha Risdon, who came into Hopkinton early in 1804, less than a year after its settlement, and she was born June 23rd, 1822, in her father's log cabin, standing about a mile west of Hopkinton village, on the south side of the Potsdam road. Like all earthly things, all that remains to mark the spot, or has for years, is a hole in the ground, over the fence in the pasture field. Her sister, Mrs. Asahel Chittenden, died March 4th, 1875, and her brother, E. Harmon Risdon, November 15th, 1896, at Webster City, Iowa, where he removed in 1870.

She was married to Hon. Jonah Sanford, Jr., February 17th, 1847, and survived him seven years and a day. It can be easily and safely said that no man ever had a more faithful, loyal and uncomplaining a helpmeet. Her cares and her duties, from marriage till near the end, were constant, unremitting and never for a moment slighted. Faithful spirit, noble woman!

She was ill only about two weeks, though she had been feeble for a year or more. During this illness she was able to be up every day, even in the afternoon preceding her demise. Her children, Carlton E., Herbert J. and Mrs. Alice C. Shepard, were with her at the end. Her only remaining child, Silas H., was at the World's Fair, where he had gone only a few days previous.

Her daughter, Mrs. Shepard, was constantly with her and ministered to her every want, as only the loving sympathy and affectionate regard of a daughter could. She was conscious till nearly the last, and the end came calmly and peacefully, befitting her sweet and loving nature.

She was a bright, intelligent woman, a most excellent housewife, assiduous and attentive to all her duties, kind, gentle, generous and hospitable to all. Her life was completely, and perfectly, a labor of love. She never thought of self, only the comfort and happiness of others, and this spirit, which had actuated and dominated her whole life, was true to the last. Waking from a slumber just before her death, she feebly expressed her sorrow to be causing others trouble and requested her watching friends to seek their rest. What a spirit was hers! So perfectly unselfish, she could not bear to cause others even an extra footstep. And yet she did not mind the footsteps she took for the members of her family and other loved ones. Continually

through life, after a day's labor at home, she was going to sick neighbors for miles about, to watch and tender her loving help. What tenderness and loving sympathy she bestowed, all the while and every night, for years upon her tired and truant boys as she accompanied them to bed! How sweetly she reproved them for the little errors of the day, and besought a promise for better conduct on the morrow as she kissed them good night. How little they then knew of the full import of all that tenderness and love! It must have helped them, little rascals that they were, and so, after all, was not entirely lost.

She was, too, a most heroic woman. Never a murmur of complaint escaped her lips. She accepted whatever came, whatever is, with Christian fortitude, and did her best to get as much sunshine out of life as possible. She was always kind and affectionate, and so much so that it was seldom, if ever, that she uttered a harsh or unkind word toward or of another. Her friends comprised all who knew her—all who came into contact with her. A dutiful wife, a loving mother, a sweet spirit, she died as she had lived, peacefully at rest in a full Christian belief and life. If there be, as surely there must be, a Celestial Home for such spirits as hers, she, of all the writer has known gained as ready an entrance. Her remains were tenderly laid to rest, Rev. Enos Wood officiating, beside those of her husband in the cemetery at Hopkinton.

On the Lawn with the Birds

The Struggle To Live

SITTING with some friends on our lawn recently, the goodly part of a beautiful day, some stray and possibly strange thoughts flitted through my mind which I will try to express in cold letters and words. I can but feebly and faintly do it, as all who have tried to express the meditations and reveries of the mind will attest. It was a charming day. A recent shower had bathed and kissed the giant elms, the newly mown lawns, the flowers and shrubs about, and all nature, as the sun flitted in and out the small passing clouds, was radiant in her deepest hues of green. The air, too, was balmy and rich in ozone thrown off from such luxuriant verdure. The birds, lovely little creatures, gifted with song which our ladies try to imitate, were bobbing about almost at our feet, looking with watchful eye for insect, bug or worm to carry to their children, also alighting in the trees over our heads and chirping a kindly greeting, as much as to say:

“ We are not afraid of you, as you do not throw stones at us or shoot us or our little ones with toy guns, and we bid you welcome; the most of us come nearly two thousand miles every springtime to kill the insects, bugs, etc., that would otherwise hurt or greatly injure your crops, your vines and plants. We fill the air with mirth and song to please you as we work. In turn some of you buy your cruel and heartless boys guns with which to shoot us, and some of you sit and applaud them as they bring us down with a fatal shot. But worse than the cruel boys are your pet cats. They are our remorseless and most fatal enemy. But for them we would come to you in twice the numbers that we do. Why do you keep them, or at least, why do you let them loose upon us? ”

The scene was fine, and the field one of loveliness for meditation and reflection which no pen can portray or depict in its silent depths! And yet, enchanting and lovely as it all was, viewed for pleasure only, it soon became, as we shall see, a miniature battle field.

The robin with his red breast, trim and beautifully rounded and proportioned figure, as he jumps and bobs along, with head erect, all the time searching for insect, bug or worm life to feed himself and his little family in a neighboring tree, is ever watchful, all the while, never jumping but a few times before he stops, and views the field, to see that no hawk or cat or other animal is about to jump upon him and take his life, as he is doing to smaller creatures. Watch

him as he bobs along. See how quickly he cocks his head to turn his full eye into the grass and how suddenly he strikes. See, he has caught a worm just sticking his nose to the surface of the ground for a little air and sunshine. How he jerks and pulls, straight up, since he seems to know that if he steps back the side pressure would give the worm the advantage. He works violently for the first moment till he gets the worm out far enough, so he can't work back into the ground, while he rests and surveys the field to see that no enemy has crept onto him during his distraction. Seeing that he is safe, he again tugs and pulls, now stepping back as the worm comes out. The struggle over and the worm stretched out on the grass where he cannot get away, he bobs about and surveys his surroundings with greater care, when he proceeds to bite him into pieces, that he can the better carry him to his young. The worm writhes and twists and squirms as this is done, which is proof that it hurts and pains him, but the robin heeds not and cares not his anguish, no pity or feeling troubles him. Life is sweet to him and he must eat to live. He loves his young and they must have food. The worm is nutritious and palatable and his need and his nature tell him that it is his right to pull the worm by main strength out of his home in the ground, and to kill and to eat him. Perhaps it is. He does it at any rate the livelong day.

And while in this reverie over the destruction

of life by the birds for food, and trying to reason out why it is or why it should be, we are all startled and aroused by a greater example of this same principle of warfare to live. Our robin has thoughtlessly bobbed, watching the while, close up to a low shrub. Our cat which we greatly prize, some distance away, has noticed the foolish action of the bird. Slyly and silently he hastens to get the bush between him and the robin when he creeps rapidly and silently forward. Reaching a vantage position, intently alert, with murder in his heart, he studies the whole situation, the distance, the way the robin will go on his flight, when, with a great spring, he bounds, not at the bird on the ground, but into the air, where the bird's course and his will meet. He calculates aright. The cat's claws reach him and bring him down. There is much flutter of wings, great crying and wailing by the poor bird for a moment only, yet it is sufficient to arouse all the birds about and what a screeching and chatter they make. Their wailing is something terrible. It is deeply sincere and even pathetic. The women, too, some of them, are greatly agitated. They jump from their seats at the first cry of the caught bird, and chase the cat, crying out with the birds as they run: "Oh, that is too bad, you naughty cat. Drop him. Poor bird. How dare you?"

The cat goes under the barn, where he can eat his delicious meal undisturbed by the chat-

ter of birds or the wail of women. The birds sit about in the trees, on the fences, or other objects, for some time pathetically chirping a dirge for their lost companion and friend. The women come back, resume their seats and for a time we hear nothing but their sorrow for the robin and their love for the cat. And as we listen to their conflicting sentiments the thought comes to me, "Can that which is shocking to the mind of a gentle, noble woman be intrinsically right?" While we cogitate upon this query and its allied and kindred subjects, as much in the mist when we stop as when we began, our cat comes slowly back to us. There is no fire in his eye now. Appetite is satiated. He is dull. A feather is caught in the whiskers of his face. His mistress gets up and going to him removes it. She does not strike him, simply says: "You naughty, naughty cat. Why did you kill that poor bird?"

We soon forget the incident and go on with our musings and petty talk. Our cat strolls away a bit, when, like a flash, round the house comes an Irish setter. Away goes the cat and after him at a furious pace goes the dog. The women rush to their feet, crying out frantically. Some start one way around the house and others the other, so as to be sure to intercept the dog, but they are only fairly started when back round the house comes the cat, frightened unto death, with the dog close at his heels and gaining. The women rush after them, but it is a hopeless chase. They

cry out to the men, "Why don't you help? He will surely kill the cat." The cat, heavy with the bird in his stomach, is handicapped and fears to go round the house again. He spies a tree in the corner of the yard. Can he reach it? It is his only hope. If so he is safe. If not his time has come. He puts forth a tremendous effort and, by jumping when ten feet away, striking the tree some five or six feet up, has just saved himself. The women breathe easier. They throw sticks and stones at the dog, scold and storm at him, and finally drive him away. Slowly they return to their seats, taunting the men with being cruel, heartless, and even lazy in not getting up and frightening the dog. The women are tired. They fan themselves vigorously, craning their heads and necks to free the collar with interjections of, "You are a pretty lot of men, you are, to sit here and watch that dog almost catch and kill that cat." The men smile and laugh just a little, not much, saying, "They were too quick for us. But how they did run." "Yes," retorts one of the ladies, "and I just believe you didn't care if the dog caught him. I don't see how you men can be so cruel. The mean, plaguy dogs are good for nothing. Why anyone keeps them I can't see. They ought to be killed." The men subside. It is better they should. Feeling and passion are getting a little strained. Luckily for all, the dinner bell rings. The hostess, rising, says, "Dinner is ready." It is a little late. All

are a bit hungry and arise promptly, not hurriedly, as that would signify gross appetite, which is animal and must not be shown if we would be aesthetic. We leisurely proceed to the dining-room, making, or trying to make, as we go, playful and pleasant remarks. Some succeed and some do not. Those who try hardest succeed the least. Reaching the table, we stand about, with hand on the back of the chair, awaiting the nod of the hostess that all may be seated in unison, thus dispelling any show of coarse appetite, which a hasty seating would signify.

The loin of a lamb is on the table. It has been cooked richly and well. The odor is fine and it looks most tempting and palatable. The farmer caught the lamb, a few days prior, while it was gamboling around, over and off a great flat rock, verily like a child, in the corner of the pasture, with its big eyed mother watching its antics. The mother ran to the barway and up and down the fence, bleating piteously as the farmer led her child away. Her grief was sincere, genuine, similar for all the world to human sorrow, and she expressed it, not in word, but in tones and wailings that were just as unmistakable. She probably did not know the awful fate that was soon to overtake her child, but she did know that she was being robbed. The farmer sold the lamb to the village butcher. He cut its throat and parceled its body out among his customers. One piece is before us. We bow our heads and one

of our number asks God to bless this bountiful repast to our good. The lamb is served to all. We indulge in light and cheerful talk, mingled now and then with a little mirth and mild laughter. The guests gently compliment the hostess on the salad, or bread, or some other article, inquire how it was prepared and close by telling how they prepare it, which is a little different. Not a word is said about the delicious lamb. I do not wonder that there is not, after the exhibition of pity, feeling and sympathy that we just witnessed out on the lawn, for the robin and cat.

Just to transfer that scene and the feelings it awakened to the dining-room, not pointedly, for that might be rude, I ventured to ask, "How is it that we so bewail the conduct of the ——" But I did not finish it. I looked to the hostess for approval or to see whether it would do, when my eyes met a frown that stilled the tongue. She knew what was coming and I knew she would, or I would not guiltily have looked her way. The guests did not know, nor did they see the frown, and so they plied me with, "What were you going to ask? Why don't you finish it? We would like to hear it." A little nervous and flushed in the face, I replied, "No, I guess I better not. It was of no account." "Oh, yes it was," cries a lady guest. "Tell us what you were going to say, our curiosity is all aroused and we want to hear it." Declining as best I can, the hostess, to

help me out, says, " Well, will we go back to the lawn? " and as she does so arises, and of course all followed. It was a slick, and even an artful move on her part and let me out of a dilemma without a guest even suspecting the woeful topic I was about to propound.

I would liked to have done it, but probably it would not have been polite or gentlemanly to so disturb company. We go back to the lawn. The gentlemen smoke. Conversation is smart for a time, when it begins to lag. The lamb is digesting and it makes us a little dull and dozy. One of the ladies turns in her seat and cries out, " Why, there is the cat still up in the tree sleeping." " Don't disturb him," replies the hostess; " let him sleep. He is where the dogs can't get him." Yes, the cat was sleeping from digesting the robin. We, too, were more than half asleep from digesting the lamb. In fact, one of the men came near losing his head over the back of the chair several times. The same law was working in us and in the cat. The cat caught her own meal. The butcher killed ours and we bought it. We could not have killed the lamb. Some of us could not even see it done. There are some so gentle and sensitive that a sight of the butchery would be horrifying. And yet the most kindly hearted and sympathetic amongst us sit up to the table and eat fowl, pig, calf, lamb, etc., which the butcher has killed for us, and which he would not have killed had he not known we would buy

it, without the slightest discomfiture. These same people go almost into hysterics as they see a cat running away with a screeching, fluttering robin in its mouth or a dog pouncing upon a cat.

While we are thus half dozing, soothed by the warm and balmy air, the cat wakes up, stretches itself and backs down the tree to the ground. Leisurely he crosses the lawn and, joining our party unnoticed, mews a greeting. The ladies hear him, awaken instantly and welcome him with soft and tender words. One of them takes him in her lap and with her soft hand plying from the top of his head along his back most caressingly, says, "You are a nice little kitten. That was a mean, naughty dog that gave you such a chase for your life. We were awfully afraid he would catch you." The men, hearing the "cat talk," straighten up, stretch themselves, yawn a little to the side or under the cover of the handkerchief and one of them ejaculates, "Well, I declare, I believe I was getting drowsy. You must excuse me," turning to the hostess, "your most excellent meal and these pleasant surroundings came near getting the best of me." "No apology is necessary," replies the hostess, "I think," smiling a little, "we all as narrowly escaped as you."

Looking at his watch, one of the men says, speaking to his wife, "Do you know what time it is? It is after seven. How time has flown! George, you know, said he would call this even-

ing. He would feel hurt if we were not there to receive him." Saying this, he arose, as did the others. The hostess urges them to dally, saying it was not late, but it was no use. With handshaking all round, much complimentary, and even effusive, talk as to the fine dinner and pleasant time, we all saunter to the roadway walk, jesting and laughing as we go. Again the goodbyes are said and they are gone. A little distance away one of the men calls back to the hostess holding the cat in her arms, "The next time I come I will bring my gun." She replies, "I wish you would."

Now that our company is gone I can indulge in a little reverie without being uncivil. I can ask the questions that the frown at the dinner table arrested my doing. Why did the hostess give me such a look? Would talk about murder for food by man, since we are all doing it, be wrong or wicked or simply indelicate in the presence of refined ladies while they are partaking of it? Why be ashamed of it, if it be right? If it be cruel or wicked I can well see why "the less said the better." Why are we cultured mortals so shocked at the work of the cat, dog, hawk, wolf, tiger, etc., when we butcher the bossie calf, sporting lamb, noble ox and about everything else whose flesh is toothsome? They kill as they need. We slaughter by the wholesale and often for sport and amusement. Is it the divine principle that makes it right for us and something

shocking when they who do not know better and cannot otherwise live, do it? I do not know. At any rate, there is a cruel, pitiless warfare going on all the while everywhere to live. It is in the air, in the sea, in the ground, in the forest, and, with a powerful glass may be seen in a tiny drop of impure water by animate beings too small for the human eye to discern. Will some great man of science yet come to solve these mysteries which perplex and make us sad—at least, some of us? Tell us, oh, ye gods, why the basic principle of animal life and living should be murder!



HON. GEORGE Z. ERWIN

Hon. George Z. Erwin



R. ERWIN was born at Madrid, N. Y., June 15, 1840, and spent his boyhood life on his father's farm. He was educated at the old St. Lawrence Academy, in Potsdam, and at Middlebury College, from which he was graduated in 1865. On completion of his college course he took up the study of law in the office of Dart & Tappan in Potsdam, and was admitted to the bar in 1867.

Hon. William A. Dart was appointed Consul-General to Montreal in 1869, and on his retirement from the firm, Mr. Erwin entered into partnership with Charles O. Tappan, Esq., under the firm name of Tappan & Erwin. This firm did quite a lucrative business until January 1st, 1878, when it was dissolved, Judge Tappan taking his seat on the Supreme Court bench. After this, Mr. Erwin practiced law alone for a time, when the law firm of Dart & Erwin was formed, which continued until the death of Mr. Dart in 1891.

Mr. Erwin was about five feet ten inches in height, very stockily built, with heavy frame, possessing great vigor and strength, and weighing two hundred and twenty-five pounds or over.

He was a man of great tenacity of purpose and most indefatigable in whatever he undertook. Those who thwarted or opposed him in his efforts or his movements found him a most unrelenting antagonist.

All these qualities were plainly shown in his face, in his large, firm, set mouth, and in his heavy, square jaw. His predominant characteristics were tireless energy, combative force and indomitable will, and these qualities account for and explain many of his successes in political life.

It can hardly be said, I think, that he was an orator, writer, or cultured student. His nature was too strong to apply himself sufficiently to become a student. He was, however, a most genial and pleasant companion, always full of spirit, frolic and life, easily and readily stirring every camp, party or gathering which he visited into a happy, jolly crowd. In this particular he was quite remarkable, and, of course, his company sought after on all occasions by the boys and politicians. All this radiance of cheer and life seemed to be the natural and spontaneous work of his nature, and made him a host of friends, which were, on many occasions, very serviceable indeed. He was an artist in placating an enemy, or one bent on disturbing his plans, and in mollifying and pacifying all rebellious spirits. He excelled all in repairing "fences" and so well did he do it that they did

not show the mending. A characteristic way of his in reaching a party or in tying a friend to him was to tell him a great political secret "on the dead," one that no one in these parts knew, one that he would not have "get out for the world," one that he would not divulge to another soul in this locality, exacting a most solemn pledge not to reveal it. This was readily given since his confidant's curiosity had been greatly wrought up by the solemn and mysterious manner of Mr. Erwin. In imparting it, he would put his two hands together, making a box of them up against the listener's ear, and his mouth over the space between his own two thumbs, talking the great secret directly into the friend's ear, so that not a syllable should get outside, even though no one was in the room or present. To some it may look strange that such a course or way should have any effect, but it did. It made the man feel that he was "quite a fellow" to be made such a confidant, and the "only" one.

With his friends, particularly in all matters of politics, Mr. Erwin's great expression was "*on the dead*," and they are still repeating the phrase, imitating the manner in which he did it and said it, accompanying it with laughter and genuine good will. Thomas C. Platt used this course for years, and on bigger men than there are in these parts, and successfully. By the boys and his friends at home he was pretty generally called "Zal," and still is.

Mr. Dart, whose daughter he married soon after being admitted to the bar, was a bright and accomplished gentleman, and a Republican advocate, as was also Judge Tappan. Thus, in beginning the study of law he was in the atmosphere of stalwart Republicanism, which was also congenial to him. He at once took a live and active interest in all political matters in his town and assembly district. He was naturally a politician. He liked nothing better than a political contest, into which he threw all the winning qualities and energies of his nature. So active was he that in November, 1881, he was elected member of the Assembly from the third district of St. Lawrence. Though a new member, he was placed on the Ways and Means Committee, and was also made a member of several investigating committees. He was re-elected in 1882, and made a member of the same committee, also that of railroads. In 1883 he had most decided opposition in his efforts for renomination, owing to the custom of the district not to send a man but twice in succession, but he triumphed, owing wholly and entirely to his great pluck, tact, ability to placate opponents and indomitable energy. In 1884 he was a member of several of the most important committees, and also of a special committee to investigate the Public Works Department in New York City.

In 1884 he was nearly successful in his effort to gain the Speakership, and in 1885 he easily

reached that honorable and coveted position. He made a most excellent presiding officer, and served in the assembly for six years in all, 1882-1887.

In 1887 he was elected to the State Senate from the twentieth district, holding that position for three terms, 1888-1893. As a legislator, both in the assembly and senate, he had the peculiar faculty of making friends with all, and enemies of none, democrats as well as republicans. He became, after a little experience, well informed on all parliamentary rules, and quite a good debater, by reason of his force, will power, and, at times, terrific attack.

He secured, while in the Legislature, the passage of quite a number of important measures. Among these was an act organizing the Dairy Department at Albany; the prohibition of the sale of liquor in five gallon lots in towns which had no license; the securing of an appropriation of eighty-one thousand dollars in 1893 to restore the burned asylum building at Ogdensburg, which he had made a law in five days, and in securing the passage of an act in 1886, in four or five days, authorizing the trustees of the village of Potsdam to put in sewers and drains. The passage of these measures in such a brief time shows the estimation in which he was held by the members of the Legislature and the power he possessed in those bodies. The effort which brought him the most notoriety and fame while

in the Legislature was his leadership of the forces supporting Frank Hiscock in 1887 for United States Senator. In this struggle, against fearful odds, his leadership was Napoleonic in its originality and boldness.

Though his time was greatly taken up in his efforts to keep the political machinery of his district in smooth running order, he never neglected the welfare of his home village or constituents. No man from Northern New York, while in office, looked after his people so well as he did. No one ever secured anything like the number of places for his constituents that he did. There were at one time upwards of twenty-five of these holding positions under the state government or that of New York City. He seemed to have a great "pull" or influence with the officials of the state and city.

In the great effort to locate the Normal School in Potsdam Village, in 1868, he took an active and influential part, and was soon made a member of its local board, and a little later treasurer of the board, which he continued to hold till his death. He assisted in the organization of the Fair Society at Potsdam in 1871, and was for several years a member of its board of directors and for one year its president.

In the struggle to sewer and drain the village, in 1886, after securing the passage of an act enabling the village to do this, he returned to his home and aided and assisted the work in every

way he could. He was one of the organizers of the Thatcher Manufacturing Company, a most successful industry, and was Vice-President of the company from its organization in 1890 to his death. He was also one of the promoters of the High Falls Sulphite Company, and was its President.

In his life at home, among his neighbors and those who knew him he was always genial, social and companionable. His high position made no difference whatever in his treatment of all who came into his presence. There was nothing of the snob or aristocrat in his make-up or nature. He ever gave to the poorest and lowliest of his neighbors as kind a word and as warm a hand grasp as he did to those who ranked higher in life. This trait in him, with others previously stated, made him a host of friends and a most formidable antagonist in any political struggle or caucus. For many years he held absolute sway in his town and in his assembly district. He seemed to simply own the district and to name every nominee to office and delegate to conventions. There were, of course, times of bitter opposition, but he always triumphed, though there was more or less complaint at times over his audacity and boldness in securing success.

The sport-loving members of the community were always and ever his constant and most loyal friends. They stood ever ready to do his bidding in any struggle, and today, thirteen years

after his demise, his name and memory come up more frequently and are spoken of with more warmth and friendliness by this circle of men than the name and memory of any who has departed that I can name. He had and held their affection to an amazing extent, and his memory will linger with them so long as life shall last.

About a year before his death, owing to his strenuous life and indefatigable labors in the political field, his health began to fail him, and he went to the Maine coast, hoping by perfect quiet to renew his health. Later he went to a specialist in New York City, who informed him that his heart was in bad condition, and that he should return to his home. From this time till his death, January 16th, 1894, he was a great sufferer, having extreme difficulty in breathing. For a week prior to his death there seemed to be some slight improvement, and on Tuesday morning at 5 o'clock he got up, as was his custom, to sit for a few moments in his chair, and this proved his last effort. Very soon he said to his attendant: "I feel faint; help me back to bed." This was done, and in a few moments he had breathed his last. It was indeed a peaceful ending to an active and most strenuous life.

There was a large attendance at his funeral, including many prominent officials and politicians from the county and different parts of the State.

He left a widow, Mrs. Caroline Dart Erwin, to mourn his untimely going.

Oyster Farming



THE American Fisheries Society held its twenty-fourth annual meeting in the Aquarium in New York City on Wednesday of last week. There were, I should judge, some fifty portly, fine looking gentlemen in attendance, representatives from various states, even as far west as Nebraska. Hearing so much of the drouth in Nebraska and Kansas, one would hardly expect to find gentlemen from those states attending a fish meeting. But they were there, and bright, intelligent men they were. So it must be they have streams and ponds, after all, in those drouth-stricken regions. The Fish, Game and Forest Commissioners of this state also attended the meeting in a semi-official capacity. Receiving a courteous and generous invitation through the kindness of William R. Weed, one of the Commissioners, to attend the meeting and also an excursion on the following day, inspecting oyster beds and oyster culture on Long Island Sound, I very gratefully accepted the same.

The Aquarium is the old Castle Garden, renovated and made over into a fine structure for the

purpose. Originally it was a fort and has a stone wall seven feet in thickness about one story in height, in circular form on the water side. These walls, good in their time, perhaps, would be of but little service now—our latest guns would throw a ball through both walls about as readily as it would through two sheets of tissue paper. As an Aquarium it is yet quite incomplete. However, there are a good many strange fishes and water animals to be seen there at present. The tank in which the most interest was taken contained two seals about three feet in length. They are not of the fur species, but of the hair species, the kind on which the Eskimos principally live.

The meeting of the society lasted nearly all day, and consisted of reading papers on all sorts of topics relating to fish culture, and to discussion of the points brought out by these papers. On the following day, under the auspices of the Fish, Game and Forest Commissioners of this state, an inspection of the oyster beds of Long Island Sound was made. The boat for the excursion, for such it proved to be, was furnished by the wealthy and public spirited citizen, John H. Starin, who owns many boats plying about New York City. The party consisted of about fifty gentlemen, most of whom are either interested in fish culture or prominent in other walks. Messrs. B. H. Davis, H. H. Lyman, Edward Thompson and William R. Weed, of the State Commissioners; J. A. Roberts, Comptroller of

the State; T. E. Hancock, Attorney General of the state; Senators Kilburn, Guy and Stapleton; A. N. Cheney, fish culturist of the state; E. P. Doyle, secretary of the commissioners, and others were present. The boat left the Battery at ten a. m. and passed up East River under the Brooklyn Bridge, through Hell Gate and out into Long Island Sound. The bridge is one hundred and thirty-five feet from the water, but as we passed under it, it did not seem to be near that height. The East River for several miles was verily alive with every conceivable craft. In the mouth of the Sound we passed a large number of vessels at anchor, sails furled, waiting for wind, tide or a tug to take them down East River. We proceeded up the Sound about forty-five miles, nearly opposite Northport, L. I. The Sound at this point is seven miles in width. There we met a small steam oyster boat, which came along side our boat and about as readily as two farmers could turn two wagons along side one another in the street. In a moment we got aboard the oyster boat and steamed away a short distance. Commissioner Thompson at this time took charge of the party and of the proceedings. He stated that we were then over one of the best beds in the Sound and that he would explain oyster propagation and culture, which he proceeded to do in a verbal and practical way. By the way, Mr. Thompson is a bright and genial man. He lives at Northport and is largely interested in oyster

raising. The boat we were on is principally owned by him and was out in the Sound for the entertainment of our party at his instance. He is the principal stockholder in the company which is compiling and publishing *The Encyclopaedia of Law*, a very popular and useful work and one that has proved very remunerative to him.

The subject of oyster raising is one that I find is but little understood by the general public, or even by the more cultured public. From the remarks that were made I do not think there was one on the boat, aside from those interested in the business, that had any conception of oyster culture. Only recently I desired to investigate the subject, and secured two encyclopaedias, but could get no information of any importance. The practical methods used for propagation and culture Messrs. Thompson and Capt. Dexter K. Cole, of Northport, L. I., gave me briefly on the boat. I will relate the same as told to me. According to these gentlemen, the whole of Long Island Sound is adapted to oyster raising. It is mostly of the proper depth. The waters are protected from great turbulence by the land on either side and contain the proper elements of nutrition. The south half or so of the Sound belongs to New York state and the north half to Connecticut. Some years ago this state gave the Northport Oyster Company a franchise of two hundred acres selected by the company in the Sound for

oyster raising. A franchise is a perpetual lease. Other parties made bitter complaints at this concession, principally on the ground that the state was being a party to a monopoly, that the weak oyster men would soon be ruined, etc. In this they were successful, as the state has declined to grant any further franchises. Since then the greatest privilege given by the state is a fifteen-year lease. A good many maintain, and with some reason, it would seem, that it should be a franchise in every instance, as it is quite expensive to fit, stock and care for an oyster bed. It would seem to be quite difficult for one to find his own bed of a few acres, from three to five miles from land, but they say those experienced have no trouble whatever. They locate the boundaries by buoys and by angles and lines from designated objects on the shore which are noted and written out by the engineers the same as a piece of land when it is conveyed. However, I think it would be some time before one of our farmers could learn to find his bed as readily as he now does his potato patch or corn field.

The first thing to do in oyster cultivation, after locating the section, is to clean the ground. The depth of water usually selected for a bed is from thirty-six to forty feet. The ground is cleared of seaweed, decayed matter and dirty soil by means of a sort of scraper, worked by steam from a boat. When the bed is properly cleaned, it is covered over with broken stones, oyster, clam

and other shells and coarse gravel. About a thousand bushels of stone, shells and gravel are put upon each acre of the bed. Thus prepared, they get oysters, three and four years of age, from several localities and spread them over the bed. They usually put about ten bushels of oysters on each acre and they are put on in July or August. The oysters to seed the bed are selected from several localities for the reason that very often the oysters taken from one locality will not thrive or propagate when transplanted, and there is no way of determining in advance whether they will propagate or not. The beds are seeded in July and August, as the oyster spawns in the latter part of August and in September, and it is desirable to give them a little time in which to get suited to their new situation.

The spawn, late in October and in November, is brown in color and about the size of the head of a pin. They stick to the stone and shells which have been prepared for them. If crushed when in this diminutive state it will be perceived that they have an embryo shell. There is no means of definitely knowing, but it is believed that a single oyster will spawn thousands of young oysters. If the "seed oysters" should prove to spawn well, or even fairly well, then there are altogether too many oysters on the bed for them to do well. The great difficulty experienced by oyster men is in getting a good "catch" or "seed," as they term the spawning. Should

it prove a failure they can only stock it with a fresh supply of seed oysters the following July or August. Thus far oyster men, at least, are unable to determine the sex of the oyster. The oyster is never artificially fed. He gets all needful food from the salt water in which he lives. The oyster does not grow to a proper size for market until it has reached three years or more. From three to five years is the best age for market. Oysters are harvested from September first to May first only, for market. Aside from the home consumption, it is estimated that from seventy-five to a hundred thousand barrels of oysters are shipped annually from in and about Long Island Sound to Europe. The capital required to properly cultivate oysters is about \$1,000 per acre. Annually the beds that are doing well are thinned out. The oysters are brought up by a scoop net to the boat and the older ones selected out and taken to another bed, where they are again planted to grow and fatten for the market. The young oyster is dropped back into the sea for capture at a later date. Oysters, like every poor creature that I know anything about, have their parasites, their enemies, aside from man, the majestic devourer of every living creature that is toothsome. These pests cause the oyster man a great amount of labor and expense. They are known as the sea star fish, the drill and the wrinkle. The greatest enemy is the star fish, and the next the drill. The

wrinkle is not a great destroyer. The oyster man is compelled to be almost continually fighting these pests. They often scoop up the whole bed annually for this purpose alone. For our enlightenment on this point, the scoop nets were thrown out and three scoops of oysters, star fish, drills, wrinkles, crabs and other unnameable and hideous creatures brought up and dumped on the deck. These nets were coarse rope netting with heavy iron jaws at the mouth, the upper jaw having a six-foot heavy iron handle attached in the middle, and to the end of this a heavy chain. The weight of the net is sufficient to unreel the chain and sink it to the bottom. The chain, being attached to the iron arm of the upper jaw, keeps the scoop right side up. The iron of the lower jaw not being held, drops and opens the mouth of the net. As the net is falling the boat is slightly moving forward, which causes the net to scoop up the oysters. When ready, the net or scoop is hauled in by steam power and the contents dumped on the deck. If the work is being done to rid the bed of its pests these are fished out by hand and the oysters thrown back. If the work be to thin out the bed or to select oysters to fatten in other places these are picked out, as also the pests. The star fish are thrown into boiling water for certainty in killing. Tear off the arm of one and it will grow out again. About four bushels of oysters, etc., were brought up in each scoop that we saw. Some scoops are suf-

ficiently large to bring up twenty-five bushels in a single dip. The star fish is usually from five to six inches across, though they often reach a diameter of twelve inches. They have five arms or legs extending out from a common center at equal distance, like the spokes of a wheel. The arms are about the size of a lady's finger and covered with white circular spots twice the size of a pin head. There does not seem to be any head or body, simply the legs come together in the center, but there is a mouth in the center on one side. All that we saw had their legs out straight and quite rigid. Bend their legs or step on them and crush them or do what you please to them, there was no sign of life whatever. They put their mouth over the thin edge end of the oyster shell and bring their legs to the shell, thus enfolding it. It is not known that they can force the shell open; it is rather believed that they lay and wait till the oyster opens his shell for sustenance when they intrude a portion of themselves, thus preventing the oyster from closing the shell, when they are able to suck out and eat the oyster. The drill is usually about a half-inch in length, though in mature age it is three-fourths of an inch. They are circular in form, quite square at the base end and gently taper to a point. The outside is shell and quite strong. A needle or some kind of a boring bit extends from the pointed end and bores a hole about the size of a pin through the shell of the oyster. By

means of this hole the oyster is eaten. The drill does its greatest injury to young oysters. The wrinkle is an animal larger than an oyster and very lively when removed from its shell, which is from six to eight inches in length, coming to a point and rolled up at its base, something like the shells which we have as curiosities.

Thus we see and learn that the eternal struggle, the pitiless warfare going on on land among all animal creation is also going on in the bottom of the sea. After seeing and learning what we did it is a wonder to me that oysters cost no more than they do. I intended speaking of some of the strange and hideous "beasts" which our scoop brought up, but since that does not pertain to oyster cultivation it would not properly appear in this article. I have given the story of oyster culture as stated to me by those gentlemen. I may not be accurately correct in some minor particulars, but believe I am in all essentials.

Thomas S. Clarkson



It is sad and painful to think and to know that Thomas S. Clarkson is no more. It is sad and painful to think and to know that we shall not again meet his strong figure and kindly face in our daily walks. It is sad, not that death is a terror, for it is not, and was not to him. Death is the common fate of mankind. It is but the close—the earthly termination of a life. All the living must die, and equally so must all those who shall come. To die is but to complete the great, the universal law of being. No, we mourn not at death of itself, but over the ties which it sunders, the loss we sustain. When it comes to a mature and perfected life there is nothing more natural—more in consonance with the law of being, and we should be content. But, when it comes, as in this case, in the heyday of life, in the midst of the activities of great usefulness and good, bowing in humble submission as we must and should, we cannot if we would, still the lip from uttering, feebly it may be, the anguish and sorrow which is upon us. There is not, cannot be, anything wrong in this. To live well, so nobly and well that our going will be re-

gretted and mourned by those who knew us, is the duty of all. Comforting is the thought that He who rules the universe "doeth all things well" and for the best good of all. Relying on this universally believed doctrine we accept afflictions which we cannot explain, wipe the moistened eye, still the quivering lip, and resume our duties. Life is upon us and we must "be up and doing with a heart for any fate."

Mr. Clarkson died at his home in Potsdam on Sunday morning last, August 19, 1894, and the news of his demise rapidly spread over our village. It was not startling, since every one knew that his life was hanging by a thread, and had been for several days. The accident, for such it seems to mortal eyes, which caused his death, occurred on Tuesday of last week, August 14th, at his stone quarry, about three miles above this village, a pump, weighing nearly two and a half tons, slipping from its blocks and falling upon and crushing one of his legs. The workmen soon succeeded in sufficiently raising the pump so that he could be drawn from under it, when, brave and heroic, he would not wait for a litter to be prepared, but insisted on being taken home in a farm wagon at once. His men so loved him that several of them walked ahead of the team, picking up the loose stones, to save him the jar they would cause.

Reaching home, some three miles distant, his first wish was to assure his sisters, telling them

that a broken leg was not a serious matter. However, he seemed to realize that his injuries would prove fatal, since he said to his niece: "This pain is all right. I have not suffered any for over fifty years, and it is a good preparation for death." Thus feeling and believing, he refused to take any stimulants or narcotics, preferring to keep his senses and a clear mind, though suffering intensely.

Mr. Clarkson was born in New York City November 30, 1837, coming to this village in 1840. He was a son of Thomas S. Clarkson, who resided here for many years and died here several years ago.

As a young man he attended the old St. Lawrence Academy, finishing his education with private tutors. He and his brother, Levinus, conducted the Clarkson farm of upwards of a thousand acres for several years. Between these brothers existed the kindest regard and the most affectionate companionship. On his brother's death in October, 1876, he gave his attention to various business enterprises in our village. He did this not so much to profit by them, though he, of course, hoped to make them self-supporting, but to give employment to our people. Nothing pleased him more than to see all who wished employment engaged in some lucrative business. He entered into many enterprises in which there was no apparent show of profit, simply and solely to give employment to those

needing it. He often expressed the wish that some enterprise could be started here that would give labor to every man and woman who desired it, saying that if any one would do so he would gladly furnish the money. No one accepting this offer, he gave his attention to various enterprises himself. He owned quite a part of the lower half of Fall Island and most of the business done on the Island was conducted directly or indirectly by him. The farm on which he resided consists of upwards of one thousand acres and required quite a retinue of employes. He also worked his stone quarries every season, employing a large number of men.

He was a most just and generous employer, perhaps too kind and forgiving, judged from a business standpoint. Were all employers equally as just there certainly would be no occasion for a strike anywhere. His payroll at all times was quite large, and during the summer season was large indeed. Often asked why he bothered himself with all the business cares in which he was enlisted, he would answer with a laugh and shrug of the shoulder: "Oh, to make money."

He gave his manufactories, stone quarries and farm his constant and unremitting care and attention—seldom if ever taking a vacation, or any recreation, and yet he always had time to give to those who wished to see him. He would give the common laborer an interview as readily and pleasantly as he would any one else, and more than

this, he would often help them in any sort of work.

He was President of The Thatcher Manufacturing Company, The Electric Light Company, The Clarkson Manufacturing Company and The Potsdam Milk-Sugar Company, and also interested in several co-partnerships.

He took a deep interest in the welfare of the Episcopal Church of this village, of which he was a member and also a warden. He took charge of the building of the chapel, and also of the magnificent front to the church a few years since, and with his sisters, paid substantially the whole of the expense. He also took charge of the building of the Episcopal Church at Colton, the expense of which was borne by his family. He also took a great interest in our cemetery grounds, giving freely and generously to beautify and adorn them. His charities and kindness were most genuine and liberal and abound and are seen on every hand.

No man ever lived in Potsdam who took a greater interest in or who did more, or as much, with that in view, for the welfare and prosperity of the village as did he. No one ever had to ask, "Where stands Mr. Clarkson?" in any move or project which tended to improve and better the condition of the people. He did not take part in politics, except in municipal matters now and then, when needed improvements were involved. He was several times a member of the board of

trustees. During the struggle in 1886 to sewer the village he was on the board and no one worked more loyally and heroically than did he. No good cause, no good movement was ever presented to him which he did not help. His purse and his hand were ever ready and willing to help any worthy person or cause. He was a friend of the church, the school, the poor and lowly, and not only a friend, but a benefactor.

He was kind, gentle, generous and just. There was no trickery, no cunning, no fraud in his make-up or nature. He was honest in every move and walk and turn of life. He could not be otherwise, and the rascality and perfidy of others caused him pain. His habits were pure and simple and his life sweet and wholesome. During his whole life not a whisper was ever heard to tarnish his name. His talk, his acts, his life were those of a gentleman and man. He loved his family, his sisters, and was devoted to them. He loved everybody and never spoke ill of any one. His heart was too big and his nature too kindly and generous to bear enmity or hatred toward any one. His death, tragic almost, in the midst of so much usefulness and kindness, seems untimely and hard to bear. In his death the poor and lowly have lost a kind friend, the church and school a benefactor, every worthy cause a supporter, and our village and people one of their dearest and best citizens. Our loss seems incalculable and irreparable.

Athens Versus Bull Dogs



WHILE ago Mr. Sackett, the accomplished editor of the Gouverneur Tribune, spoke of this village as the Athens of northern New York. It was a pretty compliment and pleased our people greatly. It touched their pride, and, as there was then some foundation for it (otherwise Mr. Sackett would not have said it), we had a right to feel not only a little elated, but actually proud. We have since nursed the fondling with much care, but, somehow, it doesn't seem to thrive or prosper. Our orators, lecturers and essayists every now and then take it up, and with burning words and cultured periods strive to fasten it on the public mind, and to implant it in the buoyant spirit of our youth, but somehow, do what we will, the sentiment is slowly dying out.

Why is it? What is the matter? Surely there is a cause—nothing happens in this world without a cause. It has been my constant study for over a year to solve this decadence. Our nobility, our gentry, our scholars, poets and literati generally have all been, and now are, engaged in

the same worthy cause. Athens of old went down, it is true, but only after centuries of great splendor. We have been an Athens only about three years. To decay and die in such infancy is both a mortification and a shame. Mr. Sackett has done all we can reasonably hope or expect of him. Surely no one would have the brazen effrontery to ask him to keep singing our praise.

Now, if we will, we can hold and maintain the prestige and position which he gave us. If we fail we alone will be to blame.

In looking about us for the cause I find we have one great school, the munificent gift of a most generous family, more than we had when we were made an Athens. We have since built a great edifice in which to gather and worship, and to teach peace and gentleness, in the name of the Master. All the other churches we then had are in peaceful and fruitful operation. All our social, moral and aesthetic clubs and societies are still adding polish and culture to an already highly wrought and sensitive people.

So, it is plain that there has been no retrogression, no decadence among our people in piety, in scholarship or learning. Athens was great as a seat of learning. So are we. Old Athens lacked piety. We do not. We have added this grace to learning. Accordingly we are really greater and better than Athens of old, for no sane man will claim for a minute that piety hurts learning or harms a people of culture.

And yet we are slowly dying in public estimation, at least as an Athens. Our neighbors, and even our friends, now seldom call us by that proud name. It is getting to be plain Potsdam as of yore. To be sure, they are kind enough to leave out one of the t's, but then there is no charm, no significance, no glory in it such as springs spontaneous with the bare utterance of the great name Athens.

How we would all love to be universally and by everyone called Athens! What elation it would give us! What a stimulus it would be to culture!

Mourning over this apathy and indifference on the part of our friends and neighbors to so call us, after having kindly given us the name, and utterly failing to find any cause for it from local conditions, I turned my attention to a study of the decadence and fall of Athens of old, and having found the reason, hasten to give it to the public. Our societies, I am sure, will pardon me for this, since such a discovery should, under the rules, be first given to them for analysis and emasculation. In my researches I visited several great libraries in distant cities. In the Boston Athenæum I found, luckily, a work by a Greek philosopher which has been but little read, as there are but four copies of it known to be in existence, and no other in this country.

I know, of course, as everyone does, that Noah took a pair of bull dogs into the ark with him.

Why he did I don't know and don't believe any one else does. The only reason that can be given is that he was commanded to do so. If that be true, why he didn't shove them out into the raging sea when the ark got above the mountains is a puzzler and has been to all peaceably inclined people ever since. However, he was kind enough to land them in such an out of the way place that nothing is known of them from the time the ark went into port until the year 176 B. C., and for this period of time we even now should be grateful. According to this Greek work, in that year a Celt wended his way across Europe and finally reached Athens with a pair of bull dogs at his heels. The following day he opened a saloon, with a new drink, a sort of compound of what we now know as alcohol and beer. The saloon took and the bull dogs bred.

In twenty-five years after his advent there were three thousand one hundred and twenty saloons in that small city, and seven thousand four hundred and fifty-two bull dogs. As one may readily imagine, there was soon a new order of things in Athens. The Acropolis, where for centuries the scholars of all kinds, poets, orators, statesmen, etc., had been wont to meet and confer for the common weal and good, slowly died out in interest and attendance and was finally abandoned in the year 152 B. C. The ruins of this great theater of learning may still be seen by the tourist.

Brawls and fightings were all the rage. There

were street fights galore for the common public, fights in saloons for the next grade and in amphitheaters built for the purpose for the gentry and nobility. To own a dog that could kill another in the fewest number of minutes was a great honor, and the dog brought a fabulous price.

This writer, who is our authority, is not certain, but is quite sure that several great public dog fights lasting several days were held in the Acropolis after it was abandoned as a hall of learning. His pictures of the battles, the fierce, savage brutality of the dogs, the cries of the wounded and dying curs, and the wild plaudits of the onlookers made a spectacle which, to our want of experience, is both sickening and disgusting, but, no doubt, with a few years more of familiarity with it we can enjoy it as they did.

They didn't like it at first. Before the bull dog came, Athens had several varieties of pet dogs, gentle, tractable and peaceable, the chums and playmates of her youth. The bull dogs made short work of these, as they are now doing with our own pet dogs. In the year 161 B. C. there were only seven pet dogs left in the city and these were saved only by great vigilance.

The youth of Athens, I am sorry to learn, when they could not get bull dogs fighting one another, would set them on to stray pet dogs, just to see the fun.

Our youth, smart set, are doing the same thing almost every day—and yet there are many good

people who maintain, sincerely and honestly, that we are born full of divinity—come into the world kind and good, and that all our cussedness and wickedness are acquired. When we read of the heartless cruelty of the youth of Athens and see the same work by our own boys, nineteen centuries later, we are tempted to say that we are born devils, and that the gentleness and goodness we exhibit in after life are acquired.

The bull dog that ruined Athens of old made his appearance on Market street about two years ago. His coming was, in every respect, very similar to his advent there twenty centuries ago. His descendants have multiplied until they are already in practical control of the street. Fighting is of almost daily occurrence. When not fighting among themselves, they are chasing, tearing and verily eating pet dogs. Quite a number of these have been bitten, torn or nearly killed by these brutes, and some are now being nursed and tenderly cared for by their mistresses.

These hyenas of dogs stand in hallways and along the street, waiting for some cruel, vicious youth to set them on or for some playful cur in his innocence to snarl at them, as dogs are wont to do. Usually two bull dogs work together, no matter how small and puny may be the pet dog. In all the fights we have known, not once have we witnessed any interference by the supposed owner. He says, or apparently says, "Oh, I'll risk my dog." Very soon, if not already, farmers

will hesitate to come here to trade, as they did in Athens of old, as their dogs are likely to be pounced upon, lacerated and even killed. With savage mien, with scarred, torn and bloody heads, the very acme of ugliness, they are a menace to peace and good order.

We all pay taxes, and for what? Is it not to secure good order and protection to life and property? Most certainly it is. Then why are not these dogs removed or kept muzzled? Our case is rapidly paralleling Athens of old.

At the rate we are going we will soon be able to see our end as did she. Our schools, churches and colleges may flourish for a time and stem decadence and death, but they cannot arrest it, the bull dog, unchecked, will triumph here as he did there, in the end.

Is it any wonder, then, with our streets full of bull dogs, that our friends refuse to longer speak of us as Athens? They know that where bull dogs prevail it is not and cannot be a real Athens. Culture does not, cannot, and never did thrive among bull dogs. One or the other must give way. Which shall it be?

Judge Charles O. Tappan



R. TAPPAN was born in Addison, Vt., April, 17, 1831. His father, Jacob Tappan, moved to Essex county, New York, in that year, and remained there as a farmer till 1853, when he returned to Panton, Vt., where he died. Mr. Tappan attended the district schools and also the Moriah Academy. In 1851 he entered the law office of John F. Havens, at Moriah, sustaining himself during his studies by teaching school. He also privately studied with Edward M. Dewey, his friend and fellow student, who was graduated from Middlebury College. On the 4th day of July, 1853, he was admitted to the bar, at a term of court held at Plattsburg, N. Y. On his admission, he and his friend, Dewey, entered into the law firm of Dewey & Tappan, and came to Potsdam, where they opened an office. In the following year the Hon. William A. Dart was taken into the firm, the style becoming Dart, Dewey & Tappan. In 1856 Mr. Dewey withdrew from the firm, going to Chicago for the practice of law, where he died October 18, 1869. In 1861 Mr. Dart received an appointment from President Lincoln as a district



JUDGE CHARLES O. TAPPAN

attorney for the northern district of New York, and he made Mr. Tappan his assistant. In 1869 Mr. Dart received the appointment of United States Consul-General to Canada, when the Hon. George Z. Erwin associated himself with Mr. Tappan, under the firm name of Tappan & Erwin. This firm continued until January 1, 1878, when Mr. Tappan became a Supreme Court Justice.

For many years Mr. Tappan was a member of the board of trustees of the St. Lawrence Academy, and took a most active and zealous part in the work of securing the location of the State Normal School in Potsdam village. I doubt if any one did more, or possibly as much, as he, to bring about its location at Potsdam, after the movement had been inaugurated. Its location here was bitterly opposed, and but for his efforts and that of some others it would have been defeated. He made arguments in 1866 before the board of supervisors and meetings of the taxpayers of Potsdam, and as an attorney drew Chapter 6 of the laws of 1867, and defeated the litigation which sought to prevent the location of the school at Potsdam. When the struggle was finally decided in favor of Potsdam he became one of the commission to superintend its construction and was elected its secretary. He was a member of the first local board and was its secretary until 1878. He was a leader in the movement to organize the R. V. and St. R. V.

Agricultural Society in 1870, and was its president for three years. On the organization of the bar association of the county in March, 1876, he became its president and held the position till his death. In 1886 he was the leader in the movement to put in a system of sewers and drains in the village of Potsdam (see article on Sewers and Drains). In the fall of 1871 Mr. Tappan was elected county judge for a term of six years, and in 1877 supreme court judge, taking his seat on the bench January 1, 1878, where he served, and very creditably, the full term of fourteen years.

He assisted in the organization and construction of the Clarkson Memorial School of Technology, and on December 18, 1894, was elected president of the provisional board of trustees, which position he held till his death.

Mr. Tappan stood fully six feet in height, weighed over two hundred pounds, and was a strong, able-bodied man. He was modest and retiring by nature, and the very soul of honor, probity and upright manliness. In these qualities I think he certainly equalled any man I ever knew, either in business or professional life. His honesty was a part of his very being. He could not, and would not, do a wrongful act for himself nor for a client. On one occasion he was sought by a client to do as a lawyer a wrongful act, when he became furious, threatening the man with bodily harm. As a lawyer he espoused

his client's cause and no lawyer ever labored more assiduously and unsparingly in a client's behalf.

Believing he was in the right, he became indomitable, showing almost bull dog qualities, and yet he was one of the most gentle and tender hearted men that I have ever known. On telling him a sad and pitiful story, of some great distress or misfortune, the tears would trickle down his cheeks like that of a woman. He was a thoroughly honest man, and was grieved and pained when any he knew were shown to be dishonest or tricky or culpable. I loved him for his great and sterling qualities, both of head and heart, and I gladly write these feeble lines as my tribute to his memory.

The writer entered his office, as a student, in 1871, and remained with him the greater part of the time for three years, sitting opposite to him when he was not in his library. He was the hardest working man, while a lawyer, that I ever knew in any walk or sphere of life, and I am told that he kept this up during his fourteen years as Judge. There was no fooling or chit-chat from the moment he entered his office in the morning till he left it late in the evening. He worked with great earnestness and deep intensity. He poured his very soul into whatever he undertook, be it study, a law trial or a municipal movement or question. Earnestness, honesty and indomitable energy were his great characteris-

tics. His intense study impressed its work in later years upon his face, giving him the polished and refined look of the student. He despised deceit and would violently assail those committing wrongs, especially if holding positions of trust and confidence. In his eyes the betrayal of a duty or a trust was a crime.

When his term of judgeship was about to expire he earnestly desired a re-election. This was, of course, very natural. Having been on the bench for fourteen years, his clientage had all gone to others, and it would require some time, with great effort, to recover it. He was assured, as I am credibly informed, by the politicians of his judicial district, that he would have no trouble in a renomination.

As to the truth of this I cannot speak, though early in the canvas it was pretty generally so understood. If it was true then they changed their minds since in a prolonged convention, even adjourned to another locality in the district, they stubbornly refused their support. During all the contest not a charge of any kind, nor an insinuation or even a whisper was heard or uttered casting a suspicion upon his capability, integrity or character. These stood out unquestioned and unassailable. No, it was not a question of character or ability, but purely one of politics, and in the struggle, as is often the case when politics enter, a just judge went down. His life as a man, as a citizen and as a judge bespoke for him a re-

nomination. He was in every way worthy of it, entitled to it and should have had it.

On his defeat he resumed the practice of law alone, January 1, 1892, and continued it quite successfully till the time of his death.

He was a friend of every just cause and worthy movement, and was a gentle and loving husband and parent. He worked faithfully and hard till near the very close. And as the end crept upon him he was not sick. He had no disease. He did not die. Being weary from unceasing toil, the mechanism of his head and body simply stopped, when, using his "burthen for a pillow," he fell asleep—tired out from doing the best that was in him. Noble man. His was a brave spirit.

He died August 20, 1895, leaving a widow, Sarah A., daughter of Dr. Henry Hewitt, and four children.

Hon. Erasmus D. Brooks



AT his home on Elm street, November 13, 1897, at 11 p. m., Mr. Brooks fell into that slumber which we call death. The time of his going was quite in keeping with his matured years.

He died as the oak dieth, rounded and perfected with a full life, complete in all its parts, and with all its labors, duties and burdens faithfully and honorably borne.

He was a son of Dr. Hosea Brooks and Phoebe Post and was born March 6, 1818, at Shoreham, Vt. His parents came into these parts in 1819 and settled in Hopkinton, about a mile west of Hopkinton village and in or near the present residence of Loren Smith. Here they remained for five years, when they removed to the town of Stockholm. After a sojourn there of three and one-half years they removed to the village of Parishville. At this place Mr. Brooks, the elder, in addition to his practice as a physician, kept a general country store in which the son assisted, more or less, as clerk. He attended school at the old St. Lawrence Academy and in Middlebury college, where he only completed the sophomore year.



HON. ERASMUS D. BROOKS

In 1839, yet a minor, he opened a general store on his own account, but owing to his minority, had to do business for a time in his father's name. In 1857 he was elected member of the Assembly for the third district of this county. In 1858 he removed to the village of Potsdam, buying the place where he has since resided of A. M. Smith for \$2,500.

In 1862, when the Civil war had gotten under full sway, Mr. Brooks received the appointment from President Lincoln of collector of internal revenue for the nineteenth congressional district, which office he held for over thirteen years, resigning to take effect January 1, 1876.

In 1866 he went into the dry goods business with H. M. Story, the firm name being Brooks & Story, which continued for about three years, when he sold out to Mr. Story.

In 1870, in conjunction with Dr. Thatcher and Mr. J. W. Dayton, the present block of three stores on the west side of Market street was built, Mr. Brooks owning the northerly one. In the fall of that year he opened a dry goods store and then, or soon afterwards, he associated Charles B. Partridge and E. D. Brooks, Jr., with him, the firm name being Brooks, Partridge & Company. This firm continued for some years, when he became sole proprietor by purchase. In December, 1891, wishing to be freed from business cares, he sold to Glover & Orne.

He held the office of supervisor of the town

of Parishville for three or four years from 1848, and for the town of Potsdam for the years 1878, '79, '80 and '81.

He was a justice of the peace, trustee of the village for several years and also one of the building committee of the State Normal School.

On December 28, 1895, Mr. Brooks slipped and fell on an icy walk in front of Mr. Raymond's, breaking the socket bone of the hip. From this he was confined to his bed for some months. Having a good constitution he recovered sufficiently to get about the house with a crutch.

On taking a ride about the village a few days before his death he took a little cold, which rapidly carried him away.

In 1841 Mr. Brooks married Permelia Sanford of Hopkinton. Of this union six children were born, but one of whom, Mrs. William A. Landers, widow, is now living. She, with her daughter, Miss Margaret Landers, a lovely girl in her teens, are alone left to mourn a father's going. They have the sympathy of one and all.

Mrs. Brooks was a most estimable lady, possessing many of the graces and traits of noble womanhood. She died October 16, 1886, and their three sons, to wit, Erasmus, Jr., October 10, 1885; William H., January 12, 1887, and Henry Gurley Brooks, October 20, 1891, the latter leaving a widow, Cynthia Everett Brooks.

A gleam of the man in after life is shown by the boy of twenty, taking the store which his

father had made of only doubtful thrift and at once making it a decided success. In the twenty years that he was a merchant at Parishville, notwithstanding it was but a hamlet and there were other merchants to divide the trade, he made what would even now be called a competence. In those times the farmers were poor and had but little or no money. Almost all they hoped to get was enough to pay their taxes. Pretty much all the dealing was in barter. The merchant took beef, pork, grain, etc., in exchange for goods. These he must in some way convert into cash or more goods; else his capital would soon consist alone of this class of property. Mr. Brooks soon found a market for it all, and he was ready to trade with every one and with all, making a margin both ways. For a time about the only product which would bring cash was black salts. Asheries were scattered all through the country.

Nearly every one was clearing land and therefore had ashes to sell, many of them even falling timber for that purpose. Mr. Brooks, besides dealing in black salts, conducted an ashery, which further extended his field as a merchant.

In his first years as a merchant he went to market once and sometimes twice a year by stage over a plank road to Utica, by packet boat on canal from there to Albany, and thence by boat to New York City.

While in Parishville he was the leader of the Whig forces. His town was one of the few

towns of that faith in the county and it was only so through his persistent and untiring labor. The methods then often resorted to in carrying primaries and elections would hardly be tolerated today.

After coming to this village he took high rank as a justice of the peace. Had he studied for the law there can be no question but that he would have reached high eminence as a lawyer and jurist. Indeed, I do think he possessed more native ability, sagacity, good sense and good judgment than almost any man I ever knew. He stood fully six feet, carried himself well and had a strong, intellectual face.

While collector of internal revenue, and especially during the war, a vast amount of money passed through his hands. The commutation money alone was enormous. His district comprised St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties. An incident in his service as collector shows the system, accuracy and methodical way with which he did business better than anything I can say. For some time after his resignation took effect the Treasury department at Washington kept sending him a formal demand at the close of each quarter for the payment of one cent to balance his account as collector for thirteen years. To this request Mr. Brooks would as often decline, saying to the department that his account was correct. After many demands and refusals had passed between them the department sent

him a formal apology, stating that they had found the error, how it arose and a receipt and discharge in full.

From the organization of the republican party he was one of its most stalwart supporters and adherents. His fealty to that party and its principles, coupled with his positive nature and strong individuality, made him for years one of its most influential members.

Any democrat who provoked him to a discussion was sure to retire, surprised, chagrined, a badly worsted combatant. His powers of sarcasm and invective when once fully aroused, as they only were over politics, excelled those of any man in my remembrance. He had but few of these combats during his last years, as no one who knew him had the temerity to attack him or his party.

His memory of men and women, names, ages, dates, etc., was most remarkable. He somehow kept track of nearly everyone he ever knew. Every now and then he would meet someone he had not seen for years and in the conversation that would follow would show equal or greater familiarity with the incidents of the party's boyhood and family than he himself knew. He was at all times and in all ways a force, a power. He possessed that subtle quality which we may call prescience, given only to the few, which made him a strong character, a leader. He had and held the respect and esteem of all who

knew him. He lived a sober, manly life. Whether we are now raising men of his stamp in these times of ease and comfort is a matter of some doubt.

With his going the name of his family disappeared.

Examination of "Peel" Willey



R. WILLEY, universally called Peel Willey, was fully six feet in height, a strong, heavy, muscular man with a firm, resolute face, a shoemaker by trade, and not at all lacking in cheek or courage. He seemed to like litigation or, at least, not to shun it.

On one occasion he was up before me as Referee on a Judge's order. This is generally supposed to be a pretty harsh proceeding, since the poor debtor has to sit and be quizzed to all lengths as to his property. Sometimes he is by some lawyers browbeaten and abused. At this time John G. McIntyre was the attorney. Though a hard job, I rather courted the inquiry to see how the struggle or battle would come out, for such I knew it would be. Mr. McIntyre was an intelligent man, firm, resolute, determined, and not at all lacking in moral or physical courage. We took our seats at the table, Mr. McIntyre facing Mr. Willey and myself. Mr. Willey was sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, etc. I can give only samples of what took place. Could it have been taken down it would easily make a newspaper page, and most spicy reading at that.

Mr. Willey at once filled a cob pipe and after lighting many matches, talking all the while, got the pipe going, and placing his big feet across one another up on the table began about like this:

“ Now, Mr. McIntyre, I want you to be kind and gentle with me today. You have got the reputation of being harsh and cruel with poor debtors and even of tearing them all to pieces. Now for God’s sake be easy with me. I haven’t slept much of any since this order was served on me. I am nervous and all worn out, dreading this examination. See how pale I am and how my hands tremble (holding them up shaking perceptibly). I am so poor I had to get up early and walk all the way to Potsdam without any breakfast. Now take pity on me or at least be as easy as you can.”

“ Take your feet down and stop your talk,” sternly spoke Mr. McIntyre.

“ There you go, just as I expected. Why can’t you speak mildly and calmly to me? If you knew how it jarred on my nerves you wouldn’t speak so harshly. I am almost dead, and yet you don’t seem to have any pity.”

“ Take your feet off the table. Do you hear what I tell you? ”

“ Yes, I do, and I could if you had spoken in a whisper. I ain’t deaf and I wish you wouldn’t speak so harshly. It hurts me. I put my feet up there to take the blood from my head, which is almost bursting.”

Mr. McIntyre becoming somewhat nettled, said with a little warmth: "Mr. Referee, will you please direct him to take his feet down and make a note of the request in your minutes?" It was done.

"Now, I don't see what hurt those feet can do up there. It rests me and if you knew how much better I can think you wouldn't ask me to take them down. You are a good deal smarter than I and besides you have got me down. Why can't you let me take a little comfort?"

"Aren't you going to take your feet down?" again Mr. McIntyre sternly asked, partly rising as if to remove them himself.

"See here, Mr. McIntyre, just keep your seat. Don't get excited. You better stay on your side of the table. I know some of my rights. You lay a hand on me and I'll tie a knot in you. If you would ask me pleasantly to take them down I think I would do it, but you can't order me to do it."

Accordingly Mr. McIntyre made a mild request that he take them down, which he did, adding that he would like him to lay aside his pipe.

"What next will you ask? I am smoking to settle my nerves and to stimulate my brain for this examination. I am all fagged out. I can't think or answer your questions if I don't smoke. Don't you want me to tell the truth?"

"Yes, I certainly do."

"Well, then, let me smoke."

“ I will if you will stop talking and just answer my questions.”

After an hour or so of this kind of play, for such it was, we got to work. Mr. McIntyre asked him to name all the property he had at the time the debt in question was created.

“ Well, now, I don’t know as I can do that. When was the debt made?” He was told. Mumbling to himself, “ Two years ago, what did I have. Never had much and some of the time not anything.”

After cogitating with his head in his hands for some time trying to recall the past, with McIntyre prodding him to answer, he replied:

“ Mr. McIntyre, I can’t tell just what I had at that particular time. It’s too far back for my tired brain.”

“ Did you not have a bay gelding horse and a top carriage? ”

“ Well, I did, back in there somewhere, but I can’t just tell when.”

“ What became of the horse and carriage? ”

“ Let me see. Don’t put this down, Mr. Referee, I’ve got to think. I made so many deals I can’t keep track of them. I am not going to tell anything till I know I have got it right, and I am not going to be hurried about it, either. I can’t think any faster than I can. I propose to tell it just as it was if it takes all day.”

And it did. When it came night we were all tired of the whole performance, unless it was Mr.

Willey, and not much wiser than when we began. He seemed to be in as good shape as when we commenced. Nothing had been found and possibly there was nothing to be found. The case was adjourned, but I was never called on the adjournment day. It taught me that Judge's orders are not such a terrible engine after all if one has the proper nerve.

Hon. John G. McIntyre



R. McINTYRE was born December 1st, 1839, in the town of Massena, N. Y. His father, Angus A. McIntyre, was a native of Scotland. He came to this country about 1825. The early life of Mr. McIntyre was spent with his parents on the farm in Massena, where he was born. He was educated in the district schools of his town, in the St. Lawrence Academy at Potsdam, from which he was graduated in 1861. He then entered Middlebury College, from which he was graduated in 1865, receiving the degrees of A. B. and A. M. After graduating, he was principal of the academy at Northfield, Vt., for one year, when he returned to Potsdam as professor of mathematics in the old St. Lawrence Academy, for a little over a year, studying law during that time in the office of Judge Henry L. Knowles. On being admitted to the bar, in 1867, he entered into partnership with Hon. Abraham X. Parker, under the firm name of Parker & McIntyre. This firm did quite an extensive law business until 1881, when it was dissolved, owing to the election of Mr. Parker as a member of congress. After the dissolution of



HON. JOHN G. McINTYRE

the firm, Mr. McIntyre continued the practice of law alone, till his death.

As a lawyer he was quite quick to see the main point of the case, and fought laboriously, stubbornly and quite successfully.

In court he was a most tenacious fighter, and all the lawyers the country about feared if they did not dread to meet him in justice court. They knew, if they had him for opposing counsel, they had a great battle before them. He was, if occasion required, quite severe, and even caustic, as an attorney. In the higher courts he did not exhibit this quality to any such extent as he did in the lower courts. In the latter I think he was the most successful of any practicing in his time unless, perhaps, I except John R. Brinckerhoof.

He was not what would be called an orator or polished speaker. He cared not for the arts of the orator, tone of voice, poise of person, imagery or rounded periods. He saw the main point and never lost it. He used speech to win his case or his cause. That was ever his purpose, and to it he gave all his attention, energy, fearlessness and combative force. People liked to hear him because there was no mistaking his views, and because he was so brave and valiant.

Another characteristic, probably as commendable as any, was the fact that he never charged a client an excessive or an exorbitant fee for his services. He was contented with reasonable pay for what he did, nor did he ever

take advantage of opportunity to get more, so far as I ever heard.

He was a trustee of the village, and in 1891 its president. He was also trustee and secretary of the State Normal School Board, which position he held till the time of his death, March 13, 1899. On the organization of the Public Reading Room in 1887 he was one of its zealous friends and a little later one of its trustees and treasurer. He was also secretary of the Fair Society, trustee of school district No. 8, and active in the construction of its fine building.

In 1894 he became one of the seven original members of the board of trustees of the Clarkson Memorial School of Technology, and the first president of the board. None took a greater interest in the establishment of this school.

He was duly elected a member of the Constitutional Convention, which sat in 1894, serving on the committees on Education and Railroads with ability.

In 1895 he was elected trustee of Middlebury College. He held the position of vestryman of the Episcopal Church at Potsdam for some years and at the time of his death.

In all municipal matters he took an active part, either for or against every measure. He was a man of most decided convictions and had the courage to express and maintain them on any and every occasion. The friends of any movement would seek his aid and assistance, well knowing

that if he was against them he would give them much trouble. But their seeking and their pleading made no impression upon him, if his judgment told him that their cause should not prevail. Over municipal matters and measures he would fight by speech as earnestly and vehemently as he would in the trial of a suit, and somehow, when he formed his opinion in a suit at law, or on a public measure, he could not see, feel or believe that his opponent had any right or justice on his side. He seemed both deaf and blind to anything but his client's cause, and they usually got what they asked, or nearly so. He made no compromises or adjustments that did not bring his client all, or practically all, he claimed.

Mr. McIntyre was fully six feet in height, rather slim of build, straight as an arrow, and carried himself with ease and confidence. Though not expensively dressed, he was always tidy, tasty and cleanly in his appearance. He was not exuberant in his social qualities and yet sufficiently so to be a pleasing and entertaining companion. His office was always in a most cleanly condition, all of his papers kept in place, and in a methodical way. He wasted none of his time in lounging on the street or in other places. He gave his entire time to his office and its work, and to his home and gardens.

He was an upright man, a most loyal advocate, a good citizen, a kind neighbor, and a most devoted and loving husband. He was very ab-

stemious in his living, clean in all his habits, and led a most exemplary life. He gave his mornings and his evenings to his lawn, flowers, of which he was fond, and to his garden, all of which were ever in excellent shape and condition.

No home, here or anywhere had a sweeter or more wholesome atmosphere in or about it.

He observed and followed all the laws of diet and health, and it was thought by his friends that he would certainly live to a ripe old age. In the fall of 1898 he became more or less ill, although attending to his office duties all the time.

Early in the winter of 1899, thinking it would benefit him, he and his wife went to California to spend a few months. On reaching Long Beach he took cold, when spinal meningitis soon developed and took him suddenly away. His going was a real loss to the community, to every worthy cause, and a particularly sad and crushing blow to his cherished and devoted companion. His widow, whom he married in 1869, Amelia M., daughter of the late L. H. Dunton of Stockholm, survives him.

Mary P. Foster



THE final summons that must come to all, came to Miss Mary P. Foster, daughter of the late Edward W. Foster, December 27, 1899, at her home on Elm street, where she had long resided. It did not come suddenly, but gently and softly, as if regretful to call her hence. Not that her life was incomplete or she not ready to go, since, if we measure life by its fullness, by its richness in act and deed, and surely we may, the angel of peace could call no one with greater right. And though this may be, we always mourn and are almost comfortless in our grief at the departure of one we love. We would stay the call, postpone the hour, so strong are human ties and so deep human affections, though we feel and almost know that it is God's act and that our friend is to enter into eternal joy. It must be right that this is so or it would not be. We cannot fathom the mysteries of life; they are hidden from us, and this, too, is well or it would not be. If we could, there would be no longing, no yearning, no heart burning. We would know it all as we do a mathematical problem and life would be void of much of its tenderness and sweetness.

We live in the fantasies, the beauties and the pleasures of a dream, a picture that we paint with emotions, affections and love. It is not a copy, as no one in all the ages has been permitted to see the original. Each paints this picture largely for himself, since its coloring and its hues are the work of our own dreaming. The picture which she of whom I speak had painted was one of great beauty and splendor and it was her constant support and comfort through life. She could not build otherwise, since, by a law that is universal, grapes do not grow on thistles, nor do good thoughts or deeds spring from coarse or impure natures. She was born kind and good. Her nature was as sweet and gentle as a summer zephyr.

In illness and in health the same placid spirit encircled her, and sweetened and brightened all who came within its influence. There was no bitterness, no jealousy, no selfishness in her nature. Her heart was warm and kind and generous towards all. She cared little for the frivolities, vanities or dazzling splendor of high social life; her heart was always with the poor and lowly. For years she had grown and gathered flowers, collected magazines and periodicals from generous and kindly neighbors, boxed and shipped them to hospitals and soldiers' homes. It was not much in dollars, perhaps, but who can measure the joy and gladness which she gave these poor children of sickness, misery and pain. To

be remembered, to feel that some one cares for you sufficiently to send you a rose when sick and friendless, awakens emotions and thrills the soul beyond any measure of value. Nor did she neglect or overlook the poor and unfortunate in her home vicinity. To these she was ministering and giving to the extent of her means. Her life was one of charity and there is no sweeter or nobler life than this. It is the greatest of human virtues. Without it we are cold, sordid and selfish. She made none and, therefore, had no enemies. She could not. Her nature was too generous, too charitable and loving. All who knew her loved her. Hers was a gentle and sweet spirit.

An Outing In Canada *

RECEIVING recently a kind invitation to accompany Dr. James S. McKay and Dr. Reynold M. Kirby, with some Canadian friends, on a fishing trip to the interior of Canada, and not knowing very much of that country, and being assured that it would do me worlds of good, I packed up at once and we started the next morning, July 20, 1900, reaching Kazubazua, some fifty miles north of Ottawa, that evening. With such an escort I was the more readily induced to accept, since with a physician and a minister in the party, both physical and spiritual needs and ailments could and would be cured, or at least attended to on the spot. It is not often that a party of this kind is so well fortified and equipped, but, from my experience, I am not so certain but that they all should be. In case a party cannot get or take both I am further in grave doubt as to which is the more essential. Both are certainly needful. Camp life, as those who have been in the woods know, brings out the good qualities there

* This article appeared in The Courier and Freeman as three letters and is given here in that form.

are in you and, I am constrained to say, all the little ones. The natural man, what you really are, stands out here and you can't hide or encumber it as you can at home with the frills, prestige, pomp and circumstance of cultivated life.

This was my second experience camping in the woods. Twenty-three years ago (August, 1877), George Z. Erwin, John G. McIntyre, George L. Eastman, Theo. H. Swift, Dr. Henry M. Cox and myself camped for a week at the foot of Moosehead on the Racket. That party, as you see, had a doctor only, no minister, and I have felt all these years that there was something wanting, something we lacked or, perhaps, I should say needed, but could never quite determine what till this late trip.

And now, as I write these lines, I am reminded that just one-half of that party has fallen into that wakeless and dreamless sleep which awaits us all. *The other half, too, has crossed the summit and can faintly see the bewitching and flickering twilight at the foot of the slope, through and beyond which our comrades have gone. But I am digressing. A homily on death is hardly appropriate in an article of this kind, and I trust my readers will pardon me for what I have said. Come to write their names, I could not help it.

*Dr Cox died April 24, 1904, leaving of the party, only Judge Swift and the writer.

Let us get back to Ottawa and take the train. I will try to speak of the city on our return. The road crosses the Ottawa River just above the falls, and runs due north sixty miles, and most of the way along the banks of the Gatineau River, a very considerable stream indeed. At the present time I would judge there is ten times the amount of water flowing in it that there is in the Racket. There are heavy waterfalls all along its course, I am told. We saw three entirely unused, the first of which is only seven miles above Ottawa. Why it is not developed is more than I can see, unless it be that they have so much power at Ottawa that no one thinks of going elsewhere. The soil for thirty miles up the road, to my surprise, is a rich, heavy clay. What we saw did not look as if it was well farmed, or the people very prosperous. The buildings, for the most part, are rather poor and the farms seem to be patches of tilled soil here and there in the bushes and woods. Back from the river, I was told, there were some good farms. I see no reason why there should not be with such a soil. The timber is all a second growth pine or a bush growth. Very large pine stumps may be seen everywhere. When in its native state it must have been a heavily pine-timbered country.

As we approach Kazubazua our train destination, the soil changes from clay to sand. At this point there is a mighty sand plain, with medium mountains surrounding, excepting on the south,

covered with low bushes, and dead, barkless and limbless standing pine everywhere, as sentinels of better days, defying the axe, fire and even time itself. Portions of this plain are overrun by fire every year, thus keeping it in its present desolate state. Huckleberries are everywhere over it and picked and shipped in large quantities.

Reaching Kazubazua station, we take stage for the village, if such it may be called, two miles distant, where we put up for the night. What a name! But it fits the village. Pronounce it and you may have lockjaw. It is an Indian name and means "water running underground," as a smart brook here does in good shape, appearing again some distance below.

Being a little delayed, the two doctors rigged up and went trout fishing in this brook the next morning, but with rather poor luck, due, they maintained, to the fact that the fish had gone underground, to get out of the sun. While they were fishing I rambled about, getting into a saw mill, grist mill and carding mill all attached. The latter was in the rear and I came near missing it, which would have been a great misfortune, as I there learned the true cause of the Boer war. Seeing a fine, pleasant faced, elderly man attending the machine, probably a Presbyterian, I walked in and was greeted cordially. We at once got into a pleasant conversation, which I led along to the Boer war. At this his face lighted up, showing some spirit, similar to that of some

of our home Canadians, and so I saw it was best to go a little slow. I did not assert anything, simply putting everything in the form of an inquiry. "Then you think," I inquired, "that the British are in the right in their war on the Boers, that their cause is just?" Leaving his machine and coming towards me, he remarked with some warmth: "Why, of course I do. I know they are in the right. Don't you think so?" "Well," meekly answering, "I don't know as I do know it. Very likely we of the States are not so well informed as to the causes that brought on the war as you are. I wish you would tell me what the Boers did, what the real cause of the war was." To this he replied with some feeling and great sincerity: "I'll tell you what they did. They treated our people over there shamefully, like dogs. When it was rainy and muddy, those Boers would get on the sidewalks and push and drive our people off, making them walk in the roadway in the mud. What do you think of that? Would you stand it or anyone else? I guess not." "Well," I replied, "that was pretty mean. I never heard of it," "No," he broke in rather disdainfully, "probably your papers would not print it."

Thus, in a little carding mill, away back in Canada, accidentally as it were, I learned the real, true cause of that great struggle of the British empire to dominate South Africa. This alone was surely worth all the time and expense

of the trip and more, too, and I hasten to give it to the world. I doubt if I should have written this article but to divulge this great piece of information. Who can criticise the British after reading this?

There are some mica mines in the hills about Kazubazua and, of course, considerable prospecting. One mine has been worked for ten years or so and has proved very valuable. On exploring, however, the most of them prove worthless. I was shown a piece about eight by ten inches, three-quarters of an inch thick, which, they said, was worth nine dollars, and would be worth more but for a crack in it.

The doctors, after wearying of fishing in the creek, and they did not till patience had ceased to be a virtue, came back to the store, and we began buying supplies for our trip into camp. I was worried, I can tell you. I supposed till then there would be a hotel we could lodge in. They had told me nothing as to accommodations. My first impulse was to go with a mica mine proprietor to his mines, but when I learned that I would have to climb a mountain at an angle of about sixty degrees and that his knees had about played out climbing it, I gave up and fell in to make the best of it, and I did.

We bought chairs, blankets, eggs, bacon, bread, sugar, tea, etc. All stores back in Canada keep Ottawa bread. They dump the loaves, unwrapped, off at every station. I did not ask any

questions, but I could see by what they were buying that there couldn't be much in the camp, that it must be rather an inhospitable place. Loaded up, we drove westerly some nineteen miles over a sandy plain and a very good road, except the last three miles. We did not see or pass a dwelling in the first eight or ten miles, and only a very few during the whole trip. I judge the sand soil would produce crops for a few years, if cultivated, the same as did the sand about Colton and Parishville. On nearly reaching our destination, crossing a swampy place in the woods, our wagon slightly played out, and there we were. Dr. McKay, his brother Hiram and the teamster, on examination, saw that they could repair it, and so urged Dr. Kirby and myself to take the gun and go into camp. We hesitated, just a little, as it did not look quite fair to go on and leave them, but while we were reflecting the mosquitoes did not. They came at us out of that swamp in droves. It was awful. They acted as if they had not seen a gentle, succulent, Christian being out looking for health and a good time, before this summer. They sung about our heads and bit us in the most eager and persistent fashion. I can't say as to Dr. Kirby, but I can for myself, that they helped me to make up my mind what to do, and I didn't go alone. Reaching the river and finding a boat, we crossed over to a pleasant knoll, where stands the log cabin which was to be our abiding place

for a week. We were soon joined by the rest of the party. There we found Mr. Guy E. Robinson and wife of New York City, who had just preceded us. We prevailed on them to use the board shanty near by, and make common lot with us, which they did, much to our advantage and comfort. And now I have got you into camp. I have been so slow about it that I have exhausted my time and space. I can do no more now. If the spirit moves me, and you can spare the space, I will try and give you in a later issue our experience camping in the woods.

II.

I promised in my last letter that if the spirit moved me I would give you an account of our camp life. I am not very sure what it is, but something is moving me, for I find myself with pencil in hand. It is to be hoped that it is a good spirit, for I shall need much help to give you, with a pen, anything like a real picture of the experiences of camp life. That can come—you can only get that—from actual camping. So, at best, anything I can say can only be an apology for the reality. With this understanding we will see what sort of a spirit is nagging me to this undertaking.

Well, in that letter I succeeded, after a fashion, in getting you to our camp. Let us first take a look at our surroundings. We are on the Picka-

nock River, about the size of the Grasse River. The "Pickanock Fish and Game Club" of Ot-tawa has preserved it for five miles and our lodge is about midway. The stream, for the whole length of the preserve, is a still water and very similar in color and size to the Bog on the Racket. The banks are low and the timber comes to the water's edge in all its pristine fullness, excepting that all the marketable pine has been cut out. Not a spruce, hemlock, beech or maple can you see or find in all these woods. The tall, dead pine stand over it, all the same, as back on the plains. What a mighty pine forest it once was! Some lumbering is still done on it annually, though only a fraction of what was formerly done. The timber now got is a second or even third cut, and logs that were in too difficult places for the first jobbers to meddle with. The river empties into the Gatineau, as do all the innumerable lakes and streams in this northern section. There is not a hut or cabin the whole five miles, save ours, and only two or three places where one could be pleasantly built. The underbrush has been cut a little on one side of our cabin, giving us some sunlight and making the spot more cheerful. More should be cut, that the wind may have a sweep at the mosquitoes.

The journey in tired us somewhat and, naturally, our first thoughts were for something to eat. To eat, we must have a fire and a fireplace. Accordingly, we picked stone and built one on the

lawn, just as they did two or three thousand years ago, but I guess we had better cooking utensils than they had, due, luckily, to meeting Mr. Robinson, with his twentieth century outfit. But for him, I judge, we would have been about on a par with the ancients. The guides, directed by Mrs. Robinson, a brave and gentle little lady, prepared our supper, as they did all our meals. When ready, there were no tea bells or gongs to rasp the ear. We were all there and on hand. What freedom—nay, liberty, and what simplicity! No standing about the table, with your hand on the back of the chair, awaiting the nod of the hostess to move in rhythmic unison to your seats. Whoever could, got at the table. Whoever could not, sat on stumps, trunks, etc. Some had hats on and some no coat or vest. No style or pomp or ceremony here. Food they want and food they are bound to get. After all, is that not about all there is of it at any table? We had no menu, no ice cream, cake, tarts or pie, but plenty of bread, butter, eggs, bacon, etc., which fit a woods appetite much better. The French guides bring the pots and kettles and you take what you want, and you don't feel that all eyes are on you watching what you take. In the woods you must eat solid food. The exercise, good air, freedom and want of sleep seem to demand it. One would have to eat all the time if he ate soups, cake, whipped cream, etc., that some people are fed on at home. We were on a purely fishing trip

and yet they took in bacon, pork, yes, salt pork and canned beef. Mr. Hiram Robinson, one of the proprietors of the lodge, persisted in speaking of it as "Cuba beef," when I finally told him that we had reliable information that it was some of the beef that was stolen from the hospitals in South Africa. That seemed to settle it. At any rate we heard no more of "Cuba beef." The meat supply surprised me. I supposed, on such a trip, that the fish would answer for meat, but they don't. A few meals and the most crazy fisherman tires of them. I suppose that the glory and charm of fishing is not the fish, or in the eating of them, but in the sport of catching them. Of this more anon.

We have viewed our surroundings and taken a meal. Let us step into the cabin. It is built of logs and about fifteen by eighteen feet, with a porch in front. In the rear end are four board double berths, two upper and two lower, but no elevator or even stairs. A box stove stands in the center of the room for use in the hunting season. The guides bring in a little straw from the ice house and place it in the bunks. The blankets are thrown over the straw and your boots or valise with a coat over them, to make them soft and nice, placed at the head for a pillow. How inviting to rest and slumber! What an exchange for the soft mattress, clean sheets and feather pillow you have gone off and left! What reveries, what fantasies, what sweet and

gentle dreams will come to one in such a bed as that!

But it's camping and it's glorious. You are getting back to man's native state and you must like it, love it, just as the boy grown old does the place of his nativity.

We spent the evening until a late hour about the camp fire on the lawn, smoking, chatting and telling stories. It was about all we could do. If we got away from the fire and smoke, the little devils would pester the life out of us. Having seen the bed, I didn't much care if we sat up all night. But, weary at last, and wishing to be in as good shape as possible for the morrow's fishing, we went to bed. Bed, did I say? I should have said bunk. A bed is supposed to be a place where one can sleep. Didn't we? Well, some of us, but not I, very much that night.

Dr. Kirby and I got one of the upper berths and Dr. McKay and brother the other. The guides were directly under us, that is, Dr. Kirby and me. One of the guides and one of our own party (I withhold his name out of pity) went to sleep at once. Think of it, in such a bed! Tired out, I suppose. He must have been. But that was not all. They went to snoring, and such swells and cadences I never heard surpassed. One was an in-snorer only, and the other both an in and out, a sort of compound blower. Properly rigged up, his exhaust and suction would run a large fan, and I should think

he would do it these hot days. I do not give his name, as his wife might take it into her head to go out west and get a divorce, in which case Dr. Kirby and I would be star witnesses for her. But perhaps he doesn't snore at home. I hope not.

Think of Dr. Kirby, saying nothing of myself, in such a bed, in that hollow, resonant cabin, with a snorer under us and another at our heels, trying to woo Morpheus. We called to them, or rather I did, many times to "stop," to "let up," but it only resulted in a gurgle, a snap and a crack, a few skips and the same old story. Thus we rolled and tossed, with sore and aching hip bone, shoulder and side of the head till the wee hours of the morning, when exhausted nature kindly kissed us and we were still at last. We must have slept well when we did sleep, for we seemed to be in pretty good shape in the morning. We arose early, not from choice, but because we had to. The mosquitoes, black flies and sand flies got at us at about 6 a. m. and there was no such thing as sleep, after this. They tackled the snorers, as well as us, and I was glad of it. It was the only fair play we had seen.

The guides, out before us, had caught many minnows for bait and had breakfast well under way. Eating it, we rigged up three boats and moved off. The steel and bamboo rods, silk and linen lines, reels, plain and automatic, tin trunks with many compartments, sinkers, nippers, clip-pers, hooks for all kinds of fish, gaff hooks, land-

ing nets, etc., etc., of an up-to-date fisherman are something bewildering. An ordinary layman would think, to see one of them pack up, that he was an army surgeon. The minnows are put in a pail filled with holes. This they put inside another pail, so as to give them fresh water now and then. It is claimed that the fish bite them better if they are kept fresh, but I can't see as it can make much difference, since when they come to use them they put the hooks in their mouths and out through the top of their heads, which pacific and gentle operation must be very quieting to them.

What do you think of that for cruelty to animals, and by college bred men at that? But it's fishing and it's glorious. No sport known to man equals it with some, and only hunting rivals it with others. Hunting and fishing are the two great pastimes of man everywhere, and both are essentially cruel. In yesterday's papers I see that the royalty and nobility of England have just started out to chase, shoot and kill the game which they have grown in their preserves for the very purpose of chasing, hounding, wounding and killing. Why do we so inordinately love such sports? Is it the food problem? Hardly, for we do not need it and eat but little of it when we get it. It lies back of this. It is in our natures, engrafted there by the ages of struggle of our early forefathers to live, and it will take ages to eradicate it, if it ever be done.

While thus moralizing, we have reached good fishing grounds. The hooks are baited and thrown out. They only fairly sink into the water when they are taken. Away goes the line, now here, now there, cutting the water with a siss, bending the pole to a semi-circle. The fisherman, eager, excited, see how his face glows, watching the antics of the fish, as he darts about, now out of the water, in again, behind the boat, all about, until he is tired out and taken in. What sport, what fun. Only the genuine fisherman can measure it. Thus it went most of the time, whenever desired, for five days. The fish caught were mostly bass, some doré and a few pickerel. The doré correspond very much, if not fully, to what we call pike. After a little we only kept the large ones, three pounds or over, throwing the smaller ones back into the stream, but we had the sport of catching them just the same, or rather they did. How such Racket River fishermen as John O'Sullivan, A. D. Heath and others I could name would laugh and verily revel in such fishing as we found. But, I suspect, it would hardly be safe for them to indulge in it, as in their delirium of delight they would be likely to capsize the boat and drown!

The sport of fishing, to the real fisherman, is a supreme and constant joy and pleasure. It must be innate, something which masters him, when he will creep and wade down a brook, with low, overhanging alder bushes, in mosquito and

black fly time, his face, neck and hands coated with sticky tar preparations, or sit in a boat all day, as we did, in the broiling sun, to catch fish, only to throw nine out of ten back into the stream. But, perhaps, it is not the catching of the nine but the tenth that encourages and pleases them. Something does at any rate.

Thus you have the story of one day's fishing. The others were but repetitions of this, though in new waters. We go back to camp as evening comes on. We eat better and sleep better than we did at first. The exercise, ozone of the woods, and freedom from care are doing us good. We are the better for it all. We are stronger now. They can snore and we can sleep some. And here I am, time and space gone again. There were some pleasant incidents which I meant to mention, but must pass them now. Possibly I may be able to give them to you later, though I do not promise.

III.

The disposition, common to most of us, to wish to finish what we undertake, prompts me to resume the narrative which I supposed when I began would be completed in a single letter. I did not, it seems, duly value the items and incidents of the trip in so thinking, or else I have unduly expatiated upon them. However, wherever the fault may lie, I should be able to stand it if you

and your readers can, since I am only out the time that it takes to write them. Begging pardon for the space taken, I assure you and them to complete the outing with this letter.

I hear, through friendly sources, a little complaint that I have not enlivened and embellished these articles with some fairy and fantastic fish stories and fishing exploits—that many readers expect them and are not a little disappointed that none are given—that an enlarged and highly exaggerated truth is not only warranted, but expected by some, in the story of a fishing trip. If there be such, and no doubt there are, I am sure I have only to remind them of the company I was in. They must have forgotten this. It wouldn't do with such a witness against me. What I might or would have done but for this there is no telling. So I guess on the whole, taking everything into consideration, that fishing parties would better take the minister and leave the doctor, if they can't take both. There is more danger of doing wrong than of illness. Then, too, some people get well, you know, when the doctor can't get at them.

Pent up there in the woods, shut off from the telegraph, post-office, newspapers and civilization itself (except the little of the latter that we took along with us) we had, naturally, as all such parties do, many amusing and laughable episodes and experiences. A few of them are perhaps worthy of note. At once in going into camp,

the guides went and got their Indian birch bark canoe which they had hid in the woods, thinking to help us out. But it didn't. No one could or would ride in it but themselves, and we wanted them to help row our boats. One day Hiram McKay, quite an experienced boatsman, decided he would use it on one of our trips with a guide to paddle. They got into it off the wharf, with some help, and started out, but they didn't go far when they went back and rigged up an old water soaked punt and came on after us.

Reaching us, we laughed at him, but he cared not; said he was in mortal terror all the time; that the tottlish thing was in an eternal quiver and seemed determined to turn over, but undecided which way it was going to go; that he didn't dare to wink one eye at a time, so evenly balanced must he keep himself. They are made of a single piece of bark, coming to an edge and gently turning up at either end, as round as a barrel and as smooth as a polished floor. They float the water like a "thing of life" and are pleasant to look upon, but get into them and the charm is gone. They are too anxious to turn over to make it pleasant. In fact, to a new comer, they seemed determined to do so. And when they do, how mighty quick it is done! You can't say good-bye to friends on the shore before it is wrong side up and you are under it out of sight. We had a good deal of bantering and challenging when Mr. Robinson decided that he could ride

it. We held it for him to get in, as you would a kicking colt for one to mount. The Indian position, which, of course, we must copy, is to place your knees on the bottom and sit on the bar across from the gunwales, giving you a sort of half-standing position on your knees with your feet under the bar—a rather perilous situation, it seemed to me. But he took it and we very gently pushed him out into the stream. He and it, we could see, were quivering like a leaf, especially it. Taking a few gentle strokes with the paddle he shot out into the stream, when, quick as lightning, his giant form was lost to view and the canoe bottom side up. His wife, on the shore with us, cried out, clasped her hands and rushed for the water's edge. The rest of us were silent at first, fearing his legs might be entangled with the cross-bars, but, presently, as he emerged just below the canoe, roared with laughter as you may well believe.

Oh! the canoe, the real Indian canoe, is a pretty thing, an idyl; it rides the water so lightly, even poetically, like a thing of beauty. But its place, it seems to me, is in story, painting or poem.

In a previous letter I told you of the sand flies, simply mentioning them. They are, perhaps, deserving of a little further notice. I don't know whether we have any such animals in these parts or not. I hope not, at any rate. I never happened to hear of them before. The first I knew of them was one evening, when out on the

river with a guide, looking for deer—simply to see them. Creeping along the shore, all at once I began to feel sharp bites on the back of my neck, up my sleeve and finally all over me. I was kept mighty busy spitting and rubbing the bitten places. I couldn't feel that I killed anything, nor could I see any mosquitoes or black flies flying about. What the deuce was biting me I didn't know. Being under an injunction to keep very still I stood it for some time. Tormented at last to exasperation, deer or no deer, I turned and called out to the guide: "What in the world is biting me so? I don't see anything flying about, but I am being bitten all over." Laughing till he shook himself and the boat he feebly muttered out in broken English, "San' flies." And let me say right here that the mosquito and black fly are nowhere with these fellows. They can get at you in the most hidden parts, where the others can't go. They are so small that you can't feel them walking up your arm or down your back, but you can when they stop to bite, as they are sure to do.

The next day I spent some time to find one—just to see him. Feeling a bite on my hand, I let him go it, and putting on my spectacles, took a look at him. A tinier little beast you never saw, a perfect little fly. What infinitesimal little wings. If Noah took a pair of these into the ark with him, and I suppose he did, he must have been a great naturalist. How he did it without

a microscope is more than I can tell, and lenses came into use long after his time.

On one of our fishing trips, after building a fire on the shore, getting and eating our dinner, we all got out on some rocks to smoke, when all at once there was a slip, much scrambling and sprawling, and presently a great splash. One of our party was in the river and with his clothes all on. Being close to shore, and no danger, it was a very laughable incident as he came up out of the water, soaked to the skin, his clothes wet and dripping and fitting his person like a glove, but we didn't laugh, no, not much, just a little, when he did. This party doesn't believe in total immersion, that is, that it is actually necessary to be total, but he took it and very gracefully this time. Had it been I or some of the others they would have died a laughing. That very evening, when gathered about our camp fire telling stories, and wearing the time away, this same fellow, presumably to further dry himself, turned in his chair, astride it, with his back to the fire, when over he went across and into our kitchen fire. There was, luckily, a gentleman sitting on the opposite side who, with others, instantly gathered him up and out of it. We didn't laugh this time, either, just chuckled a little, when we learned that he was unharmed. I do not need to give any name. It would not help the story any and he may be a little sensitive. I will say, however, that he was a good man, must

have been, for, like the three good men of old, he came out of the fiery furnace without even the smell of fire upon his garments.

During our stay of a week in camp we saw quite a good many deer and all in the day time. The hunting season in Canada is during the months of October and November. They can hound deer during the last ten days of October only.

In moving about on the river we came upon many patches of lily pads with their beautiful orange and white blossoms. At one place there was a full half-acre of them—all white. How beautiful they were! The flower seems to sit or rest just upon the surface as if it had had all it could do to get out to view. What a pure, delicate and exquisite white! It seemed to me that I had never seen anything quite so absolutely white, tender and lovely. Perhaps, very likely, the lone retreat and sombre stillness of those sighing pine forests added a little to their lustrous whiteness and purity. Why are they there and how came they so exquisitely white? Is nature so kind, so prodigal to the muskrat, duck and poor Indian? Are they beautiful to them or do they pass them by unnoticed? At best but few see them—farther back in the wilderness, none at all, and yet they pine not, but come and go with the seasons. As night comes on, the enfolding and protecting leaves close up, making a green bulb of the blossom, as much as to say

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there is no eye to see me now and I will protect my purity and loveliness from the night air, that I may be as beautiful to the morrow's passer by. Many times as I looked upon them I asked myself these and kindred questions and I am still asking, but no satisfactory answer comes to me.

From what was told me, I judge they kill deer out of season, about the same as it is reported they are killed in the States. They have preserves over there, the same as we do, but they do not own them as here, they rent them from the government. The one we were on consisted of fifteen square miles with annual dues of \$62.50, no other taxes or charges.

A few rods from our camp was a grave in the woods, hidden with brakes and bushes, covered over entirely with stone, and a few rods farther two more. Whenever the Indians, or even the poor whites, sicken and die in the woods they are often taken ashore and buried. If it be an Indian they bury his pipe, knife, gun, etc., with him for use in the other world. If it be a white man they strip him of all these and often get into a quarrel or law suit over a division of them. Standing by these graves, away back there in the woods, no headstone to tell the stranger their names, their race or when they fell asleep, with the sighing of the pine their only prayer, made us, I confess, a little sad. Perhaps it should not have done so, but it did.

And this is the story of our outing. That I have

given at least a faithful and honest, if not interesting, portrayal of both the pleasant and discomforting sides of camp life, I feel quite sure that those who have had similar experience will attest. I certainly have done my best in a hasty way, and under some adverse circumstances, to so picture it that all, especially those who have not been in camp, might sleep with us, eat with us and laugh with us. That I have but imperfectly succeeded I well know. At best any pen picture can be only a poor apology for actual camp experience. It did me good—did us all good, physically, mentally, and, I trust, spiritually.

The only tinge of sadness that comes from it all is the reflection that so short, or even a longer stay in the woods, should build up and reinvigorate us as it seems to do. *Is it not more or less of an indictment of higher life and cultured living that we must play semi-aborigine every now and then to be in good shape—to repair the wastes of our aesthetic, cultured life?*

William McKinley



I CANNOT restrain the impulse to add a few words to the common sorrow of all our people, not that I can tell them anything they do not know or, in any manner, temper the anguish of their bereavement. No, it is not that, or to do that, that I would speak. It is rather the welling of emotions which would have expression for relief's sake—the utterance of a cry, as the most natural outlet and escape for pent up feelings. Overburdened with grief and sorrow, human nature finds relief and consolation in tears and prayer, and in the belief that God in justice and wisdom rules. If we could not do this, there would be no lamp to our walk, and eternal darkness would eventually be around and upon us. Anarchy, black anarchy, and barbarism, would, ere long, hold sway and there would be little hope for mankind.

A great sorrow has fallen upon all our people, nay, upon all civilized peoples. From all quarters of the globe which civilization has touched and quickened, come the prayer and condolence of potentate and peasant to help us in this hour

of mighty sorrow. That they do it, is proof that sympathy, fellow feeling and brotherly love are in the ascendancy throughout the land, and that there is hope for the future. When all peoples are touched and bowed down by a sorrow and affliction that has fallen upon one people, it speaks well for the progress we have made and for the ultimate unification of all into a common brotherhood.

Mr. McKinley was beloved by the people while in office, to a greater extent and more universally than any other of our Presidents, even more so than the immortal Lincoln. He was a grand man, gentle, generous, kindly. He loved the people and had no other thought than their welfare and good. He took no steps, pushed no measures until he had consulted the people and got their will. He sought only to be the executive of the people, never their oppressor. He was an able man, probably the ablest and strongest man in civil life today. No man in this country could equal him in a speech to the people. No man excelled him in clear, apt and epigrammatic expression or in felicitous phrasing. He was the most consummate handler and master of men of this age or of any age. He could wield and bring more men to his way of thinking, without offending or wounding them, than any man of modern times. The only man who nearly approached him in this respect was Lincoln. Neither ever spoke ill or harshly of another. Both were too great,

grand and noble to thus belittle themselves. Dying as he did places him with the immortals and second only to Lincoln.

For the third time within forty years the Republic of Washington and Lincoln, the only free Republic among men, has been thrown by an assassin's hand into the deepest gloom and most lamentable sorrow. Why! Oh, ye God of hosts, why? We mortals cannot answer, cannot say. Were they tyrants, monsters, as rulers? No, on the contrary, confessed by all, they were the gentlest, tenderest, kindest, and most lovable of all our Presidents, and for that matter of all chief executives in the world's history. There is no higher or nobler type of man and ruler on the pages of history than that of the immortal Lincoln. Garfield, too, was a gentle and conservative man and much in the hearts of his people. Lincoln was struck down after four years of awful civil war, and our people then, and ever since, have found, or at least taken, some consolation for the act from this fact. Garfield was shot by a crazy fanatic, whose brain gave way to the bitter and relentless political feuds and strifes which then rent the party, and again the people's grief and indignation were allayed, seeking, as they do and ever will, for some palliation or partial excuse.

In McKinley's case we are bereft and disconsolate, with no excuse, palliation or extenuating circumstance. It was the most cold blooded

and dastardly crime in all history. Moving with the throng who loved him and wished to greet him, under the guise of friendship, in a temple dedicated to music, with gun hidden from view, as the proffered hand is extended, the assassin shoots him down. Oh, what a crime was that! It is appalling, awful. To think of it or recount it makes one faint and sick at heart. But we should not and must not despair. As Garfield told the excited throng from the steps of the sub-treasury in New York City on that bitter morning in April, 1865, "God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives," so yet again may we repeat the same message. Then, too, McKinley dying, in his latest breath and last words, bidding all "good-bye," admonished all, us all, that it was God's will and for the best. It must be that it is, though we with our short vision cannot divine it. If it be not, then God does not reign, and this we cannot, must not, say or believe. Out of this crime will come, must come, some great good. Already it has knit us all into one brotherhood of devoted, loyal, loving, weeping people. At this bier there is no sect, no clan, no party, but one and all, kindly and fraternal, save possibly the blear-eyed and savage anarchist. Tribulation and sorrow, deep and universal as it is, cannot but remove some of the asperities of our natures, and make us gentler, kindlier and better.

Poor and weak as this balm may be, we know

it is best to accept that which is, complacently, knowing that we are frail and shortsighted, trusting, relying, as he did and as he bid us, on the stewardship of God Himself. Little else is left us.

Daniel Webster

Power of Magnificent Presence

OME years ago Mr. William L. Knowles of Potsdam gave me an account of his first sight of Daniel Webster, which is worth repeating. Mr. Knowles and Henry J. Raymond were pretty close friends while students at the Burlington University. Mr. Raymond was in the class just ahead of Mr. Knowles and, therefore, graduated a year in advance of him. While in college, he had been writing a good deal for *The Tribune*, and when he left college, went directly upon *The Tribune* staff at \$15 per week, which was considered pretty high pay. Mr. Raymond was a very able young man and a most brilliant writer. Mr. Greeley was anxious to secure him on his paper. He did, but he proved too brainy and ambitious to get along well with such an indomitable master as Mr. Greeley.

When Mr. Knowles graduated he went into a noted law office, the name of which I have forgotten, in New York City, where he resumed his

pleasant relations with Mr. Raymond. One bright morning he was taking an early stroll down Broadway alone, listlessly passing along, meeting but few and not noting them, thinking of how insignificant is a man in such a mart.

The Astor House was then a large and noted hotel. There were broad stone steps leading from the walk up to the entrance, with heavy stone buttresses on either side, having a broad top or surface on a level with the door sill, extending out to and a few feet above the edge of the pavement, on which a man could readily walk.

As Mr. Knowles neared these steps in his idle walk he looked up, just how or why he could not say. As he did so, a stocky man with broad shoulders, large wide-rimmed Panama hat, with a courtly and magnificent bearing, was walking out on the top of one of the balustrades with head up, sniffing the morning air like a lion rising from his lair. The moment his eyes fell upon him they were riveted and so was he in his tracks. He did not know it until awakened from the spell a few moments later, nor did he know the name of the man whose distinguished presence, unaided and alone, had done it. Nor did he notice, so intent was his gaze upon this superb figure, that all other people going by, up or down, had been equally with himself arrested in their walk until the street was blocked with men for some distance.

Presently some one in the crowd who recog-

nized him cried out: "Give us a speech, Webster." At this Mr. Knowles turned in the direction of the voice and for the first time learned that a mass of people had collected about him. Thereupon there was a grand call for a speech, but Mr. Webster instantly raised his hat and, graciously bowing, strolled with masterly dignity back into the hotel.

What intellect and genius must one possess, expressed in brow, in eye, in mouth, in chin, and in that indefinable look and stately bearing attendant only upon consummate and conscious ability, to block a street with his presence alone. It was not due to great height or enormous size, since, as I remember, he was under six feet in height and weighed a little over two hundred.

It is the homage which mediocrity pays to genius. But why should so few be thus blessed, or rather why should so many of us be so very plain?

Judge Leslie W. Russell

THE subject of this sketch was born April 15th, 1840, at Canton, New York. His father, John Leslie Russell, resided there and was, for many years, one of the prominent forces in the affairs of St. Lawrence County, dying early in 1861, at the opening of the great Civil War.

Judge Russell secured his school training in the district school and in the Academy at Canton. Though he had not the advantages of a collegiate education, he possessed what the college cannot give, only train, a strong, vigorous and intuitive mind. The generally understood need of a college course to train, drill and polish the faculties we possess has been, in his case, amply compensated for by his long and varied professional study. He read law in the office of Nicholas Hill in Albany, New York, one of the ablest lawyers in the state, and began the practice of law at Canton in 1861. He soon formed a co-partnership with William H. Sawyer, under the firm name of Sawyer & Russell, which continued till the appointment of the former to the Supreme Bench in 1875. This firm did an extensive busi-



JUDGE LESLIE W. RUSSELL

ness and became one of the most noted, as it was one of, if not the, ablest law firms in northern New York.

In 1867, when only twenty-seven years of age, he was elected a delegate to the convention to revise the organic law of the state. After this he held the position of district attorney of the county, law professor in the St. Lawrence University, supervisor of his town, presidential elector, County Judge of the county, Attorney General of the state, member of Congress and Justice of the Supreme Court, which latter position he now holds. In all these positions he has acquitted himself, not only with credit, but with distinction. It is generally conceded that the state has not had in years, if it ever had, an abler Attorney General, one possessing greater legal acumen or ability to grasp the complex questions coming to that office for solution and determination. During his term as Attorney General he never found it necessary to employ counsel or assistance in any litigation or matter. He was fully competent to grasp and handle alone every case which came before him.

On completion of his term as Attorney General he went to New York City, where he practiced law for eight years, and until his election to the Supreme Court Bench, January 1st, 1892. During those eight years he was the attorney or counsel in several important and famous litigations, involving thousands and even millions of

dollars. In these great struggles he met as foes Roscoe Conkling, Joseph H. Choate and others, the most distinguished lawyers in America. With these men as opponents he was just as much at ease, just as sanguine of himself and of his case, and carried himself with that superb confidence for which he was famous at the circuit in northern New York.

The most important cases in which he was interested were the Broadway surface railroad litigation, the Brooklyn elevated railroad suit and the action by the heirs of A. T. Stewart to recover portions of his estate. The Broadway surface railroad matter got into, as will be remembered, an interminable muddle owing to a number of actions being brought to accomplish the same end, and a weak and inefficient comprehension of the situation. When the matter had reached a stage of great confusion and bewilderment, the Attorney General of the state engaged Judge Russell to take the whole matter in charge, and he did, winning the case at every point and through all the courts.

The Brooklyn Elevated suits were in just about as inexplicable a muddle when he took hold of them. In these he was beaten at the circuit and at the general term, but at the Court of Appeals he not only secured reversal of the judgment below, but a judgment absolute for his clients. In these suits it is understood he got, as he should, a very handsome fee.

In the Palmer will case, famous as establishing a new principle of law, Judge Russell was counsel with C. E. Sanford, attorney. In this case it was settled as a principle of law that a party taking the life of one who has made a will in his behalf, for the purpose of coming into possession of the property, cannot take as devisee or even as heir. Strange as it may seem, so wise and beneficent a principle as this had not been settled in English law till this case was heard. So far as could be ascertained, from an exhaustive study of English law and jurisprudence, the principles established by this decision have never been raised, or at least decided by the courts. Presumably, it has been thought that the statutes of descent were controlling and paramount to even so beneficent a principle; that statute law is superior to abstract right. And yet the merest school boy knows that it is an axiom, both of moral and statute law, that no man shall profit by his own wrong. Still, in the thousands of cases in the past centuries where a devisee had taken the life of his testator, no one had invoked this principle against the positive statute law of descent. Since the decision of this case, in 1889, upwards of fifty similar cases have already arisen. Therefore in the preparation and presentation of this case there was no guide, no precedent. And yet Judge Russell saw the end from the beginning. His prayer for judgment in the complaint was almost literally followed by the

decision of the Court of Appeals. His brief on the argument was printed at the time and is everywhere conceded to be a legal classic; a masterpiece of moral and philosophic reasoning and argument. This decision, so just and beneficent, has been followed in some states and, we regret to say, disapproved in others, on the ground that statute law is controlling; that courts cannot make law or do justice as against a statute. However, in this imperial state they can and in this case they did.

In the midst of a law practice such as this, he was nominated as a candidate for the Supreme Court Judgeship. He did not seek the nomination, was in no sense a candidate. The position sought him as it should seek the man in all cases, but seldom does. Many people at the time were not a little surprised that he accepted the Judgeship, great as it is in distinction, honor and power.

They could not see how one so able, so gifted and well equipped to meet and cope with the giants at the bar, and with such an extensive and lucrative practice, could be content with the quiet life of a Judge. But each nature knows its own wants and its own pleasures. We have heard it often stated by those who have some right to speak that he prefers the quiet freedom of his Canton home, of country life, to that of the city, the association and associations of his early life to those of the city, and also that his judge life

is quite agreeable to him. If so, then surely no one should complain, since the people in losing an attorney have secured an able Judge, litigants a learned and impartial arbiter. If Judge Russell is to follow the life of the Judge it is to be hoped that he may yet receive that advancement to which his learning and eminent qualifications justly entitle him. It should be so hoped, not from any personal reasons, but for the good of the state and nation. The higher the court, the greater his usefulness. But few men are called to the Supreme Court at Washington who are his superiors in learning, erudition or in ability to grasp and solve great questions. He would honor even that court fully as much or more than a seat there would honor him.

NOTE—The foregoing was published soon after Judge Russell's elevation to the bench. I now, in February, 1907, continue the sketch a little further:

In fact, I do not believe that half the Judges on that bench were his superiors in broad and comprehensive knowledge of the law and its basic principles, in ability to throw aside the chaff and rubbish which encumber every case, and see only the point upon which the case really stands and must be decided. In this faculty, he far excelled any lawyer that I ever knew. Possessing it, he never wasted his time or his energies pursuing side issues or tangents. Seeing the real and true point or principle, no matter how hidden or involved or complicated the case might

be, he bent all his energies to its elucidation and establishment.

Then, too, he possessed the most intuitive legal mind that I ever met. It seemed to work by induction, readily and at once comprehending the situation, marshalling the facts and the law, seeing his way from the beginning to the end. But few men are given such power of insight. He possessed a most masterful brain. Had he not gone on the bench, and, had he kept on with his practice in New York City, he certainly would, in a few years, have taken equal rank with the greatest lawyers of his time.

Nature was lavish in her endowments to him, both physically and mentally. When a young man he was an intellectual Apollo to look upon and, in later life, an intellectual giant. His poise and carriage, on the street or in the court room, were superb, impressing all with the power and majesty of the man. But few strangers could meet him on the street without turning to look at him as he passed on. I saw him once walking up Broadway in New York City. He then had on a silk hat, which added to his imposing presence. There was a vast throng of people upon the street, and at least half of those he met turned to look upon him, or tried to stop and do so, but could not for the moving crowd. He did not see me, but I was proud of him, and said to those about me: "That is Judge Russell of St. Lawrence County."

He was kind to me in my practice, and it is a pleasure to pay him this little tribute.

It is strange indeed that of one so great and able, so little should be said on his departure. His going created a great void, at least in the legal world, but somehow it moves on just the same. It was not so in earlier times. Then they would have given him a tomb or a monument. He resigned from the Bench in September, 1902, and returned to New York City to resume the practice of the law, where he died February 3, 1903.

The Bar of St. Lawrence County, on Judge Russell's resignation from the Bench, issued a pamphlet containing speeches and resolutions highly complimentary to the Judge, and to his ability and career as a jurist.

Japan and Russia

Is War a Divine Method?

FOR the past eight months these two powers have been, and are now, in a bitter, heartless and almost savage struggle to do the other to death. Neither has so far done any fighting on its own soil to repel an invasion or to defend its people or their homes from the savagery of invading hosts. No, it is not a war in defense of women and children, of homes, villages and cities, temples, idols or gods, which are alone the only wars that can be defended or justified if the life, precepts and teachings of Christ be what the most of us believe. If man, on the other hand, in his highest state of enlightenment and civilization, be only a veneered animal or savage, as a good many of late are maintaining, and as the conduct of some people every now and then would seem to indicate, then we must expect wars for many centuries to come, certainly until the sense of right, of justice and of decency shall have subdued or supplanted the animal passions of our natures.

The Japanese empire consists entirely of islands just off the eastern coast of Asia. The full extent of her territory in square miles is one hundred and sixty-two thousand, six hundred and sixty-five, just a trifle larger than our six New England States with Pennsylvania and New York added. All her islands are of volcanic origin and quite a part of them are so mountainous and barren as to be of no service in the support of her people. And yet on this limited territory there are about forty three millions of people, while the population of the eight states named does not exceed twenty millions. In other words there are two hundred and sixty-five people in Japan to every square mile, while in said states there are about one hundred and thirty-five. The Japanese are small in stature as compared with the English race. They live very largely on fruit, vegetables, rice and dried fish, and yet, as plainly shown in the war now raging, are equal, if not superior, to the meat eating Russian in bearing a soldier's hardships and privations.

They have two kinds of religion. The one accepted by the wealthy and ruling classes is called Shintoism. As near as I can make out, its main principles or doctrines consist very largely of ancestor worship. The other is Buddhism, which is the religion of the masses. It was imported from China at an early date. It had its origin in Hindostan about six centuries before the Christian era. It had a founder to whom has been

given the name Buddha. With his followers Buddha holds about the same position as Christ with Christian people. It is a world religion since it has a greater following than any other, having some four hundred million believers, or one-third the population of the world. Their Biblical writings consist of Chronicles found several centuries ago written in Sanscrit and contain many precepts or rules for living, similar to those of our own Bible. Their main doctrine is that of the transmigration of souls. When a person dies his or her soul instantly takes on the form of some animal or object in degree or rank according to his or her state of perfection. The soul of the bad and relatively bad go into the bowels of the earth to remain for a stated time, depending on their degree of wickedness.

In the sixteenth century the Catholics secured a footing in Japan and continued their proselyting work for about a hundred years, when the Japanese rose up for some reason and butchered all their converts except those who escaped, some five hundred thousand in all. This done, Japan shut her ports to the outside world and remained in total isolation from the world for over two hundred years. Thus she remained till 1854, when Commodore Perry, making a tour of the world with American warships, somehow got into her main port, where he remained till he had gained her friendly feeling and a treaty of reciprocal intercourse and trade. Perry's salute broke the

spell which had enthralled her for centuries. Sleeping, she opened her eyes, and in fifty years, only fifty, has climbed up to the position of a first-class world power.

Not many years after Mr. Perry's visit, missionaries of the Christian church began their work again, which they have kept up to this time with fair success, though it will take untold ages, if it can ever be fully done, to replace their crude religions with our own. If there be one thing for which man of whatever race, blood or clime is more tenacious than any other it is his right and freedom to get into the next world in just the way he chooses and believes will surely get him there. Indeed, it is a very great concession where an ignorant and bigoted government or people will freely permit the devotees of another and strange religion to come in and work to displace their own.

The government with which Japan is contending is one of the very oldest and strongest among the great powers of the world. Russia is an absolute and autocratic monarchy, and as such should be dethroned. There is no occasion for such a government, especially in such an old country as Europe, in this day of liberty and enlightenment. Her territory comprises eight million six hundred and sixty thousand square miles, one-sixth of the land surface of the globe, or about twice the size of the United States. Her population is about one hundred and fifty million,

or nearly four times that of Japan. Her religion descended from the Greeks, and is commonly known as the Graeco-Russian. The name given to it officially, that is, the established religion, is the Orthodox-Catholic, which accepts the Judean Bible and Christ as the Saviour. The church and state are tied and intertwined together and have been for more than a thousand years, to the injury of both and the great demoralization and degredation of the masses.

For some years we have been told by newspaper correspondents, magazine writers and lecturers a sad, pitiful and horrible story of the venality and corruption of her official classes, of the exactions of her rulers, of the oppression and privations of the masses, and so persistently that many people, here in this country at least, look upon the Russian government as a giant monster, without heart, without conscience or soul. Her nobility and "blooded" classes are all over her dominions, holding any and all offices to be filled. They have the first right to all positions and are exempt from tithes and taxes because of the "blue blood" in their veins.

These titled aristocrats pretend to feel and believe that they are sent here by God specially to rule and live on the toil and sacrifice of the people, and, until within the last hundred years, had but little trouble in making their benighted subjects believe it. But the day is coming, and it is not far off either, when no one will believe it or

submit to it. However, I suspect that the privation, poverty and distress of her peasantry are not so terrible as it has been pictured to us, otherwise, now that a large part of her army has been sent to the Far East, there would be uprisings of the masses all over her dominions. We have all been looking for revolts, but so far heard of none. It may be that they are so crushed and broken by a thousand years of tyranny and oppression that, fearing an exile home in northern Siberia, they dare not rise. Then, too, as we know, a lieutenant with six disciplined men backed by the government, can control a mob of five thousand, as was shown in the Chicago riots.

Really, we know but little of the actual condition of the masses in Russia. No one can get in there or out without passports or giving an account of himself, so fearful is the government that revolts will be incited. Is that not a pretty state of things?

Napoleon on the barren Isle of St. Helena, only eighty-five years ago, dispirited and disconsolate, awakened from one of his deep reveries, said that he was studying Europe and its future, that, as he saw it, "Europe would ultimately become all Cossack or all Republican." Napoleon was a wise man, but not quite wise enough to leave out the word Cossack in his prediction. Perhaps his awful experience when invading Russia made him overestimate her power to rule the world. It

cannot be that the perfidy and venality of her rulers throughout the empire were then anything like what they are reported to be now, or he would not, wise as he was, have predicted that she would at some time rule all Europe.

As soon as the present war began, for some unaccountable reason, unless it be that it is human nature to sympathize with the smaller dog in the fight, pretty nearly every one in this country tendered his sympathy and moral support to Japan, which they are still continuing to do. Our officials at Washington and our mighty manufacturers may, and perhaps justly, be alarmed at a secure footing by Russia in eastern China for our trade and commerce. Could Russia have carried out her designs or should she yet in Manchuria, which is a province of the Chinese empire and about three times the size of this state, it would or will give her an almost commanding position in that eastern world. Japan is there and saw it. She is overcrowded and must have room for her people. There is nowhere for them to go except across the channel to Corea, which is another province of China, about the size of our New England states. In her war with China, which she provoked or at least invited in 1894-5, she won and China ceded Corea to her. After it was done, Russia, Germany and France made her cede it back and take a cash indemnity instead, the payment of which Russia guaranteed.

France and Germany are giving Russia their sympathy and moral support, and not only this, but giving her cash for bonds to carry on the war. England and our own country are doing the same for Japan. If Russia succeeds in this war it means a much earlier dismemberment of China than if Japan succeeds. England and this country seem disposed to put off this event as far as possible. England, France and Germany now control almost all of China's southern sea-ports and practically control her trade and commerce in inland waters.

Poor China! Her doom is sealed. The great powers would chop her up and divide her if they could only get up a plausible excuse and agree on a division. Japan nor Russia has a scintilla of right to be over in Manchuria carrying on such a war as they are waging. Each is doing it to rob the third party of her territory. It is very much as it would be were the states of New York and Illinois to go to war and carry it on in Ohio. Japan nor Russia is suffering the pains and horrors of war as yet like the poor and innocent peasantry of Manchuria. The hell of war is principally where war is.

But why do such a great per cent of our people sympathize with Japan and wish them success? When the war began most people thought that Russia would whip Japan in three months. Was it this feeling that excited our sympathy? If so it should be on the wane now, since the Japs

have won every battle except the last, when honors were about even.

What Russia has most to dread, as I see it, is internal discord and revolution. If the war should continue for a considerable period, I doubt very much if she can avert or suppress internal revolt unless she at least grants to the people a few of the ordinary rights and privileges enjoyed by civilized people in other governments. May be that would be worth the cost.

Is there not as much to be feared in the supremacy of the yellow race as in that of the Cossack? If Japan should win and be allowed by the Christian governments to reap the full reward of her victory she would and will in a few years dominate all that section of the globe. She is a potent factor there now. Her people are quite numerous already in China. A large per cent. of the officers in the Chinese army are Japanese. Should she win and be allowed to have her way it would not be half a century before she would control absolutely the vast domain of the Chinese empire, probably the richest section of the planet. Should she once get that empire in her hands, remain pagan and continue as relentless in war as at present, what might she at a not distant day say to all Europe? She would be supreme mistress of all Asia.

When the war began the potentates of Russia in full regalia went into the old and consecrated cathedrals of Moscow and other cities, where their

predecessors in office had gone on similar errands for more than a thousand years, and on bended knee and in suppliant prayer communed with God, or thought they did, asking and beseeching his help to crush those meddlesome pagan Japs. Whether they could reach Him with such a prayer on their lips is certainly one of grave doubt. However, they must have thought that they had secured His help, for they recklessly and incontinently went to war, evidently relying more on Him than on proper preparation and thus far have been terribly beaten.

On the other hand, the poor, benighted Japs went into their pagan temples and as fervently prayed and implored their images of Deity to help them to take deadly aim at every Russian's heart, and thus far they have shot well. But can it be that their aim was helped by their prayers or that God would help a pagan people to destroy a Christian, saying nothing of the question of right? It must be conceded, I think, by everyone outside Russia and Japan that neither of them is in the right. Each is seeking to steal and take a large territory from China. In such a struggle it would hardly seem that God would help either, even if approached by a million daily prayers.

There are vast numbers of women, at least Christian women, and a great many men, whose natures are so gentle, sympathetic and loving that they cannot see why wars should be or why God

permits them, nor would they believe that He ever had or does, were it not for the Book of Joshua in our own Bible, where we are told that He directed Joshua "to lay thee an ambush" that he might fall upon his enemy unawares, and caused the sun to stand still in the midst of heaven about a whole day that he (Joshua) might slaughter and avenge himself upon his enemies.

The slaughter and butchering, suffering and anguish that have taken place during the past eight months is something awful, something appalling, surpassing anything in all modern warfare at least, if not in all history. Since the Japs have been victorious in every engagement from the start, does it not tend to show that if prayer be efficacious in war that God helps those in the right, though they be pagan?

NOTE—The war began in or about March, 1904, and continued with unrelenting and unceasing fury, bloody and terrible, till the summer of 1905, when, through the good offices of our own President Roosevelt, Russia and Japan each sent three delegates to a Convention which sat at Portsmouth, N. H., in August, 1905, and in the first days of September perfected a treaty or terms of peace. The Japs were victorious in every engagement except one, and that was a drawn battle.

The Spider and Man

Is Might a Divine Principle Governing Animal Life?

UST outside my window and parallel with and close to the glass a spider has spun his web with the art of the weaver, the skill of the mechanic and the design of a civil engineer. There are spokes or radii extending from a small circle in the center, which are securely attached to the sash, round about which they are made fast and taut. Beginning at the center and extending outward for some six inches are circular or cross lines extending from each spoke or arm to the next and completing the circle. These cross lines are securely attached to the spokes and made taut, giving the web as a whole an octagonal appearance. As every one has seen these webs, and as most of us have deeply wondered many times over the skill and mechanism shown in their building, I do not need to be more specific in my description of them for the purposes which I have in mind.

Sitting at my desk I cannot look out upon the river and fields and feast my eyes, and through them by a mysterious agency, my consciousness, without viewing and watching this Ajax at his work. Seeing that he has plan, method, ability to adapt means to his ends, ceaseless and eternal vigilance and a cruel and murderous impulse, has awakened in me a train of thought not altogether pleasing or beautiful perhaps, yet so potent and suggestive as to put me into a deep, meditative mood.

Who taught him how to spin and weave the web, how to build the net with so much skill and precision in mechanism, out in space, without ladder or staging, to make the threads taut and to tie them to the sash and to one another securely? Do the older spiders teach their young how to do these things, as man is required and compelled to teach his young with great and tedious patience? Does nature or God endow them with all these qualities on creation or do they slowly come to them as a necessity from their needs, condition and environments? There are many species of spider and many classes of each specie scattered over the world. Did they all spring from one stem or was there a special creation for each class or specie? Did Noah take him and his spouse into the ark?

Though these questions arise to me as I contemplate this demon at his work, I do not ask them for the purpose of answering them for I

cannot. Man in his complacency, all importance and self sufficiency, does not see and cannot understand why they were made at all or what useful office or purpose they serve in life. He thinks, and not only thinks but knows, that this planet was made for him, and he cannot make out why tigers, wolves, snakes, spiders, flies, mosquitoes, gnats, etc., were sent here to live with, to pester and annoy him. The coming of all these animals, especially those that are ferocious and a terror to man, greatly perplexed and troubled all thinking men from the earliest times of recorded thought, particularly after Christianity had gained sway, and much more so in those early days than it has thinking men in more recent times, though it is still an annoying problem.

For many centuries it was stoutly maintained by the clergy and others that their coming, ferocity and poisonous bite were a direct visitation upon man for his transgressions. John Wesley, the father of Methodism, as late as the sixteenth century, affirmed that until the fall of man the spider was as innocent and harmless as a fly. Science has long since dissipated all such nonsense. Scientific research and study have in very recent years pretty securely established the doctrine of the unity of all animal life. Even Count Tolstoi, the great Russian philosopher and religious writer, has just issued a volume supporting this proposition to which he has added its sacredness.

They are here and by right, since surely the same force or power which brought forth man created them. The life they bear is as great a mystery and wonder as is that of which man so proudly boasts. The principle of life in the spider is just as insoluble as in man, just as subtle and mysterious, and for aught that I can see, considering his abilities, his life and conduct, just about as gentle and humane.

But why did he build that mechanical web so admirably adapted for his uses? Did he construct it as a home? No, not at all. He needs shelter as well as man, at least in this climate. Watch him and you will see his home is in a crevice in the casing of the window. Thump the glass when he is out on his "preserve" and he instantly rushes over the web and up one of the long arms, never mistaking the right one, to his shelter, his hiding, his home. The web does not adhere to or tangle his feet, no matter how swiftly he goes over it. Why not? Let any other insect try it and there is a tragedy. Who designed his feet and what is their peculiarity that the web should not stick to them as it does to everything else? Do his feet exude an oil that prevents, or is it due to their construction?

But why the web at the cost of so much toil and labor? Watch matters for a little and we will learn. We cannot see him. He is back in the casing, but not sleeping. Whether he watches the web with his eyes or holds one of its threads

in his hands to tell him of any disturbance I do not know. A fly, fooled by the glass which he does not see, and thinking the window an open way, sails into the web in his flight. The instant he touches the web, he is caught and, weak and puerile as is his tiny brain and intelligence, he seems to know that it means murder to him. How he struggles to get away, and the more he struggles the more he becomes entangled. Quick as a flash out from his hiding comes the black and cruel demon, and with lightning speed rushes upon him. Fastening his jaws, he quietly holds him till life ebbs slowly away, when he winds him with web for future consumption. If the fly was a strong one and did much damage to the web, the spider repairs it before retreating to his lair. If not, he goes at once to watch and await another victim, and thus the slaughter of one day follows another through the warm season, when he disappears. What becomes of him or how he lives through the winter I do not know. Whether he can hibernate or whether he salts his victims down as man does pork for winter use I cannot answer.

How we, especially women, hate him! The cruel, nasty thing, the latter cry out as they rush for a broom with which to sweep him and his web out of doors. Is our contempt due to his native ugliness, murderous life, reputation for having a poisonous bite or to his web, clean in itself, yet in our homes an evidence of laziness and sloth-

fulness in the housekeeper since time began? Probably our hatred of him is due to all these, yet how silly and ridiculous, foolish and absurd for Christian man to harbor ill will and feeling toward him on account of his living by murder.

The same power or agency that endowed man with his superior intelligence gave him the apparatus to spin the thread and the ability to weave the web and for the express purpose of ensnaring weaker insects that he might get a living in this cold and cruel world. For us to criticise his mode of life is to impugn the great creative force which we attribute to nature or to God. And since we cannot solve or even understand the mystery of our own life, it surely would be silly and even contemptuous to charge that the spider's life or way of living is purposeless or wrong.

No, we cannot do that and for other reasons than the common origin of the spider and man. Cruel, pitiless and merciless warfare seems to have been the design in the creation of animal life from the beginning. To live has been and still is one eternal struggle among them. One animal seems to have been designed and created as food for another. About half of the animal creation is herbivorous, non-combative, weak in self-defense and the common prey and food of their stronger and more voracious associates. Why it is so or should be so we do not understand. It seems to be and I am tempted to say is cruel and wicked,

heartless, awful. Why should one animal be chased, hounded, killed and eaten by another, and that other in turn by a superior? From the jungles of India, Africa, South America to our own land and times, even as in the sea, also, this ferocious, bitter and eternal struggle has been and is still going on. If it be that all redounds to man, why so many venomous and poisonous reptiles, flies, mosquitoes, gnats, etc., that pester him, fierce and voracious animals of which he is afraid, none of which are a food or of any use to him? Indeed, they kill and eat other animals that are of use and a food for man. Until man developed sufficiently to construct traps and invent firearms the struggle between him and the more ferocious animals must have been about equal.

But if this game of warfare be all for the service of man, why were all those animals that were designed for eating by others given a nervous system and filled with a longing to live and love for their young? Why were they not made dull and stupid, so that they would not have fear or concern at being eaten? That surely would have been a kindness to them. As it is they all love their young, long to live, dread and fear their enemies most sincerely, pathetically and earnestly. For aught we can see these qualities in them do not differ materially from the same qualities in men except it be in degree and there may be honest doubt as to that. See the fox or rabbit routed from his retreat by a Christian and

his dog. Is he not afraid? Does he not know what it means if he is caught? Does he not want to live? How he runs and bounds! How swiftly he turns as he is about to be caught! What a sight, says the hunter! His blood is as hot as the dogs and there is not much, if any, difference in their feelings. Why this thirst in the man at least to catch and to kill? If it be a rabbit it will be thrown aside. If a fox, the skin may be taken, but the hunter could have earned twice its value at some honest labor.

Nature, after creating one animal to eat another, seems to have had some remorse for the act, since she helps nearly all weaker animals to hide from their enemies. The coat of the deer, rabbit and other animals changes with the seasons to make them less observable. Here we see nature trying to help them, to save them from enemies she has placed among them. Nevertheless it is an act of pure pity and sympathy. She would not after all be entirely cruel and heartless. Perhaps it was necessary to have all these ferocious animals and perhaps, in the adjustment of things, she could do no more for the weaker ones.

And what shall I say of man along these lines? Is he, too, a spider in his murderous proclivities? Does he build a web to ensnare his associate animals? Does he take their life and eat their flesh? If so, is he less murderous than the spider and tiger? If so, is not the act purely on a par with

that of the spider and tiger? In India the tiger captures and lugs away in his jaws to his den and his young several hundred people annually. He sees no wrong in this. He would as soon eat a man as a calf. Ages ago when tigers were plenty and men had no weapons of defense but a club, they were no doubt eaten by thousands. To us it appears appalling, awful; but he takes them as food and by reason of his might, which seems to be the law, or should I say rule, governing all life, not excepting man. Man on the other hand is not content with slaughter for food alone, though his killing for this purpose is something which staggers even the imagination and causes us to shudder. On every farm in all our land, slaughter of various animals takes place, while in a single packing house of the many in the west, five thousand cattle, sheep and swine are daily driven to the block. If you cannot go to Chicago to witness that awful slaughter or do not wish to do so, you can step into any of the thousands of meat shops in all the villages of this land and get a little idea of the fearful taking of life that is going on. They are dumb, we say and do not mind being killed. Dumb they may be, that is, they cannot speak our language, but they have utterances of affection for their young, of fear for their enemies and of anger. Dumb they may be, but they, at least the cattle, know as they are forced and prodded with spikes in the end of poles up the gangway to the butcher that some-

thing terrible at least awaits them. How some of them bellow and struggle to turn back! Even the thought of so much slaughter is horrifying to most women and to some men. It is to me, and I could not do it unless possibly I was starving, and I think I would starve rather than to kill a lamb with a knife. Many pictures of Jesus have Him with a lamb in His arms or with lambs following Him. Why? Because they are so gentle and docile and look to man for protection and because they are the common prey of all voracious animals.

I confess, and I say it regretfully, that I eat meat myself, but seldom since I was grown up without misgivings as to my real right to do so. When I ask myself what abstract right I have to take other lives to feed my own I cannot answer, except the ever handy one of might. And yet I do it as do all those about me. That does not make it right, but it is a mighty help to those whose consciences are pricking them. I know I could live and live well, that is, thrive and prosper, without it, for I have known people who did. As fine a family of father, mother, son and daughter as I have known for size, healthful appearance and endurance lived on an adjoining farm when I was a boy, and never ate meat. There are many others scattered here and there over the country who do not, some of whom are athletes.

More than half the people of the world do not

kill other animals for food. The sacred books of the Buddhist forbid the eating of meat, which is religiously followed by the vast numbers of that faith. The Japanese, who are fast reaching a first-class power position in the world, if they have not already done so, are not a meat eating people. Thus we see and know that meat is not a necessity for physical vigor or national growth. Is it not consoling and comforting to find one of the great religions of the world disapproving and forbidding murder by man for food? Do they not in so doing honor and glorify man by taking him out of the list of animals, most of which live only by killing another, and place him on a higher plane?

Viewed in any way we please, this bitter and eternal warfare going on amongst all animals from the ant up to the lion and even man, is more inexplicable as to man than it is as to any or all other forms of animal life. With him so highly gifted and endowed beyond that of any other species of animal, I cannot keep back the thought that he ought or should in some way live differently from the lower animals and practice a different means and mode of living. On the contrary he does not, and is in the melee of murder with the others and the worst butcherer of all. Not satisfied with killing as they do for food, unlike them he wantonly kills for what he calls sport and amusement. Notwithstanding he is the only one in the lot created in the image of the

Father and the only one possessing an immortal soul, as many believe, yet, strange and singular as it is, is the only one that deliberately plans and wages systematic and organized warfare on his own species. No other animal, so far as I read, does this. They seem to have too much respect or love, or whatever it may be called, for their own kind to do this. But man, apparently, has none. With all his endowments, divine and mental, he organizes vast armies, invades another people's territory and with torch and gun robs and steals, destroys and kills, not directly for food, but for glory, territory and cussedness. It would seem as a plain proposition that civilized men at least with their glorious endowments should be above such brutality.

The poet, whose name I regret that I am unable to give, has well phrased this propensity, or should I say weakness, in man in the following lines:

- “ The Falcon, poised on trembling wing
- “ Watches the wild duck by the spring.
- “ The slow Hound wakes the fox's lair,
- “ The Greyhound presses on the Hare.
- “ Even Tiger fell and sullen Bear
- “ Their likeness and their lineage spare,
- “ Man, only, mars kind Nature's plan
- “ And turns his fierce pursuit on man.”

If the great fundamental principle governing animal life is might, then to the victor in the struggle belongs the spoils and there is no place

for pity. He who can kill another by skill, strategy or superior power, if that be true, has a moral right to the body of the defeated as food. To some the mere thought of such a doctrine as a moral principal is revolting. If it be sound, then there is nothing wrong in the life of the spider or in that of the tiger rushing away over the hills with a woman or child in its jaws. If it be not sound, why should there be so many fierce and voracious animals who cannot live except they kill, and why so many weak and defenseless animals? If it be not sound how can we justify this fearful and awful slaughter by man.

If needs it must be that this butchery by man be intended and right, then surely it should never be accompanied by pain or torture. Surely man can afford to kill "kindly and humanely" since their lives, sweet to them, are forcibly taken that he may feast and continue his own.

A Mexican Bull Fight



ON our trip to California we stopped a day at El Paso, Texas. I cannot just tell why we did, and after doing so have been unable to discover the reason. Really, I suppose, it was due to the fact that we heard so many fellow excursionists saying that they were going to do so. It is a cheap, dusty, dirty, "razzle-dazzle" city of some thirty thousand people, but is a great railroad centre. Fully one-half the houses are one story, flat roofed, and built of adobe brick.

One of the first things that caught our eyes were large placards on the street cars giving the notice of a bull fight the next day, Sunday. We were both surprised and pained to learn that such a pastime should take place on God's holy day. The women of our party were fairly wild in their denunciation of bull fights at all and especially on Sunday. I wish I could give a part of what they said, but it came, as usual, so fast and altogether that I see I have lost it all, except "terrible, cruel, wicked, horrible."

Wishing to set foot on Mexico, we took the street car and went over the Rio Grande River to



THE BULL RING

Juarez, a mile or so distant. Reaching there, we soon saw a great, white circular building, which somehow we all knew to be the bull ring. It must be two hundred feet in diameter, with an outside wall twenty-five feet in height, with a rising roof extending inward only far enough to cover the circle of seats. Some of us thought we would go down and look it over and let that suffice. As we were about to enter the stables adjoining the bull ring to see the horses and bulls that were to be used the following day, we were startled by familiar voices, "Hold on, we want to go in, too." Looking back, we were not only surprised but startled to find those who had most loudly decried against bull fighting, on the run to get in to see the animals. We chided them, laughed at them. They were a little disconcerted and excused themselves by saying, "We wouldn't see a bull fight for anything, but there can be no harm in taking a look at the animals." As the first door was opened, we beheld the horses, poor, long-haired, emaciated, worthless and so weak as to be barely able to stand. Two of us turned back and would go no further. Those who hurried up to get in went on to see the bulls. The arena where the fighting is done is circular in form, about one hundred feet in diameter, with a hard, smooth dirt floor. A board fence six feet high encircles this. A low bench is on the inside at the foot of the fence to enable the fighters, in case of urgent necessity, to spring over it. Back

of the fence, some five or six feet, is a circular concrete wall, on which rests the foot of the rising and receding seats, leaving a space of five feet for helpers to go about between the board fence and concrete wall and into which the animals would go should they jump the fence. Inside the fighting arena and about equi-distant in the circle of it are four "safety places" behind which the men can instantly run in case of necessity, which is every now and then. Only one of these is shown in the picture. They are strongly built of plank, stand five feet high, six feet long, in from the encircling fence about fifteen inches, open at either end, giving the men just room to run in freely. There is no roof over the arena, making it about as light as day. The seats, rising quite abruptly, are of concrete and cold to sit upon. The amphitheater, including gallery, will easily seat three thousand people.

This visit on Saturday was thought to be all that any of us would see of the bull fight, but somehow as the time, 4 P. M., Sunday, approached, two of us strolling away for a little walk, finding ourselves free, hastily stepped on a car and were off for the bull fight. Neither of us had any heart for the ordeal, but somehow were impelled on, out of curiosity I am sure. The motive was certainly not for pleasure, for we feared all the way that it would be even sickening to us. And yet we went on. A band was playing just outside. Some five hundred people

came in and took seats, nearly one-half being excursionists like ourselves, with a fair per cent. of well dressed ladies. In a few cases they had with them bright, tasty, little boys and girls. This fact greatly assured me. I thought if those fine women and innocent little girls could stand it I ought to be able to do so.

A spirited bull with long sharp horns was let in through a doorway in the fence from an alleyway under the seats leading back to the stables. He was indeed a sleek, trim and most nimble and agile fellow. As he came in he was, of course, amazed and more or less bewildered by the people rising before him on all sides. His head was high. He would stand and look for a moment, and then suddenly turn and trot to the other side with a majestic step, as if saying, "Come what may, I am ready, I defy you." The thought that came to us was that the men who went in there to fight him would have to be on their guard all the while, and very quick and nimble on their feet, besides possessing much nerve.

I doubt if the bull had been fed for twenty-four hours or more, being so sleek and so slim. After giving him the freedom of the ring for a few minutes two of those poor, famished, half-dead horses were led in, blindfolded and mounted by two boys with white pants and jockey caps. Why they were blindfolded was more than I can make out. Though the bull should come at them, even on a walk, the poor horses were too near dead

to step aside, much less to run. I really felt sorry for the boys to be put upon the backs of such rack-a-bones, and I wondered if they were not. Since they do it every Sunday and for pay, I suppose they have got used to it and do not mind it.

Mounted, they prodded and spurred the poor horses about the ring, but they could not get them into even a jog, beyond that of a few steps even from pain of spurs. The bull did not mind them and would step one side as they blindly approached him.

Presently six matadors (bull fighters) walked into the arena and marched across it, two abreast, empty handed, dressed in close fitting clothes, velvet frock or coat with loose sleeves, knee pants with a yellow stripe down the side of the pant leg, white socks and tan shoes. They evidently thought they were pretty " slick " and the great admiration of all. They were all young men, not above medium size, well limbed and, I judged, all Mexicans. The bull did not mind them any more than he did the horses. It was at once apparent that he would have to be teased and forced, wild as he looked, into a fighting mood.

Soon after their entrance some waiter boys handed them some small blankets, over the fence, of a dark color. Each matador took one and they spread about the ring, one going to the bull directly in front. The bull stood and looked at him wondering what the shaking of the blanket

in his face meant. Gradually he lowered his head near to the ground, making ready to rush at the blanket. It was the blanket and not the man that was angering him. The matador was watching him every moment, and in a slightly bent posture that he might the more readily spring to one side the instant he made a lunge. When the bull did rush forward he kept his head down trying to horn the blanket. The matador would simply step one side or run in a circle, dragging and shaking the blanket behind him. Another matador then would rush in shaking his blanket and taking the bull's attention. During this performance the bull on coming to a horse standing, as they did after the performance began, would raise his head and walk around him.

The bull not showing sufficient fighting spirit, the matadors began throwing spears into his shoulders as he would rush by them, to enrage him. The first ones thrown were a round stick, ten inches long with a metal spear in the end and a ribbon attached, so the spectators could see them.

These not producing the desired fighting spirit, they began throwing heavier sticks with longer spears in them into his shoulder. In a short time quite a number were sticking fast in his shoulders. The bull was prancing about lively and so were the matadors. The blood was flowing freely down the bull's shoulders and legs. As a heavy spear or dart would enter his shoulder he would

shake his head, bellow piteously, paw the ground, and chase the men, or, rather the blanket, which they ever kept tantalizingly before him. He was getting mad with rage. It was a lively battle.

The poor horses, after the battle began, stood nearly all the while facing the centre awaiting the bull to plunge his horns into them. The boys on the horses, I noticed, did their best to face the bull. It was not so dangerous to them to have the attack come in front, and, very likely, that was the real reason for blindfolding them. Becoming enraged and wild from pain, unable to catch the men, the bull, reaching a horse, drove his horns into the horse's breast between his fore legs, lifting him high in the air. The matadors came rushing up with their blankets to take the bull away that the rider, who was thrown off, might not be hurt, and the horse be quickly led outside the fence before he should die. Poor as they were, the blood flowed copiously. It was horrible and actually sickening. I remember seeing the bull about to attack the first horse, but I cannot recall anything further in that tragedy, nor does James A. Cox, who was with me. I must have hidden my face. When I looked again there was but one horse, and that I saw killed as just stated. .

Both horses gone, the fight went on even more vigorously than before, the matadors evidently doing their best to tire the bull, and this they were certainly doing. There being six of them,

they had a great advantage, each taking his turn in teasing and vexing the bull. Enraged beyond endurance, he would chase a man for some distance furiously, and, had it not been for those safety boxes, some of them would have got hurt. Against them the bull often went with full might, striking the plank with great force with his horns, looking and wondering where the man had gone. He had settled down out of sight. In such cases and in all cases other matadors would rush up with their blankets. It is the number of matadors and the bull's dullness in chasing the blankets that enables the men to win. If the bull could hold his head up and pay no attention to the blankets, and chase the man he is after till he caught him or drove him into the safety box, there would be a good many dead matadors, and I would not care if there were.*

In fact, I often thought that it would almost be a pleasure to have the bull horn one of them. On one occasion the matador foolishly ran straight ahead from the bull. The bull caught his lifted foot and threw him, but the other matadors, ever on hand with their blankets to help one another, took the bull's attention and saved him.

* Confirming my opinion, I notice by the papers that on February 3d, 1907, they attempted to use a wild buffalo, that he was frightened by the blankets and jumped the encircling fence. He was brought back into the arena, but would not chase or fight the matadors with blankets, though ready to fight them if they had no blankets. Neither the jeers nor cries of the audience, nor the pleadings of the proprietors could induce the matadors to fight the bull without blankets, sometimes called capes. People went to the box office and got their admission fee paid back to them.

All this teasing, nagging, running and fighting had two objects, first to entertain the audience, and second, to greatly tire the bull. When the latter had been sufficiently accomplished, a matador who had been selected to do the great act of killing, was handed a small, deep red blanket and a sword, with a straight, pointed blade, two feet in length. With these he stepped up close in front of the tired bull, holding the blanket in both hands, the hilt of the sword in his right hand, the blade laying across the blanket. As before, he enraged the bull into a lunge at the blanket, the matador simply stepping to the left. This was repeated several times and I began to wonder what he was trying to accomplish. I afterwards learned that it was considered a great feat to kill a bull at the first stroke, and so the matador does not strike till his balance and the bull's position as he rushes by are favorable. The sword enters the body near the top of the bull's right shoulder and takes a nearly perpendicular course.

The first thrust at this time nearly entered to the hilt, but it did not hit the heart, though it pained the bull fearfully. His tongue was out and he bellowed with pain piteously, throwing his head furiously against his shoulder, turning about in his struggles for relief, till he worked the sword up and out of his body, when it fell upon the ground.

Again the nagging was repeated the same as

before. The next stroke only entered a few inches, striking a bone and at once falling to the ground. At this the Mexicans ejaculated a cry which I at first thought was commendation, but soon learned was derision. The nagging was again repeated and on the third thrust it was instantly apparent that the sword had touched the heart and relieved him of his misery. His head went up, bellowed a little, twitched all over, staggered and fell over dead. Some men promptly appeared with a span of horses and drew him out.

There were four other bulls to kill in the same way and I suppose two decrepit old horses with each bull. Mr. Cox and I had seen enough and more than enough. It would have taken a considerable consideration to have hired me to see the performance to the end.

Some of the finely dressed women of whom I have spoken and all the little girls began sobbing and crying when the bull was killing the horses, and had to be led out of the arena. I do not wonder that they did. It was all I could do to witness it. In fact, I did not see it all, many times having to hide my face behind the back of a gentleman who sat next to me. Several times I felt sure I would have to leave, but was determined to witness one act and did.

It is horrible, awful. I cannot understand how or why any civilized government permits it. We wended our way back to the hotel in a different

mood from that in which we went. When we reached the hotel all divined where we had been, and, to our great surprise, nearly all wished to get the full particulars. Isn't it strange that anyone should? And still I am writing them.

And then to think that this bull ring should be erected within eighty rods of an old mission, now called a Cathedral, built in 1598. Is it not strange, indeed, that these two should stand so close together? Is it not surprising that anyone should have the audacity to bring such a brutal arena into the precincts of a house teaching the precepts of Christ? Standing there so long as it has, one would expect the very air, for at least a mile distant, to be so glorified and sanctified that it would be impossible to install a bull ring within that radius. The thought of it is enough to make the soul verily cry out, "What manner of animal is man?" However, the managers are considerate enough to wait till after church service for the bull fight, but I fear the real reason is more due to cupidity than piety.

Some Sketches of California

 ON our visit to the State in March and April, 1905, we entered it at Yuma, its southeastern point, and went directly to Riverside, about fifty miles east from Los Angeles. The territory over which we passed from Yuma to near Riverside comes the nearest to a desert of anything that can be found on this continent. I am safe in saying this, for nothing can excel it in sickliness and barrenness. It is a vast, dead level sea, an ocean bed of yellow sand, or rather mud, on either side of the train as far as the eye can see, and on which not a tree, shrub or tuft of grass or anything green grows. It is desolation complete. A recent rain had laid the dust, which otherwise, I am told, would have about suffocated us in the cars. There were great gulches every now and then, cut out by rain or overflow in the past, which had perpendicular walls, showing that the sand, dirt or whatever it is, has great consistency.

The state is very mountainous indeed; in fact, they were always in evidence from any point which we visited in the state. None that I saw had any trees or timber on them. As you look

at them they appear grey or yellow, with a little low shrub or bush scattered here and there. There are two ranges of mountains extending north and south through the state. Between these mountains are valleys, which are rich in alluvial deposit, needing only rain or irrigation to make them exceedingly productive. These bottom lands vary, of course, in size all the way from a few acres to thousands of acres. The San Joaquin, pronounced San Waukeen, is of immense size and extends from near Los Angeles to Sacramento. But little is grown or raised in the way of crops in the state, from its southern boundary to north of San Francisco, except by irrigation, and this does not extend beyond the villages and small cities to exceed a mile or two.

The soil products of the state are almost entirely in the line of fruit, grown in and about the villages and small cities, reached by irrigation. The climate of the state, through the winter months at least, is most magnificent. In the southern half, I am told, that during the summer months it becomes excessively warm, dry and dusty except at points on the ocean shore, where the ocean breezes make it delightful.

In some places irrigation is brought about by artesian wells, but in most cases water is procured by great reservoirs back in the mountains and conveyed in great pipes to the points to be irrigated. These wells and reservoirs are owned by corporations which sell the water to residents.

gardeners and agriculturalists, the latter paying nine dollars per acre per annum.

The main and most prolific crop of the state is an "animal" called the tourist. They abound and are found everywhere, and during the winter season they must nearly equal the native population. Next to the tourist in the way of crops are oranges, lemons, walnuts, grapes, peaches, apricots, prunes and flowers in great abundance.

The City of Riverside

Is a new, tasty, clean, little city of eight thousand people, with wide and clean asphalt streets, and well built, modern buildings. In fact, next to Pasadena we found it as delightful a place as any which we visited in the state. It is sufficiently distant from Los Angeles to do a good business in the way of mercantile trade, and therefore has fine shops and stores. It is the center of the orange production of the state. From there, six thousand cars of oranges are annually shipped to the East, about one-fifth of the product of the entire state. From this city we took a sixteen mile drive through the groves in and surrounding the city. It was a charming and delightful trip. On many roads the palm, magnolia, eucalyptus, pepper and acacia trees line the roads. The orange trees are in door yards, gardens and small and large orchards. When we were there the orange trees were in full foliage and more or less laden

with fruit. Two pickings had already taken place. The trees, I judge, are not above fifteen feet in height, the top quite spherical in form, and so dense with very dark green luxuriant leaves that it is impossible to see through them, or to look into the tree top. This, of course, is only the case where the orchard has good soil and plenty of water. Those which have not the soil or the water have a less dense foliage, and the leaf takes on a more or less yellow look. A tree well laden with fruit, having a dark foliage as a background, is certainly a delightful sight. There are a few lemon growers at Riverside, but not many. The lemon is grown heavily at San Diego, some one hundred miles further south. The tree on which they grow is about the size of the orange, with fewer and more open limbs. They were leafless and fruitless when we were there, as was also the fig tree, which resembles the lemon. There were also a great many walnut groves about the city. These trees resemble the lemon tree and were bare of leaf and fruit. The olive tree is about the size of a medium orange with a grey or light colored leaf. The grape fruit, which is fast coming into popular use, is grown bountifully on a tree about the size of a medium orange tree. These were in full foliage and a rich sight to look upon. The tree top is nearly as dense as the orange, though not quite so dark a green, and the grape fruit is yellow. How the little limbs carry such clusters of grape

fruit as they do is an enigma. Peaches, apricots and prunes are also grown plentifully. The orange tree, especially when laden with fruit, excels all the others in its beauty. The class of orange which excels all others on the market, is the navel or seedless, and nearly half of all that are grown are of this kind. All other groves are being converted into the seedless orange by cutting the tree off about three feet from the ground and grafting in buds of the seedless orange.

The seedless orange was discovered in this wise. Some thirty years ago an official in Washington wrote to an orange grower in Riverside that he had secured some young orange trees from Brazil, which he wished to have grown to see what they might produce. The grower readily accepted and they were sent to him. Two of these trees produced fruit which proved to be seedless, and from them every seedless tree in this country has been produced. One of these stands where it was set out, on the edge of a grove by the roadside in Riverside and is protected by a canopy. Its companion tree was taken up a few years since and set out in the court of the New Glenwood Hotel, with much ceremony by President Roosevelt.

The uncultivated land about Riverside, reachable by the irrigating ditch, brings one hundred and fifty dollars per acre. Orange groves producing fruit, bring from seven hundred to fifteen hundred dollars per acre. At the time that we were there, orange growers were getting from

seventy-five cents to one dollar and ten cents per box of about one hundred oranges. The railroad gets a full one-half or more of what the oranges produce in the eastern market.

Redlands

Is another smart city of five thousand people, and has for a back ground a towering and mighty mountain. It is situated only twenty miles or so, northeast from Riverside. It has a fair sized valley to support it, otherwise it would not have come into existence. The city is at the end of the valley and has mountains on three sides, as it appeared to me. There is a very high hill, or a low mountain, I know not which to call it, just on the outskirts of the city, which has been adorned, and beautified, with plants, vines, small ponds, shrubbery, trees of every conceivable kind and class, and flowers without end or limit, by an eastern millionaire by the name of Smiley. It is called Smiley Heights. The city gave him the mountain in consideration, that he should beautify it, and allow the public to drive through. There are also many other magnificent homes of eastern millionaires, with great parks, bowers and hedges, and flowers without end. Shut in as it is, I hear that it is excessively warm there in the summer months.

The City of San Diego

This city is in the extreme southwestern corner of the state and on the ocean shore. It has a magnificent harbor, a mile or more inland, and free of turbulent water. It is one of the very oldest towns in the state, and it would seem, should now equal San Francisco in size. Its climate is claimed to be the most equable of any place in the United States, having neither winter, nor excessively hot summer weather, due to the ocean breezes. With such a land locked harbor, I cannot imagine why the National government should undertake to build one out in the ocean, up the coast, northerly, only a hundred and twenty-five miles distant. It would look very much as if politics had taken a hand in that job. The people claim a population of twenty-three thousand, but the record gives them only eighteen. The city proper, is a mile or more inland from the ocean. It is a smart, modern, and thriving town. The country about, is rather mountainous, with many fine villages, lacking only water for irrigation. It seems difficult to obtain it in sufficient quantity. Some of our party thought it the finest place to live, the year round, that we visited.

One of the most noted, tourist hotels in the state is over, across the harbor on the ocean shore, called, "the Coronada Beach." It is very large and fine in all its appointments, with fine lawns, parks, &c. It has, so far as I learned, the finest surf to be found on the coast. This never ceases.

The ocean may be quite calm indeed, and the stranger at the moment, would say it would remain so. There is no wind to make it otherwise, and what else could disturb it. But look, a few rods out from shore, the surface, as far as you can see, begins to rise, rise, and the ridge of water rising higher all the while, unbroken like a wall, to move quite rapidly toward the shore, standing up in the air. At San Diego, I should say, it rises at least, seven, or possibly eight feet. When it reaches a certain height, or a certain point up the beach, I know not which is the cause, the top rolls forward, making a white crest as far as you can see, and rushes shoreward, up the beach, making a great roar, and filling the space between where the crest was and the shore, with foam. Then the water quietly goes back to the sea, where it is calm again, very soon to rise and repeat the operation without end or limit. To watch it rise and swell and break, the day long is not tiresome, but really inspiring. I do not wonder that people love the old ocean, and to live upon its shore.

The City of Pasadena

The City of Pasadena is often spoken of as the most beautiful and lovely place in the State of California, and perhaps it is. It is situated only about ten miles northeast from Los Angeles, the metropolis of Southern California. Los Angeles is situated twenty-eight miles inland from San Pedro, where the government has spent several

millions, building dykes out into the ocean to make a harbor. Why the city of Los Angeles was not built on the ocean crest, is more than I can understand. It has no water, except a little stream which may, on occasion, be called a river, but at most times is only a rivulet. The city of Pasadena being so near Los Angeles, and there being such magnificent street car service, little is done in the city in the way of business or commercial trade. It is purely and simply a gathering of some fifteen thousand people for quiet, restful peace. It is stated that there are at least, one hundred and fifty millionaires from the east, who have residences for winter homes in the city. The homes of these rich men are largely on Orange Street and adjacent to it. It is certainly a most elegant and delightful locality in which to winter, or rather to escape winter.

At least seven-tenths of all the homes are built with only one story, and this is quite a peculiar feature all over the state. Another peculiarity is, that only about one in twenty of them have a cellar. I oftentimes wondered how a family could live in them, being so small and having only one story. The city is nestled right under a range of mountains in its rear.

Santa Barbara

This is another tourist's place. It is on the ocean and about a hundred miles north of Los Angeles. The books give a population of seven

thousand, though a stranger would not think it had over half that. The mountains crowd it so close to the ocean shore, that the city is greatly elongated. While we were there the ocean breeze was stiff, and even raw, and the dust quite plentiful. They have a large, fine, old Mission, still in use. A town, without one of these is in poor shape indeed. They have also, probably, the finest hotel in the state, "The Potter," outside of San Francisco, down on the beach. None of our party was in any wise taken with the place.

Hotel Del Monte

In the judgment of our party, one and all, this was, in the language of the ladies, the sweetest, most delightful, lovely and charming spot, we found in the state. It must be three hundred and fifty miles north of Los Angeles. It is on a bay of the ocean, though this is hidden from view by the park trees. It is a mile or more from Monterey, New Monterey, and Pacific Beach, three cities or villages, so contiguous that no one can tell the division lines, nor would I think the residents would wish to be known as living in any of them. The United States government has an army post there, and the saloons are thicker than I ever saw them anywhere. The looks of the buildings, and the condition of the people, would indicate that all were living off the army post. Monterey was the first capital of the state.

The hotel is a fine building and stands alone,

surrounded by a semi-forest, made up of great, branching oak, native pine, red cedar, with an importation of all kinds of trees from foreign isles and climes, that will grow there. There are fine walks leading everywhere and the ground is well grassed. A pretty little lake is close by, on which white and black swans are sailing. There is a hedge maze close by, which leads many a tourist a merry dance, and long walk, as Mr. Cox and I can testify. But for two ladies we met in the maze, we never could have reached the "sanctum," and but for two others, we never could have gotten out. In spite of our struggles in the maze, we liked the place. It is so rich and spacious in lawn and forest, so quiet and restful, and the air so balmy and rich in ozone, that we were all delighted with the place. Being on the ocean, it is a resort the year round.

The Big Trees at Santa Cruz

We went to Santa Cruz on the ocean shore for the purpose of visiting the big, red cedar trees. Hiring a team we drove some three miles out of the city up a great gulch to the top of the mountain where they stand. Reaching the forest, we came to a cheap lodge, where were to be seen several very large trees, say from six to ten feet in diameter. Close by was a very high, board fence, with a man at the gate. The mammoth trees were inside, and to see them we must pay him twenty-five cents. When looking at the

others, I supposed they were the ones we had come to see, but thought it very singular, to be allowed, in California, a land of fees and tariff, to walk right directly up to them. I had not then noticed the high board fence. We paid the fee like a good tourist and walked in. Sure enough, there they were. They made those outside look small indeed. The largest tree, called, "the Giant" is sixty-three feet in circumference four feet above the ground, and three hundred and seven feet in height, with seventy-five feet off the top, lost years ago, so scientists say. There are some fifty of these large trees in a space of three acres. Many of these trees have been given distinguished names, such as Grant, Sherman, Harrison, McKinley and Roosevelt. One tree, very large at the ground and burned out inside to a height of twelve feet, leaving a shell to support it, is living, and is said to have sheltered General Freemont in the winter of 1847. Some fifty men can stand up inside the tree at one and the same time. These trees are estimated by students to be over three thousand years old.

The Cliff House and Seals

The City of San Francisco, did not, in any wise, appeal to our party. It is very hilly, and has, I judge, a breeze or high wind about all the time. That which most interested us and which we remember with greatest pleasure, were the seals on the rocks near the noted Cliff House, just south

of the Golden Gate on the ocean shore. The Cliff House is a large frame structure, a summer resort, I take it, for the plain people. It is built on the rocks, some forty feet above the beating waves. There are two or three great rocks, some thirty rods distant in the ocean, rearing their black heads above the water. One of these is rather low, with a very uneven surface, but it seems to be the natural home, or rather resting place for the seal. When we were there it was nearly covered with these great fellows, say forty or more, resting, sleeping, and drying themselves in the sun. The waves were pounding up against the rock, and in them could be seen these great monsters, struggling to get a landing, as the waves lifted them up. Many times they failed and tumbled back into the sea. Catching the landing at last, they would waddle up the rock, over and among those already there, with head up, causing a constant and never ceasing roaring or barking, the big fellows making the smaller get out of the way in a hurry, but not without a groan or a roar, just as some big men walk over the weaker. When first coming out of the water the seals are a rich brown in color, but after drying in the sun they change to a straw or yellow color. Many of these seals weigh from twelve hundred to eighteen hundred pounds. It was a great sight to watch them and, somehow, very fascinating, which we did all the time that was given us.

The Golden Gate

After the great quantity of literature that has been poured out as to the Golden Gate, I was most anxious to see it, and curious to know what it was, and why it took the name. I did not know but it was so narrow they had arched it and gilded the arch with golden leaf, or put in a gate and gilded that, but come to see it, I found it a plain, simple, narrow passage, leading from the ocean to the bay. The water is very deep, a mile or more, and it certainly is a magnificent entrance to a magnificent harbor. It is a mile and a half wide at the ocean, extends easterly three miles, with hills or mountains on its northern side, and rising ground or hills on its southerly or city side, contracting, as it touches the bay, to one mile in width. The bay is quite enormous in size.

Santa Catalina Island

HE trip over to this island is a pleasure which the greater part of the tourists take during their sojourn in the state. The boat is taken at San Pedro, thirty miles distant from Los Angeles, and it is twenty-eight miles by boat to the island. On a clear day the island can be seen from the shore, as it rises from two hundred to four hundred feet, with almost perpendicular walls out of the sea. We had been often admonished to select a quiet, calm day for the trip. The one we selected was calm, and the ocean looked to be at rest. The boat was rather small and the crowd quite great; too great we thought for such a boat, but as the sea looked smooth and the distance was short, we did not give these points much thought. It took us some time to get out beyond the breakwater or dyke which the government is building, or rather was building. It consists of spiles driven down into the bed of the sea, on top of which a track was laid to haul out stone to be dropped into the ocean. These spiles are out for a mile and a half, and at the outer end have been badly battered and twisted by the great waves. The stones thrown in, do not show above the water for more than a

mile from the shore. The story we heard, was that the United States government had appropriated three million dollars which had already gone into the sea, and so the work had come to a stop.

After a little we wished the dyke had been built clear over to the island. Getting beyond the breakwater, our boat began to reel and rock quite uncomfortably. The sea was smooth to look out upon, that is, there were no whitecaps, or broken waves, but there were plenty of great, heavy, deep swells, and we were running in the trough of them. These swells were the tail-end of the recent violent storm on the coast. It seemed to us many times, that the boat would surely go over on its side. We did not like it, not any of us, but there was nothing to do but take it. Many others did not like it and showed their disgust by pale, wan faces and heavy heaving. Our party, consisting of Simeon L. Clark, wife and daughter, James A. Cox, wife and daughter, Mrs. Sanford and the writer, made a brave fight, especially the ladies, and came out in quite good shape.

The port of the island is called Avalon, and is quite a summer resort. It is said that ten thousand people are often there at a time, but for the life of me, I do not see where that many could find standing room. It is a little nook on the side of the towering rocks, and, I judge, the only one on the shore of the whole island, which is twenty-

two miles in length, and was discovered in 1542, with Indians upon it. There is one quite good hotel, several minor ones, and quite a number of trinket stores and booths, such as are always at such resorts.

We were either captivated with the place, or so pleased to get our feet on terra firma, I know not which, that we at once decided to remain over night and return the following day. The sun was shooting its sharp rays into that cosy settlement, and as there was considerable life about, it made the place quite inviting. Coming out on the beach after dinner, men began feeding the seals in the ocean with fish which the fishermen had caught, and which were fit for no other use. It was great sport indeed, to watch them grab the great, black fish on the very shore, shake them violently, tear out a mouthful, in a struggle with ten or twelve of them, all in a mass to get a piece of the fish. From long-feeding they had become quite tame.

Nor, should I in this connection forget the sea-gulls and pelicans, which verily fill the air while the seal feeding is going on. They, in their eagerness to get a bit of the meat, come down in great numbers over the seal and among them, cackling all the while. The gull is quite a comely bird, about the size of the hen-hawk in northern New York. The pelican is about as dull and ungainly as he could be made. His stretch of wing must certainly be four feet, his bill is ponderous, a full foot in length, and from two to three inches in

width. When the bird is standing he holds his head high, with the bill resting against his breast. They fly heavily and lazily, and on spying a fish, keel up and drop as if shot, head foremost into the sea, when they very bunglingly right themselves on the water.

The boatmen, big and little, do a thriving business carrying passengers, some to see the Marine gardens through glass bottom boats, others to Moonstone beach, and others up the coast two miles to see the great, bull seals on the rocks in their native haunts.

This is considered one of the best fishing points for pure sport of fishing, to be found anywhere in the country. Indeed, its reputation extends beyond the confines of this country, people from Europe continually going there to fish. Boatmen take them out in small boats, from four to six miles in the ocean. The fish they come over to catch is called the tuna, and weighs from one hundred to three hundred pounds. They are the greatest fighters known, requiring hours sometimes to capture them.

Ascent of Mount Lowe

HE most exciting, interesting and frightening excursion that I ever took was up Mount Lowe by cable and trolley. It was too interesting for my nerves.

I do not seem built for high altitudes and yawning chasms. I did not know it before starting or I would not have gone. The street car took us some six miles from Pasadena, Cal., to the foot of the mountain, rising all the while, and into a nook in the foot hills at the base of the great incline, where a car looking very much like an extra large automobile with the rear greatly raised to put the seats on a level as it goes up the mountain, awaited us. Our party got out and looked up the track some fifteen hundred feet, well towards perpendicular, (ranging from forty-five to sixty-eight per cent rise) until our necks ached. Then we gasped, rubbed the back of our necks to limber the cords, and, turning to one another ejaculated, "Well, what do you think of it?" One replied, "It is too much for me." Another "I couldn't go up it, I'm afraid of my heart" and another "I'd faint dead away. The rest of you go if you want to." While we were thus debating

the car was readily filled with thirty persons more courageous than we and off it slowly went, drawn by a cable. We watched them rise, when presently over the top, up near the clouds, was seen a car coming down. "Will we be bold enough to take that one?" inquired some. "I don't know" retorted others. Thus we joked and laughed, but when it reached the foot there were enough to fill it, and to be gentlemanly we let them do it. Up it went, we watching the while. Presently again over the top came the first car back for the cowards, for there were enough of these to fill a car. So do not think we were the only timid ones. When it got down we did not have to be gentlemanly. There was room for all. Mr. James A. Cox led off, asking "Who is going?" Mrs. Simeon L. Clark, Miss Blanche Berry and I replied "We are," took our seats and up, up we went. I did not look back, nor into the chasm on the right, nor to the beautiful plain and city of Pasadena on the left. They were all crying, "Look at this and look at that, how beautiful, how charming," but I was attending to my knitting, fearing I might drop a stitch. In seven or eight minutes we were on the top called Echo Mountain, where we got out. From there I viewed it all complacently and it was grand indeed. This point is some 3100 feet above the sea and I had supposed was all there was to the excursion, and after a little I wished it had been. We busied ourselves for a time when a light built, open

electric car came in from around the side of the mountain and we all got in, little thinking where we were to go or what we were to experience. Half a mile away, across a great gulf, midway up a mountain I could see a yellow streak and sure enough, as I soon learned, this was our road. Unfortunately for me I got an end seat, and on the chasm or gulch side. We started right out the mountain side, with a road bed just wide enough for the car wheels, at fair speed, with a chasm ranging from perpendicular to forty-five per cent slope and from 100 to one thousand feet deep, which continued to the journey's end four miles away. I got frightened at once, and it didn't let up. To get away from the gulf I pressed the other three on the seat hard the other way and hung on to the seat in front. Away up there in the air we were eternally and all the while turning shorter corners than I supposed possible, far shorter than any street corner, now into a ravine in the mountain side and then out around a sharp projection, the wheels screeching from friction all the while with new vistas and new gulches at every turn. I suppose it was grand but I didn't see much of it. The whole car was ejaculating, "Oh, look down there," "Did you see that peak?" "Look over there," "What blending of colors." "See the clouds." "They are no higher than we. How fleecy and thin they look." "Did you notice that awful chasm," &c. &c. The apparent unconcern of the others helped me

some and toward the end I had considerably improved, got so I could look down a sloping gulch. About two miles out our car left the mountain side to which it had clung, and turned sharply out into space on trestle work over an awful chasm and went back for some distance below the track on which we came up. This trestle, we were told, is forty-one hundred feet above the sea, showing a rise from the start of one thousand feet. At the end of another two miles we found ourselves at a cove in the mountain side, where is what is called Alpine Tavern, five thousand feet above the sea. From there you can take burros and go another one thousand feet to the top but we had had enough. After taking dinner, which all of us were able to do, but not some others on the car, we sat about for an hour awaiting our car to return. There was a big, burly Tammany Hall politician, who was more frightened than I, and I took quite a liking to him. We left him up there. How he made it coming down I do not know. He was dreading it.

On the return there was quite a scramble to get inner seats. The car seats thirty-five. Nine more were crowded in, which annoyed us, and in addition to this a trailing car holding thirty was attached. It looked to us like altogether too much of a load, but we had nothing to say, and off we went, down, down hill all the way. Our pace was quite brisk, more so than I would suppose they would dare go. Happily, on this trip I found

I could now and then take in some of the beauties that were so persistently dinned into my ears on the way up. Reaching the great incline I stepped into the car and went down with as much composure as a boy slides down hill, being such a relief, I suppose, to get off the side of that mountain, or rather those mountains.

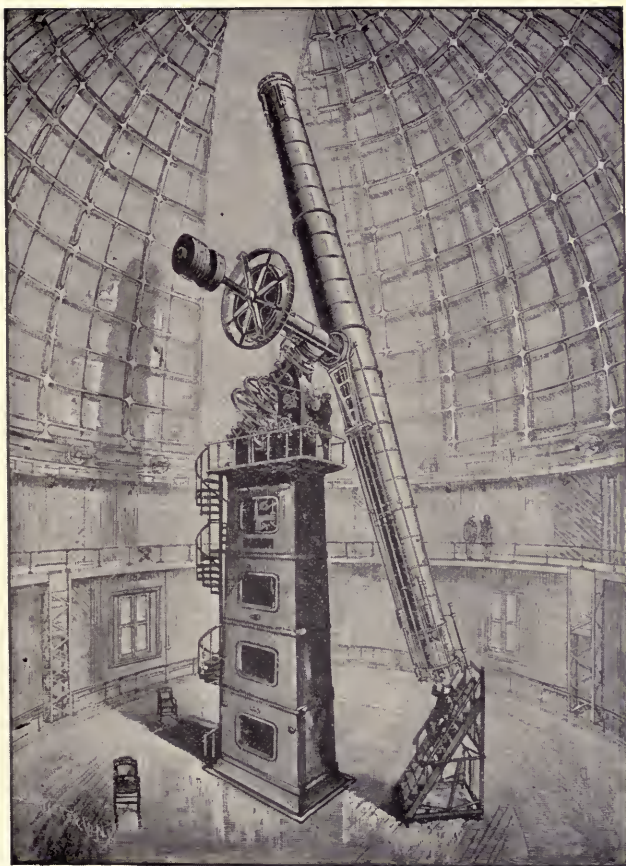
After all, I feel just as another man I met who took it felt. He told me that he would not have missed taking it for a thousand dollars, that had he known what it was he would not have taken it for a thousand. But it must be said that many people do not seem to mind it much. If you have a chance, try it. It is a hundred fold more exciting than the ascent of Pikes Peak.

A Visit to the Lick Observatory

OME years ago James Lick of San Francisco, built one of the great observatories of the world, on the top of Mt. Hamilton some twenty-eight miles back from the city of San Jose, California. The observatory has an elevation of forty-two hundred feet above the sea.

It was principally to see this, as, I judge, it is with most tourists, that we went to San Jose. The stage for Mount Hamilton with four horses, left at seven in the morning, April 5, 1905. I, alone of our party, got aboard with nine others, six of whom were from Illinois, and off we went. It was very foggy and we feared it would be an unpleasant day, but when we got well started on the mountain side, the fog lifted, passed away and the day became most charming. We slowly rose all the while, winding in and out the mountain side, with clean and well cultivated valleys and hillsides below us, for some twelve or fifteen miles. It was a charming and delightful sight to look off and down upon the orchards and well cultivated fields. I do not know just why it should have been so pleasing but it was. Perhaps our height intensified the beauty of the view.

We changed our four horses twice on the way



THE LICK OBSERVATORY

up, and again on the return. It was a good road all the way and oiled to lay the dust. When we had seven miles further to go we could plainly see the white buildings, and great, white dome, up above us against the sky, and they did not look to be a mile distant, but we found they were. In going those seven miles we made two hundred and twenty-one turns going in and out, backward and forward, to get up to the top, with deep sides and gulches below us. As we neared the top, turning a point, the driver called out, "Here is the 'Oh My Chasm,'" and sure enough, as we looked off and down, every one but a man and his wife from Butte, Montana, which is all mountains, did cry out, "Oh My." He told us it was eighteen hundred feet to the bottom of the chasm, very nearly perpendicular, and I judge it was. There were many other places very deep, but none equaling this.

The office and living building are of good size and, of course, built of stone. The observatory is up against it for mutual support, I judge. The wind up there reaches a velocity at times of ninety miles an hour. The view from there was fine, even awe inspiring. The country all about appeared to be mountainous.

I cannot give a description of the telescope or of the dome inclosing it with any great accuracy, since the circular handed us is not now at hand, which I regret. I do remember that the observatory complete cost a little over six hundred

thousand dollars. The dome is some fifty feet in diameter and fifty feet high. The telescope is about forty-five feet in length and about four feet in diameter and built of metal. It has a lens thirty-six inches in diameter. There is a slit in the dome from bottom to top, some six feet wide, through which the telescope points when in use. It is hung in the centre by a very strong support and can be easily moved or turned, and all by machinery. The machinery is so delicate and accurate that the telescope can be put on a star at the horizon, and it will keep on it through the night, the machinery just keeping time with the revolution of the earth. What may we think of that for such a mighty and ponderous instrument? By machinery also, the telescope and massive pedestal, or base on which it rests, can be moved up and down a distance of about fifteen feet. Down underneath the telescope Mr. Lick is buried. Peace to his ashes. Above him, due to his bounty, they are every now and then finding new worlds. Along side the big telescope there are attached two small ones, with which they first find the object they wish to study.

The finest spectacle of all came to us when twenty miles away on our return, as it was growing dusk. Looking back, we could not see the mountains at all for the dust and smoke of the day had risen, but we could plainly see the great white buildings and dome up against the sky, verily like a white residence in the heavens.

Leland Stanford, Jr., University

On the following day we took the train for Palo Alto, eight miles north, to visit the famous Leland Stanford, Jr., University. A howling pack of hackmen met us, seeming to know we were coming, or, at least, that the train was. We joined with others and engaged one of them to drive us through the grounds and explain matters. The grounds reach nearly to the depot, and comprise the Stanford Palo Alto estate of eight thousand four hundred acres. The university now has seventy-seven thousand acres in other parts of the state, with securities, making an endowment of upwards of forty million dollars, all given by Stanford and his wife, who very lately died. The buildings are all built of a yellow stone, quarried near by. I do not think they could long withstand a northern New York climate. The architecture is of the Old Mission type, and quite attractive indeed. There are many buildings completed, some of which are only one-story high and others under construction. There is a massive memorial arch over a hundred feet high. It is an imposing entrance. I could not keep out of mind the arches that the Roman Conquerors built to signalize their victories. Those have gone; will not this, built for a better purpose, endure longer? The memorial church, built of the same stone by Mrs. Stanford, cost five hundred thousand dollars, and is one of the finest in

America. Over the chancel nearly a hundred feet up is the painting of an eye, representing the All Seeing Eye. The church contains one of the great organs of the country, with over three thousand pipes and cost sixteen thousand dollars. The spire is over two hundred feet high. The windows are all allegorical and costly. Artisans from the Old World are still at work upon the interior. It is the richest and finest church I was ever in. I was glad to learn that all the preaching was non-sectarian.

The museums are very extensive, and contain about everything any one would wish to see, from Egyptian mummies with robes and casket, to the smallest sea shells, also the jewelry and dresses of Mrs. Stanford, one of them costing as high as thirty-five thousand dollars, with about everything her husband and son ever had, I should think. One could spend several days with pleasure in the great room devoted to oil paintings. Some of them are particularly fine, superb. This room took my fancy more than any other. I am not an artist, but I know they are fine, since they are so lifelike and natural that you expect them to speak as you approach them. Statues and paintings of Mr. Stanford, Mrs. Stanford and the son confront one everywhere.

But the finest, most artistic of all, is a full sized figure in the whitest marble of a woman on her knees with great marble wings, with her face resting on her arms lying on a block of marble.

Wings, woman and pedestal were cut from a single stone, and cost sixty thousand dollars, as I remember. It is intended to represent Mrs. Stanford weeping over the loss of her son. It stands out in the grounds and is by far the greatest piece of statuary I ever looked upon. It is the personification in marble of the deepest and most uncontrollable sorrow. Viewing it, we were, and most people are, unconsciously stilled to a quiet, sober and even reverential mood. Four distinguished looking men stood viewing it as we approached, and it so appealed to them that they had, unbidden, taken off their hats. Think of a piece of stone doing that. Close by is a great mausoleum of white marble costing over one hundred thousand dollars, in which Mr. and Mrs. Stanford and their son are buried.

NOTE.—An earthquake, followed by fire, nearly destroyed the city of San Francisco in April, 1906. It also practically destroyed the Memorial Church of which I have spoken, and many of the college buildings. I trust, sincerely, that it did not harm the statue of the sorrowing woman.

George S. Wright

 ONDAY evening, September 11th, 1905, word came over the telephone that Mr. Wright had passed away. Though not unexpected it was a shock to his many friends and acquaintances in this village, where he was known quite as well as our permanent residents.

Seventy years and more ago he began coming here as a boy from his home, twelve miles east, which he has kept up through all the intervening years, living here entirely during the winter months for the last half-dozen years or more. Therefore he well knew and took a respectful position with all the leading and prominent men here and in Eastern St. Lawrence for the past fifty years or more. Very nearly all of these men have preceded him in their entrances upon that "shoreless sea" called eternity. He was quite alone for some years past as to the men of his prime, but this did not chill or mar in any way his interest in life, so practical and virile was his nature. As the older ones fell by the wayside he took the hand of the son and came on through the years full of cheer, well knowing



GEORGE S. WRIGHT

that it is but natural for the old to die. In this way and due to this characteristic he entered into full fellowship with the succeeding generation, now becoming hoary with age, fully as closely and intimately as he had with the men of his age and prime. How fortunate such a faculty to one whose journey is so long.

Mr. Wright was a son of Caleb Wright, a pioneer of the town of Hopkinton, who came to that town from Weybridge, Vt., at least as early as 1804. The first settlement of the town was in March, 1803. It was practically a dense forest when Mr. Wright came. He worked more or less at least for Roswell Hopkins, the founder of the town, for a few years. He first selected a hundred acres where Jonah Sanford, Jr., so long resided, then an unbroken forest, but being persuaded by the few settlers over on the "Potdam road" that there never would be a road by his tract, gave it up and took instead a hundred acres on the north side of the road opposite the George S. Wright brick residence. There he built a log house, which stood where the farm tenant house now stands, and in which his first child, Catherine, wife of John W. Priest of Springfield, was born May 14, 1815. In the next year or two he built a frame house where the brick residence now stands, where he lived till his death, November 14th, 1839. He must have been a man of business ability, since in those few years, beginning in a forest, he had purchased and owned

the next hundred acres west of his own, the hundred acres southerly across the road, and land in Stockholm and Canton, being easily the wealthiest man in all that section. Upon his death the care and burden of the estate fell upon his widow, who proved herself in every way competent.

Mr. George S. Wright never tired in his praise of his mother as a great manager and good business woman.

There were five children, viz.: Catherine, Adaline, who married Joseph A. Brush; Caleb, who died at Libertyville, Ill., in 1900; Louisa and George S., who survived them all.

George S. Wright was born May 28th, 1824. He remained at home and ultimately acquired the entire farm. The log house having gone to wreck, in 1857, he moved the frame house across the road to the site of the old log house and in the same year built the fine brick residence in which he has ever since resided.

Mr. Wright, on reaching his majority, took an active interest in all public and town affairs, which he continued to do till within the last few years. He was a bright, well informed man and possessed in an eminent degree the courage of his convictions. He never feared to assert his opinions and convictions upon any topic or matter. In a business way he had but few if any superiors, situated as he was in a quiet, rural retreat. He had great good sense, rare judgment

of men and values, and most excellent qualities as a financier and business man.

He was one of the promoters and organizers of the Peoples Bank of this village, attending the first meeting of stockholders February 5th, 1889, when he was elected a director, which position he held till May, 1892, when he declined a re-election.

In all business matters or ventures he was always exceedingly careful, conservative and cautious, looking it over with keen vision from every side, thus saving him from any reverses or losses of any moment in a business way. With such views and ideas of life, and they were with him till the last, it could hardly be otherwise than that he should be a great success in life, which he was, acquiring as is universally understood, a large competence.

In 1862 and '63, when the civil war was in its height, he held the important position of supervisor of his town. As such and as a plain citizen he put his time, means and his spirit into the cause for the Union. His loyalty to the Union and positive nature brought him into some wordy contests with the few Copperheads whom he met, whose principles he despised.

Mr. Wright was hardly up to medium size in height, spare and slight of build. For years his hair and beard have been white and the latter worn full. The picture which we are able to give is taken from the cut in "Early History of Hop-

kinton," and is a fine illustration of how he has looked for some years past.

For years he has been quite a sufferer from asthma and in the last ten years or so has had several sick spells. Though not robust or vigorous he yet possessed almost amazing virility and recuperating powers, recovering from every illness except the last.

In 1856 he married Harriet M., the daughter of Lee Eastman, who died January 15th, 1894. By this marriage there were two children, Rosa L. and Mattie, who died in 1876. His daughter, Rosa L., has lived with him all her life and for some years has been his constant associate and companion in sickness and in health. Her care, watchfulness and devotion to him have been unstinted. With such sweet and tender mercies as she has ministered unto him in all his illnesses, his spirit could hardly have taken its flight without a benediction upon her.

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address

Was It Written on the Train to the
Battlefield? Spoken at G. A. R.
Encampment at Potsdam,
August, 1905



R. COMMANDER, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Let me preface the reading of the address with a brief history of where and when it was written, so far as I have been able to gather from his historians and others. Not long after its delivery at Gettysburg, in November, 1863, the story went over the country, through the press, that while the President was on his way from Washington to Gettysburg, a noted gentleman with whom he was conversing in the car (some reports have it that it was Edward Everett himself) made the inquiry of the President: "I suppose you will speak today?" To which the President replied: "No, no. Edward Everett, the most polished orator in all this country, is to speak, and no one will care to hear me after listening to him."

"But," rejoined his friend, "you forget, you are the President of the United States. We are

to dedicate a great national cemetery of the Union dead who fell on that field, and, surely, the President should at least make a short address. The people there gathered will be greatly disappointed if you do not. They will wonder, too, why the President could not and did not on such a solemn occasion find it in his heart to say at least a kindly word."

To this appeal, as the story has it, a sad look came over the President's face as was his wont in deep meditation, when, calling for a pad, he wrote on his knee the address which, by critic and scholar, rhetorician and orator, publicist and statesman, is everywhere and by all considered as the purest in deep feeling, grandest in thought and noblest in expression, of any address of the kind ever penned by mortal man.

This surely is a pretty story of how it was written, and it appeals to us all who love Lincoln and his memory, and it exalts him. But certainly his fame nor his memory require it, especially if it be not true. No other man living then or since could have written it, though given months in which to do it, because no man then or since had or has such a combination of heart and brain as Mr. Lincoln possessed.

Now, I do not say, with the information that is obtainable, that he did not write it on his knee in the car on his way to Gettysburg, but I must say, after considerable research, that I can not give the story any credence. Though the immortal Lincoln (if any man can be truly said to

be immortal) was its author, is it not, I submit, taxing credulity to the straining point, to think or believe that even he could pen such an address, on the spur of the moment, in a noisy car, surrounded by so many distinguished men, being as he was the center of attraction and the cynosure of all eyes and attention? Several prominent men who not only accompanied him, but attended on him during the trip, have told us of many incidents of the journey, but not one of them, so far as my reading goes, mentions the writing of this address in the car. While one of them, whose duty it was to look after the President, states that he observed him often and that he could not have written it in the car. There is some authority, I admit, that he did so write it, but it is mostly hearsay, and I think overborne by the testimony of those who accompanied him and other facts which we know.

Benjamin Perley Poore, who was an able newspaper correspondent and a close friend of the President, states in his essay on Lincoln as follows:

“ Lincoln’s remarks at Gettysburg, which have been compared to the Sermon on the Mount, were written in the car on his way from Washington to the battlefield upon a piece of pasteboard held on his knee, with persons talking all around him; yet, when a few hours afterward he read them, Edward Everett took him by the hand and said: ‘ I would rather be the author of those twenty lines than to have all the fame my oration of to-day will give me.’ ”

He does not state, nor do I learn, that he was with the President on that memorable journey.

The Hon. Hugh McCulloch, who was controller of the currency and also secretary of the treasury under Lincoln, in his masterly tribute, after making the inquiry:

“Where in the English language can be found eloquence of higher tone or more magnetic power than in his (Lincoln’s) speech at Gettysburg,” adds, “It is said that Mr. Everett, taking Mr. Lincoln’s hand, remarked: ‘My speech will soon be forgotten. Yours never will be. How gladly would I exchange my hundred pages for your twenty lines.’”

It is evident he was not present, since had he been he would have had a seat on the platform, and thus hearing what was said, would not have used the qualifying words, “It is said.”

L. E. Chittenden in his “Personal Reminiscences,” published in 1893, says:

“It has been said that he (Lincoln) wrote the Gettysburg address with a lead pencil on the cars riding to the battlefield. Possibly, and yet it would not follow that he had not expended as much time and thought over its few lines as Mr. Everett had upon his ornate oration.”

He was Lincoln’s registrar of the treasury, and one of his most ardent admirers. It will be noticed he used the qualifying terms, “It has been said,” and “possibly,” showing that he had some doubt on the subject.

Isaac N. Arnold, a member of Congress from Chicago, and a great friend of the President, in

his "Life of Lincoln," published in 1885, says:

"President Lincoln while in the cars on his way to the battlefield was notified that he would be expected to make some remarks. Asking for some paper, a rough sheet of foolscap was handed to him, and, retiring to a seat by himself, with a pencil wrote the address which has become so celebrated, an address which for appropriateness and eloquence, for pathos and beauty, for sublimity in sentiment and expression, has hardly its equal in English literature."

After speaking of the President's delivery of the address he further says:

"As he (Lincoln) closed and the tears and sobs and cheers which expressed the emotions of the people subsided, he turned to Everett and grasping his hand said: 'I congratulate you on your success.' The orator gracefully replied: 'Ah, Mr. President, how gladly would I exchange all my hundred pages to have been the author of your twenty lines.'"

In a foot note he states that he is indebted to Governor Denison, who was present, for some of the incidents stated in the text, but he does not state what they are.

In the history of Lincoln by John T. Morse, published in 1899, he quotes what Arnold says as to Lincoln's having written it on his knee in the cars, and then adds:

"But that the composition was quite so extemporaneous as that seems doubtful, since we know that he (the President) was invited on the 2nd of November to make an address after the oration by Mr. Everett."

Major Henry C. Whitney, who was in close intimacy with Lincoln for seventeen years, in his "Life on the Circuit With Lincoln," published in 1892, after stating that Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg was a masterpiece of eloquence, further says:

"But it was not hastily written in the cars on his way to the ground, as is claimed, but was written, corrected, revised and rewritten."

Noah Brooks was another noted correspondent stationed at Washington during the war. He had known Lincoln in Illinois, and he enjoyed the intimacy and confidence of Mr. Lincoln to quite an extent. In his "Washington in Lincoln's Time," published in 1895, he says that on the Sunday preceding the dedication ceremonies at Gettysburg, he had an appointment to go with the President to a photographer; that as they were going down the stairs of the White House, the President, excusing himself, returned to his office, and presently returned with a large envelope in which he stated was an advance copy of Mr. Everett's oration; that Everett had kindly sent it to him that he might not traverse the same lines in his oration; that, in reply to an inquiry if his speech had already been written, he said that it had, but not finished and was very short, so short that he had brought the paper along, hoping that in any moments of leisure at the photographer's he might review it a little; that the envelope containing Everett's oration

lay on a stand and was taken in the picture of the President.

General James B. Frye, who was Provost Marshal General and designated by the War Department as a special escort to the President from Washington to Gettysburg, says in his tribute to Lincoln:

“ It has been said, I believe, that Lincoln wrote in the car en route to Gettysburg the celebrated speech which he delivered upon that historic battle ground. I am quite sure that is an error. I have no recollection of seeing him writing or even reading his speech during the journey. In fact, there was hardly any opportunity for him to read or write.”

But the most positive testimony as to where the address was written and as to its reception by that vast audience when delivered, is furnished by Ward Hill Lamon in his “ Recollections of Abraham Lincoln.” He was the Marshal of the District of Columbia and accompanied the President to Gettysburg as a sort of body guard, and as such had a seat on the platform not twenty feet distant from the President. He devotes one entire chapter to “ The True Story of the Gettysburg Speech.” The substance of what he has to say bearing on the point of where it was written and how it was received, greatly condensed, is as follows:

“ A day or two before the dedication, Mr. Lincoln told me that he would be expected to speak, that he was extremely busy and greatly feared he would not be able to acquit himself with

credit. He drew from his hat a sheet of foolscap, one side of which was closely written, which, he informed me, was his intended speech. This he read to me, first remarking that it was not at all satisfactory to him. It proved to be, in substance, if not in exact words, what was afterward printed as his famous Gettysburg speech. Immediately after its delivery, and while on the stand, the President, turning to me, said: 'Lamon, that speech won't scour. It is a flat failure and the people are disappointed.' While still on the platform, Mr. Seward turned to Mr. Everett and asked him what he thought of the President's speech. Mr. Everett replied: 'It is not what I expected of him. I am disappointed.' Then, in turn, Mr. Everett asked: 'What do you think of it, Mr. Seward?' The response was: 'He has made a failure, and I am sorry for it. His speech is not equal to him.' Mr. Seward then turned to me and asked: 'Mr. Marshal, what do you think of it?' I answered: 'I am sorry to say it does not impress me as one of his great speeches.' In the face of these facts it has been repeatedly published that the speech was received with loud demonstrations of approval, and that Mr. Everett turned to Mr. Lincoln, grasped his hand and exclaimed: 'I congratulate you on your success. How gladly would I give my hundred pages to be the author of your twenty lines.' Nothing of the kind occurred."

In the great work of Nicolay and Hay, his private secretaries, nothing is said as to the preparation of this speech, or as to how it was received on its delivery, but they do state that the President was officially invited on November 2nd

to speak at the dedicatory services, thus giving him seventeen days' notice.

On the day following the dedication, Mr. Everett wrote the President a letter, in which, after thanking him for securing his daughter accommodation on the platform at the ceremonies, uses this language:

"Permit me also to express my great admiration of the thoughts expressed by you with such eloquent simplicity and appropriateness at the consecration of the cemetery. I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes."

These words tally somewhat with the remarks attributed to Mr. Everett at the time on the platform, and may they not, after all, have been the foundation for the fulsome words of praise which gained such currency, because of the great love of the people for Mr. Lincoln?

However, it must be admitted that the address was not at the time of its delivery or for some time afterward fully appreciated by our people. It seems to have been first recognized as a masterpiece by *The London Spectator* and other literary English journals. Slowly it came to us as a gem in literature and eloquence, and now, forty years after its delivery, the school boys all over the land know it by heart. "It will live," as a great orator has said, "until languages are dead and lips are dust."

This is the testimony bearing on the writing

and reception of this great address so far as I have been able to learn. I trust in giving it I have hurt the feelings of none, and injured not the admiration of any, for I myself look upon Abraham Lincoln as the grandest and noblest character in our history, if not in all history.

Many years ago an item went the rounds of the press that the original manuscript of the speech was sold for \$335. Gladly would I give that sum for it. Who purchased it or where it is now held I do not learn. The facsimile copies which we have are taken from the copy of it made by Lincoln for the soldiers and sailors fair held in Baltimore in 1864.

To enter into the full spirit of this address we should, for the moment, fancy ourselves in that great cemetery of the dead, in the sight of Little Round Top and Cemetery Ridge, with the war still going on.

LINCOLN'S ADDRESS.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger

sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

NOTE.—On sending a copy of this address to the Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State, Washington, D. C., he replied that he owned two drafts of the address in Mr. Lincoln's handwriting, thus practically refuting the story that it was written on the train to Gettysburg.

Dr. Reynold M. Kirby

UNDER the mutations of time, and, as many believe, the dispensation of the Almighty, Dr. Reynold M. Kirby, rector of Trinity Parish, was called hence early in the morning of February 6th, 1906, while sitting in his study, his attitude in every way denoting that the final summons came to him while in perfect ease and composure, unannounced and unaccompanied with trial or sorrow or pain. It was a lovely way in which to die, if the time be come, and a fitter place could not be than in his study, where he had worked and wrought so many years, surrounded by his books, his desks and his pictures of noble characters and loved ones upon the walls, into whose faces he had looked so often for memories, for comfort and for inspiration.

Death came to him as the sweetest slumber comes to childhood, and it was eminently fit and proper that it should so come. Indeed, I cannot keep back the thought that the Almighty was thus kind to him in return for and in recognition of his gentle, loving and noble life and living.

Dr. Kirby, as he was familiarly called, had been with and amongst us for just twenty-four years on the day preceding his death. I knew him well



DR. REYNOLD M. KIRBY

and intimately for more than twenty years, and I loved him. His frank, honest, open, candid nature found and won friends for him at once on his coming, and very soon he had our people, high and low, rich and poor, for he recognized no phases in life, in the kindest fellowship, which he kept and held without mar or blemish till the end. Though of a thoughtful nature, perhaps serious at times, his face would ever light up at a word or a greeting.

As he walked the streets it was a great characteristic of him to drop the head forward with his hands locked behind him, as if thinking or in deep meditation, which was the case, as was shown by his surprise on meeting a friend who addressed him.

He was not only an intelligent man, but intellectual as well, the long and patient study to attain which was plainly shown in his face. He had the look of the scholar, and such he was. Many young men and women went to him for aid when sore perplexed and distressed in their studies, both for mental and financial assistance. His very soul went out to those who were struggling to complete their course in school and unable to do so for want of the necessary means. Many are the students who have reason to thank him for help in time of need. If he had not the money he obtained it of kindly disposed people, many of whom would not have given it but for his solicitation.

But greater than this, he had the tenderest care for and interest in the destitute and abject poor, especially of his flock, though he did not wholly confine his help and ministrations to them. Unlike most men, he somehow *heard of them, found them*, went in unto them and ministered to them, not lavishly, but kindly and humanely. Always welcome when he entered the homes of the prosperous, what must have been his welcome as he went into these cold, cheerless and destitute homes to cheer, to encourage and to help? What mission of man is greater than this? Such a man was Dr. Kirby.

Then, too, he was upright, pure and honest. Honest with himself and therefore honest with and towards all. If others in this respect weakened or fell, he did not abjure or renounce, but tendered a helping hand to rise and do better. He fully recognized the frailties and weaknesses of men and that error in many cases should be condoned and the transgressor aided and led into new ways.

His nature as also his life was really and truly that of brotherly love. And yet, in all his ministrations he did not go to the poor or afflicted with a sad or disconsolate face, nor did he weep nor cry with them. Oh, no. Rather he took cheer and comfort and resolute purpose to rise, to make amends and to get rid of and over troubles. His belief, as also his purpose, was always and ever to help others to rise and not to lift or carry

them. Many instances of his ministrations and of his helping, even where the law would have imprisoned, could be given, but to do so would add nothing among those who knew him so well.

And though a minister, he felt that he was a citizen, and bore the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. He kept himself well informed and advised on all questions of the day.

At heart he was a reformer, but he did not believe it was the duty of ordinary men to cry or wail over the perfidy and rascality now and then brought to light in political life. It were better, as he thought, to go with the tide which we must, happily and pleasantly, trying the while to cleanse and purify it.

And more than this, there was no cant or nonsense or hypocrisy in his nature or life. He was ever and always just what he appeared to be, a true, kind, loving and lovable man. For very nearly a quarter of a century he has been amongst us, in our homes, offices and business places, always welcome because of the companionship and good cheer which he brought, and not a word or even a whisper was ever uttered or heard to mar or stain his good name or his character. This is the true test of honor, probity and nobleness of character. In truth, there is no other way in which to gain and win them, and no one, for such a period, can secure and hold them except by exalted and right living.

The great attendance at his funeral attests these

virtues in him and bespeaks the estimation in which he was held by all our people better than any words I can pen. Cut off too early, his work not quite done, his children, whom he dearly loved, just coming into full life to cheer him down the western slope, seems sad, so sad that I am almost tempted to ask, why? I do not, because we are not permitted to know the will of the Father. It must be for the best and we so accept it.

We shall miss him in our stores, shops, offices, on the street and in our homes, for he was wont to be with and amongst us. His memory and his spirit will long linger with us and it is well that they do.

Departed friend, peace be to thee and to thy spirit. Farewell.



ABBIE S. LANDERS

Abbie S. Landers



ON Saturday, April 21, 1906, our people were both startled and shocked by a telegram announcing the death that morning of Mrs. Abbie Brooks Landers at the home of her cousin, Mrs. Lester C. Shepard, in Somerville, Mass., where she had gone only a few days before to rest and to visit. On reaching her cousin's home she had a slight cold which she treated lightly. Growing worse a physician was summoned who regarded her trouble as mental and physical fatigue, only requiring rest and quiet.

Not getting any better some specialists were called in who regarded her case as serious. A message was immediately sent to her daughter, Margaret, and son-in-law, Dr. Hugh A. Grant, who were spending a short time at Long Lake, in the Adirondacks. As soon as received they started to go to her, reaching there at noon on Saturday, but too late for greetings or farewell. Her spirit had taken its flight.

Not until they reached the home of Mr. Shepard did they learn of their mother's demise, though telegrams had been sent to intercept them on the

way. What anguish and bereavement must have been that of the daughter as she entered that home. But recently parted in health and in the best of spirits, with a bright, cheerful, happy life before them. How sad, even bewildering are some of the incidents that befall us in life. We mourn and cry, but still they come. It must be that it is all for the best or it would not be so. We see not and know not.

For some thirty-six hours before her demise she was unable to speak though at times at least was conscious and with her eyes showed that she understood. Just as she was falling into this feeble state, on hearing a door open, she whispered faintly to the nurse the name Margaret, thinking or at least wishing the one uppermost in her thoughts was coming. And soon she passed away with her daughter's name the last upon her lips.

The love, deep, earnest and sincere held by Abbie (for such she was universally called by all our people) for her Margaret and that of Margaret for her mother have been the pride and admiration of all. It does not seem possible that two persons could live for or more in one another than did they. Life to them was a blessing for the other. They almost seemed to live to make each other happy. Especially so was this the case with Abbie, since her natural love was intensified by that of motherhood. Gladly would she take and bear all the ills that came to her Margaret.

Her feeling for, her interest in, her love for her

Margaret was deep, unalloyed and even hallowed. It filled and pervaded her whole life. For such, at least, it must be there will be a meeting again. God could not thus rend and break such affection without a reunion sometime and somewhere. Let us think and believe that this is so. We are the better for so thinking.

Abbie, for such she was called, was the daughter of Hon. Erasmus D. Brooks and born in Parishville, July 19, 1850. With her parents she came to this village in 1858 where she has since resided.

As a girl and young lady she was bright, active, vivacious and most genial and social. She was quite an accomplished singer and sang freely in choirs, at funerals and on public occasions. Full of life and good cheer, happy, quick at repartee, she was a welcome guest everywhere. She was the spirit and life of every gathering into which she came. She also possessed extraordinary conversational ability, being apt, versatile, bright and entertaining, be the guests men or women or both. With her present there could be no apathy or dullness. She radiated cheer and life and laughter. Her home was one of much cheerfulness and happiness, and it was seldom there were not guests there to enjoy it. Her hospitality was proverbial.

And then too she possessed a warm, kindly heart and most generous and hospitable nature. She was ever cheering and comforting the afflicted and sorrowing, and giving generously to the poor

and lowly. Many of them came to see her in her last sleep, and it is certain that none of all who came were more welcome to her spirit. She knew everyone and everyone knew her. No one, no matter how poor and lowly was beneath her greeting and recognition. This trait, with her brightness and wholesome geniality made her the beloved of all.

She married William A. Landers October 30, 1877. He was a clothing merchant in Potsdam for some years. He died October 14, 1881. To them were born a son, October 25, 1879, who died two days later and a daughter, Margaret, June 15, 1881. Margaret married Dr. Hugh A. Grant, of this village, May 24, 1905. Since her marriage they have lived with her mother.

The funeral took place on Tuesday, April 24, at her home. There was a large attendance.

The remains were buried in Bayside with those of her husband, father, mother and three brothers.



CARLTON E. AND SILAS H. SANFORD

The Farmer Boys of Fifty Years Ago and Now



I HAVE wondered many, many times in the past whether the boys out on the farms today are the same boys and living the same life as did the boys of half a century ago, and I suppose I shall keep on wondering and with increasing interest till my lips are quiet and the brain has ceased to dwell on the past. As men grow old, get well along on the highway of life and over the summit in their careers and see as the most of them do that they have not achieved in life anything like what they expected to when they were boys, or, even if they partially have, that it does not seem to be worth what they expected, then they are quite apt to pine, seeing that future achievement is at an end, to drop into reveries, to look backward instead of forward and to live the past over again.

It seems pitiful and even sad to see and listen to an old man who has been a force in a locality unable longer to cope with the younger men who have come to the front and crowded him to one side, telling over and over again as many of them do, the smart things they did, the bold strokes they made, the successes they achieved, and yet

it must be all right since it is a quite common characteristic of old age.

I trust I have not yet quite reached this stage in life though I must confess that my boyhood days are beginning to be a frequent visitor to my mind and the sweetest remembrance in my life. How I would like to go back to them and live them over once again ! Such health and vigor and life. Such abandon and freedom. Such thoughtless spirit and tireless activity. Such rollicksome life, sport, fun and mild deviltry all intermixed and interwoven, making life from six to fourteen one grand gala day of happiness and abandon. Happy days those. No particular cares or responsibilities. Father and mother were bearing all of these, often it must be said, with aching hearts. Do what they would they knew that the father's interest in them and the mother's love would come to the rescue as they returned at night tired and sleepy, little thinking of the real worth and value of that interest and that love. Oh! if they would but listen to and heed the advice, admonitions and these prayers how benignly in after life would they render thanks to their parents.

But I am digressing. Are the boys out on the farms today as healthy, vigorous and robust, and do they have as much fun as did the boys of fifty years ago? I would like to know what manner of boys they are and what their life is. How they and their life compare with those of fifty years ago. I don't suppose I can find out, just the same

I would like to know. Some tell me, and I am tempted now and then to believe that we are slowly deteriorating in size, in robustness, and in virility, both in body and mind, that we today with all our warm clothing, warm houses, and labor saving machinery are not as strong, vigorous and valiant as the pioneers who came in here one hundred years ago and chopped homes out of the forest. If we can believe the stories of our old men, the men of today certainly do not equal those pioneers in size or strength, physically or mentally. I may be wrong, but I take some consolation in explaining this, that only the larger and most vigorous emigrated from New England to this primitive wilderness. Whether this be a full explanation or not, it is quite certain that our present mode of life does not call for nor is it so conducive to lung and muscle building as in those early times.

I have sought on every occasion for years past to learn what manner of boys are out on the farms today, but, I regret to say, with very little success. I have not taken so much interest in village boys, for I was not a village boy. The homes of the village boys are only a few rods apart, bringing the boys together all the while, and besides they have far more leisure than farmer boys. Then, too, the schools make them acquainted with all the boys in the village. They have something to distract, interest and amuse them all the while. But, with their advantages

in this respect, they have temptations which do not beset the farmer boy, such as gambling and billiard parlors, saloons, &c. The farmer boy is free of these, but his life is isolated, and a quiet one. All the sport and fun that he gets he must make himself.

There is nothing much more certain than that the boy who frequents the saloon for long is lost. It may not be through drunkenness, but through idleness, shiftlessness, damaging associates and loss of interest in all worthy things which can build and develop a young man.

No, the farmer boys are the ones that interest me. They are the ones who make most of the strong men of the country, great lawyers, statesmen and captains of industry.

I know very well that the only way to learn what kind of metal the farmer boys are made of would be to get into a home where there are two or more boys between the ages of eight and fourteen, and live with them at least a full year, and see and feel them live in rain and shine, in warm and cold weather. But this I can not do, even could I find a home with such a number of boys. A home of one boy would not do at all.

I suppose there are yet homes with two or more boys, but I have learned of only one and that has two.

Two Boys In Church

These I saw in church recently with their mother. They were nearly of the same age,—healthy and as full of mild deviltry as an egg is of meat. When they took their seats both were at the left of the mother in the far end of the pew. It was not long before there began to be uneasiness, motion and gentle antics. The mother looked reprovingly and they were still. She must look at the minister else he and others would not think she was worshipful. She did so, and the antics began again, with the boys cocking their heads and rolling their eyes watching her the while to see how much they could do or how far they could go with their fun. Gently it increased till presently the mother half raised from her seat and the boy nearest her slipped along the pew to the other side of her. This brought her between them, she thinking no doubt, as I did, that it would stop the frolic. I was close by and watching. Several others were also and smiling, though in church with the preacher telling them the only way in which they could be saved.

The boys noticed me and turned their bright eyes to me approvingly. What can they do now, thought I. Presently the boy on the left let his right arm hang limply over the back of the pew. He swung it a little but the boy on the other side did not notice. Then he quietly scratched the back of the pew. I heard it but the brother didn't. Failing in this he moved a little closer

to mother so his short arm could reach and then slowly worked it up to touch him. He knew that would be all that was necessary—that he was just as dying to do something as he was. The boy on the right felt the touch, but he didn't jump or disturb mother. Slowly he got himself into such a position that he could let his left arm fall over the back of the pew. Both, with arms limp, remained quiet for a little that mother might be composed, when the fingers of each began to twitch and play, then hands and arms to swing. Presently they touched, caught, pulled, watching the mother all the while with upturned face. The pulling growing stronger the mother either felt or heard them when she with scorn in look (only apparent, not real) reached and quietly brought two little hands over the pew down beside her and held them in her own. She then had them and thus they sat till near the close. She was proud of them I could see. All mothers are of live boys, just full of the "old nick." I was too. They didn't pay much attention to the preaching nor did I. I can't recall a point the minister made, but I shall not soon forget those little boys.

They took me back fifty years or more. I forgot my surroundings and during that service lived in the past when my brother and I sat on either side of mother in church, so uneasy to do something, so restless and fairly aching that we thought we should die.

Few Farmer Boys Now

Alas, the boys on the farm have gone or rather I should say, have not come. Recently I met a friend, a resident of my old school district and we had a little talk on the times of long ago. The district where I went to school had over twenty scholars in the winter term. Over twenty years ago it was thrown up and abandoned for want of scholars. Today there are only two children in the district. The school a mile north used to have over thirty scholars in the winter term and now has six. The district two miles west was of equal size and now has less than ten. Another district a mile east is in a similar shape. And so it is all over the country, especially throughout the east.

What is the matter? Why is this? I hear and read a great deal as to "race suicide" in the cities and large villages, and it is true to an alarming extent, but I did not know that it had extended to the rural districts until I came to investigate a little.

Were we raising boys out on the farm as they did fifty years ago there would be no such wailing cry for farm help as there is now, and is likely to be with increasing force. The state of things here will, as matters now look, be soon as bad as it is in New England.

President Roosevelt may cry "race suicide" from the house tops if he wishes, but it will not avail against the individual action of but very few, if any.

Though we do not see it, it may be best that the English race shall disappear or be supplanted by foreigners as it surely will be, the way things are going, within a few hundred years, at least so far as controlling the affairs of this country is concerned. The bright men admit it and say, "What do I care, I will not be here." "It doesn't concern me." After all, does it concern any of us further than I have stated. If what the ministers tell us be true, that only one or at the most ten in every hundred are saved, is it not almost a crime to bring children into the world at all?

But I would like to know what the few boys out on the farms are, how they live, what their sports are and whether they are as bright and vigorous as those of fifty years ago. I can't go and live with them and so must content myself with a mental inquiry and the story of the life of the boys long ago that those who read these lines may draw their own conclusion.

Whippings

In the first place does father for your little errors and misdoings scold, storm and talk harshly and end up by taking your left hand in his left so that you can't get away and then lay on a switch across the back of your legs, making you dance and jump and cry terrifically? Do you not then resolve that you will never make another

misstep or do wrong again, and do you ever keep it? Do you not slip and fall right away again, so full of life are you, and do you not "catch it" again, making a similar resolve only to fail? When it is over, do you not always see mother coming quietly out of a side room where she had gone not to witness the ordeal, and does she not come to you where you have thrown yourself on the floor or lounge crying and sobbing, and does she not tenderly lift you up and say, as only a loving mother can, "Don't cry. It is all over now. It hurts me as much as it does you. You won't do wrong any more, will you?" And doesn't she kiss you and kiss your wet face from so much crying? And when you have become a little calm, doesn't she take you by the hand and say, "Now we will go up to bed," and as you and she start, does not she ask you in a whisper, as you reach the stairway door, to say "Good night" to father, who has resumed his paper, and doesn't she have to ask you several times as you stand there with the back of your hand in your eye before you can muster the heart to do it? Don't you faintly, but begrudgingly, finally, say it, and does not father reply, "Good night, my boy," without taking his eyes off the paper?

When you reach the chamber does not mother all the while talking kindly and caressingly help you to undress, and does she not from an unseen source produce a little bottle of liniment and proceed to bathe the whipped legs? And don't you

feel grateful and love her and know that you have one sure friend? When you are in bed doesn't she fix the pillows and the blankets and make you just easy and comfortable? And when this is done doesn't she bring forth a "little book bound in black" and read some verses to you? Then doesn't she ask you to promise that you will be a good boy and not do wrong any more, and are you not slow to grant her request? Does she not have to ask you two or three times, and when you do, does she not again kiss you as you lay there, turn out the light, and softly go away, looking over her shoulder as she goes?

Do the boys of today have such experiences as I have related? I know they have the tender sympathy and loving kindness of the mother, if they do, for that is in her bosom and her nature, and nothing but the ecstasy of swell society can suppress or drown it. But do you have the whippings? They were pretty nearly universal fifty years ago. I hope you do not. They are brutal and wrong and I do not believe do any good—a relic of barbaric times.

Red Top Boots

I suppose the boys of today wear shoes. Fifty years ago we wore boots entirely. Then came boots with a copper toe cap with a red piece of leather at the front top of the boot-leg. Weren't they fine? Well, I think so. No matter how deep

the snow, our pant legs were tucked into the boot leg, else the girls and others would not see this red leather as we walked into school. Weren't we proud and didn't we stand up straight? When recess came, didn't the other boys and even the girls gather about and make heroes of us, feeling of the red leather and toe piece, saying how smooth the leather was, what a bright red, what did they cost, where did you get them, wish I could have a pair, etc.? Didn't we who had them swell up and strut around? Well, I think so, but it soon passed off and we became plain boys again. As the boys of today wear shoes they can't have any such experience with red top boots.

You also escape the trials and tribulations that we had pulling on our boots in the morning and off at night, also the dirty job of greasing them with mutton tallow. We all were very proud of our new boots and did our best to keep them black and glossy as long as we could. To do this they had to be greased often. We would put them under the stove at night to dry. In the morning they would be stiff and hard, when we would apply hot tallow to them, usually with a rag, rubbing and working them with the hand till they became soft and pliable, a quite dirty task.

But the greatest trial was in getting them off at night after being more or less in the water all day. All farmers in those days had what was called a "boot-jack" to assist in doing this.

However, this would not do it were they shrunk to the foot closely. The "jack" we used, consisted of a board a little over a foot in length, some six inches wide, with a V piece sawed out of one end. A block of board was nailed to the under side, just at the foot of the V to keep it from splitting, but more particularly to raise the front end so that the heel of the boot could be stuck hard into the jaw. The party using it would place his other foot on the heel of the jack to hold it in place, and if the boot did not come easy, place the hand on toe of the boot to keep it down that the jaw might the better hold. But, as I said before, if the boot was on tight, which was often the case with us boys, the jack would not bring it. At these times nothing but severe hand work would remove them. We would sit on the floor, take a toe in one hand, heel in the other, pull, and wriggle and strain, till we were out of breath, cross and petulant. The men would sit by and enjoy the struggle, saying encouraging words, "Hang on, you have it started. Pull more on the heel, you'll fetch it next time." Sometimes we did and sometimes we would only get the heel raised enough to pain us greatly across the instep, when we would get up and hobble about, snivelling and begging of father and the men to help us. If it was a hard case it was usually done in this wise,—The man would take a seat in a chair. We would lie on our backs on the floor in front of him. He would take the boot

by the toe and heel, place one foot against the end of the body at the juncture of our legs, and pull, and wriggle and twist till he brought it. Getting them on in the morning was often as hard an ordeal as getting them off.

The trials with boots years ago, gave the boys bitter trouble and caused more snarling, petulance, and naughty words, than any other one item in their lives, all of which the boys today know nothing since they wear shoes.

Snow Drifts Years Ago

Does the snow fill the roads even with the top of the fences now, and pile up in mighty drifts across the road? Do you sometimes go a whole week without being able to get to the village on account of the snow drifts? When the great storm is over, do the farmers get out the big sled, attach a plow to one side, hitch up a yoke of oxen or a heavy, dull span of horses, get on all the boys and girls and the women the sled can hold to give it weight, and set out to break a road, the men ahead shoveling the great drifts too deep for the team to go into? That was the case every winter half a century ago. I hear you do not have any such storms now. If not, you boys are missing a heap of fun, playing on the big sled, pushing one another off, even the girls, into the snow fairly out of sight. What sport we had, too, going to school, walking where we could find it

on the top of a stone wall, which was entirely buried! Losing it we would fall in out of sight between the wall and the snow bank. What sport and what fun.

Rivalry In School

Do you have great rivalry in the school room now to excel in classes, or are there not enough of you to evoke it? In the spelling class do you stand in a line as you did at the close of the previous day, except that the one who was at the head has gone to the foot, and when one misses and the next spells it correctly, does he or she step in front and above the one missing, making the other move down? That was the way we did, and, as I look back upon it now, I think it unkind and even cruel. Why should not the one who moves up pass behind the unfortunate one? Does the one who wins now step out quickly and brusquely take the place above, often crowding and elbowing the other down? Does the one who misses often seem dazed, cry and stand in her place till forced down? Isn't that hard, and especially with the boy going up chuckling, as he always does? Cruel little rascal, he ought to be taken out in the shed and whipped.

That was the way it was years ago and probably is yet, such is the nature of the boy. I was a pretty good speller and every day got from the foot to the head or near it. One girl gave me the



OLD TIME SPELLING CLASS



PULLING OFF BOOTS

most trouble of all and, when she did slip, I walked above her, weeping and crying, like a young lord. I am now ashamed of the way I did it. But I well remember having the conceit taken out of me one day by a stripling that I shall never forget. A boy by the name of Francis Abbott came to our school to visit me. He was a year or two younger than I, small of his age, tow-headed, and his nose needed wiping. It was the custom then if any strangers were in the school room to ask them to join the classes. Accordingly, the teacher asked Mr. Abbott if he spelled in the first class and he replied that he did. He was asked to join the class already on the floor, and he promptly did, taking his place at the foot, when the spelling began. I was already at the head and with ten or so between Abbott and me, little did I think (if he could spell at all), that he could make me any trouble. But he did. He moved up one notch the first time round, another the next, and the way he spelled frightened me. I looked those over between him and me and I thought he would only be able to get one more peg. But he did. He kept moving up nearly every time round. The nearer he came the more frightened I became. Would the teacher keep it up till that tow-head had got up to me, or to the head of the class, thought I. Doesn't she see what he is doing? Has she not any pride in her class? The girl who gave me my only trouble stood next to me and he had got up next to her.

I could see she was as much or more frightened than I. She slipped the very next time and passed down with tears in her eyes. The little tow-head stepped up next to me. Did I congratulate him? Well I think not. I had my hands full to control my nerves, and more too. I spelled correctly the first time after he reached me and so did he. How I did hope he would miss and step down and let the girl come back. For once the rivalry with the girl was over. I could have stepped down for her on that occasion gracefully, but to have that little tow-head walk around me was awful. But he didn't miss. O, no, he never did. Then I hoped this would be the last time round the class, that the teacher would see the predicament I was in and stop. But she didn't. Back she came to me with a word and it was a corker, or at least my fright made it so. I hesitated, then choked and fright had full sway. The teacher repeated the word. I feebly tackled it and missed. "Next," cried the teacher. Mr. Tow-head spelled it and quickly came the response "Correct." How it hurt me! I didn't cry, but my eyes were moist as I stepped down next the girl. I don't think she was glad, but had she been a boy he would have been. The teacher, seeing what she had done, went around a few times more to give me a chance, but there was no use, tow-head never missed. The girl, Thurza, and I were mutual friends that day. Neither got a credit mark. She was a healthy, rosy cheeked lass, the

first to stir the cockles of my young heart, but soon sickened and passed away. Mr. Abbott died a few years later while in college.

I wonder if the schools today have great spelling contests between neighboring schools, going in great sleighloads of boys and girls. What a load of happiness as we slipped along. What laughter, hilarity and abandon! The pride of the district would bring in most of the fathers and mothers, filling the house to its utmost. How eager and earnest they would become as down would go their scholars, especially when a pet, one they had reckoned on, slipped. I would like to give the story of a few of these contests, the punishment by ferrule on the hand, making a boy stand for an hour or so in front of the school, or sit with a girl, of the plots and schemes during recess to play rascal when we went back into the school room to annoy the teacher, and even to the extent of throwing him out of doors, but I have taken too much space on the days of the old Red School House and must pass on. I don't suppose the scholars of today have any troubles to speak of. At least I never hear of any. I hope it is not due to a want of health, vigor and life.

Snow Forts—Coasting

I wonder whether the boys today build snow forts in the school house yard. Probably there are not enough boys in any one school to make

it a success. In years ago, one or more of these could be seen about every school house in the country during the winter. When a little thaw came we rolled the snow into monstrous large balls, so large that it would take all the boys who could get to it to move it. How we would lift and push and strain and laugh! Very often it would get so large we could not move it to the place desired, when it would have to be abandoned. If you do build them, do the girls help you? They used to help us, and a few of them were more active and interested than some of the boys.

When built, do you have mock battles, the boys of one fort attacking and laying siege to those in another? Does the stronger side sometimes get furious, invade the other fort, and destroy it? We used to have some lively skirmishes, a little genuine fighting, quite a good deal of sniveling, some crying, and considerable "lofty talk" as to what would happen if "he" did that again. But usually the bell would ring before passion got full sway, for the recesses were short, and into the school room all would go, hurriedly, as a happy solution of any trouble, often choking the doorway in the mad rush, not so much to get in as to end the harsh talk and brewing quarrel. To the door would rush the teacher, ferrule in hand. I can see her now. "You boys in the rear, keep back," she would cry. "Now you get up." "Let go of his collar." "Do you hear?"

“I said let go.” “There, now, you crawl out,” and the jam would be broken, all rushing to their seats, both hands over their mouths, “tickled most to death.” Such frolic and such fun. It is a good ways back to that time, and then to think it cannot come again.

Do the boys today wear yarn mittens of various colors, usually red, knit by mother, with a cord of the same material, attached to each and extending over the back of the neck so that they won't lose them? Those were what we wore and how we wore them. Carding and spinning were then done in many farm homes. I suppose the boys today know little of home-knit goods, but I doubt if those they wear are any warmer.

But what fun we had coasting and how proud we were of a new sled, especially if it had a bright color or colors. Sometimes a poor boy with an old, unpainted sled could beat the boy with the gay sled for speed, making the latter most unhappy indeed! He couldn't see why it was, would carefully inspect them for the cause, take his sled home and file the runners to make them smooth, and still the old sled would beat him. Then he would lay it to longer runners or longer posts, anything that the old sled had which was different from his. I suppose the boys do a good deal of coasting now, since that is an amusement which a single boy can take much pleasure from, though nothing like that when there is a large number of boys and girls with a number of sleds,

rushing down the hill one after the other. We used to make up quite large parties and go to a steep hill in the field or on the highway and coast the whole evening long. The girl would usually sit in front and the boy behind, or, if the sled was long enough, lie on his stomach with his feet to the rear for steering purposes. How often would the sled suddenly sheer to one side, by accident or otherwise, usually otherwise, overturning the load, making a great mixture of laughing boy and girl and sled, all piled up in a heap. If the following sled was too near to turn aside, then into the mass it would go, and there would be a double pile-up, creating great merriment in extricating themselves. Covered with snow from the boys' boot in steering, or mishaps, hurt now and then, up and down the hill, talking and laughing and cheering, till all were tired out, when the party would break up, going to their several homes. Why is coasting such a pleasure to the young? Why will they trudge for hours up a hill to ride swiftly down it? I know not, unless it be the excitement due to the slight danger of a mishap, attendant upon swift riding, or to the reason that they think they are getting a ride for nothing.

The vehicle we often used in years ago and out of which we got more excitement and more fun than the sled, was what, as I remember, we called a "jumper." It was a very simple affair, consisting only of a hard wood barrel stave with

a ten-inch post nailed to the inner side, well towards one end of the stave, with a board across the top of the post for a seat. That was all there was of it. No trick at all to build it, though it was sometimes troublesome to get a good stave. After a little use, and worn smooth, how "like the wind" they would go. It was quite a trick to keep one's balance and a really delicate trick to steer them, as one can readily see. In fact, there was not much steering done. The slightest overtouch to the crust or track for that purpose was sure to separate the boy from his jumper and to throw him rolling down the hill. The jumper worked the best when there was a great crust on the snow. Then we would go to a great hill in the field where there was freedom for the "sled" to go where it pleased. If there was a ridge in the side hill or a buried stone making a great jumping-off place, how into the air we would go as we went over these places, seldom lighting right side up on the jumper, when we struck the crust again. That was the trick we aimed to do. They were tottlish and uncertain, but speedy. The girls seldom tried them. I wonder do the boys ever use them now. I have not seen or heard of one in years.

Doing Chores—Riding Steers

I wonder if the boys today have to do chores in the morning, during the noon hour and after

school. Most of them did fifty years ago. And out of this we had lots of fun, stealing moments to ride the colts and even the steers. The latter was often more exciting than riding the colts as round the yard they would go. The danger of falling forward onto their horns I suppose intensified the interest. One day my brother, the boldest one of all the boys, did fall forward and was caught in his clothing by the horns of the steer, lying horizontally across the steer's face, blinding him, or nearly so. How the steer did run from yard to yard! A pack of boys had gone home with us to do the noon chores quickly, so we would have a little time for sport. They all followed the steer shouting and hollering, frightening the steer still more, and calling out to my brother to fall off. As if he could. He was scared nearly to death and crying like a good fellow. All we could do was to follow. No one dared to get in front of the steer, since he being blinded in a front view was quite liable to run over and trample us. Against the side of the barn the steer would go, head on, but, fortunately, the horns stood out well forward and protected the boy. Then the steer would turn and take another course and away he would go.

But he was getting tired. Presently the clothing on one horn gave out, and brother took a perpendicular position hanging by one horn, but, fortunately, with his head upright. After a little his clothing, which was caught by one horn and held his entire weight, gave way and he was

free. We ran to him and anxiously inquired after and looked him over. His clothing was in bad shape, but aside from many bruises he was not badly hurt. We finished the chores at once and went back to school, all but brother. Mother had to patch him up. We didn't ride steers any more. No one wanted to. After this we were content with colts. I wonder if the boys today ever ride steers.

Praying for a Rainy Sunday

When I was a boy, half a century ago, we lived a few miles from the village church. Mother dearly loved to go to church and father, as it seemed to us, didn't care whether he did or not, but went quite often to please mother. Her main object, I now think, was to get her two boys into the atmosphere of the church, that they might be softened a little and helped. She surely did not need any preaching herself. A more demure, quiet and deeply religious person did not live. Just the same, we boys did not like to go, especially in the summer time. We liked mother and it pained us to show our displeasure, but what could we do? We wanted to romp, be stirring, looking for something to interest and amuse ourselves. If we went, then we had to stay upwards of an hour longer in the Sunday school, and that we dreaded most of all. That was a tax indeed. I wonder if the farmer boys now drive

some miles to church and Sunday school, and whether they like to go?

Most every Saturday night, and I guess every one in the spring, summer and fall, my brother and I, on going to bed, would turn to a discussion of the weather on the morrow. Each would give and make the best points he could that it would rain or severely threaten to. That was just what we wanted, and our argument, like that of many older people, was simply the product of our wish. We often and many times really prayed that it would rain or, if God could not grant this, that He would make it look as if it surely were going to do so. And with this on our lips we would go off to sleep, the pure and sweet sleep of childhood, blessed rest. On awakening our first thought was to rush out of doors and take a look at the heavens. If bright and clear my brother would say: "God didn't hear you last night, I knew you were not talking loud enough." And I would reply, that He didn't hear him either. Feeling a little blue, we would proceed to the barnyard to our milking, and a little later, dressed up some, go to church.

Painting the Rooster

One Sunday morning I well remember. It did not rain, but it looked very much as if it might. Those were the ones we liked, especially if it cleared away after it was too late to go. It did



PAINTING THE ROOSTER



WASHING BOY'S FEET

this day and we began to grow restless to do something. Mother had to keep busy till ten or eleven to clear up her morning's work. Father would not disturb us we knew. He was as full of fun as we, and enjoyed it as much. Out in the yard my brother said:

"What can we do?"

"O," I replied, "I don't know. We must not make any noise for it is Sunday."

"I'll tell you," he said, after thinking a little, "what we can do. That big white rooster is boss of the red one and he has strutted around here and been boss long enough."

"What are you going to do about it; he is the best fighter and how can you help it?" inquired I.

"Well, I'll tell you," he replied, "I have a plan whereby the red rooster can be boss for awhile. It is too bad he has to go round alone all the time. No hen will go near him, and if one should, the white rooster gets mad about it and chases him away. He is a hog, that's what he is, and I would like to see the red one boss for a time."

"All right, I would too. It ain't fair, but how are you going to change it?" I inquired.

"We can do it easy enough."

"Well, how is it?"

"Get them to fighting."

"That can't be done. The red one is afraid of him."

“ Yes, it can.”

“ How? ”

“ We will catch the white one and then take that stick of red chalk in the shop and paint him red. The red rooster won't know him and will pitch into him for a fight.”

“ But he will get licked if he does.”

“ He is much larger than when the white one whipped him and may be he can whip him now. If we see he is going to get whipped I'll help the red one.”

“ How can you do that? ”

“ Why, I'll take the white one by the legs and let the red one peck him till he has got enough.”

The plan when fully presented seemed feasible. It would afford amusement any way. We both agreed that it was only a fair thing to do. Slowly, for it was Sunday, we started out to find the white rooster. Spying him at last back of the barn, we decided that the best way to catch him would be to drive him through a door which happened to be open into the barn. This we cautiously for some time tried to do, but he seemed determined not to go in and he didn't. We rushed him at last, but he dodged us with a great flutter. Then we decided that the only way was to run him down. Our legs were longer than his. We could tire him out if nothing more. Accordingly, after him we went and we kept it up for some time. Our greatest fear was that he would get into the front dooryard, when the

“jig would be up,” but we succeeded in heading him off every time. After a half-hour he was getting tired, and so were we. Father had just built the under pinning wall, six feet or more in height, for a hog barn. No building had as yet been put on. There was no opening in the wall except on the back side a doorway down to the ground. As luck would have it, the tired rooster went in this doorway and then we saw we had him. He was too tired to fly over even a six-foot wall. Reaching the door, I held it while my brother went in and captured him without much difficulty. Then I went and got the chalk. Returning, I plied it to his great white neck and his breast, but it slipped over it, leaving but very little stain. We were in a dilemma. But my brother was equal to it.

“Let me get him so he can’t get away, and then I will spit on him and the chalk will paint him all right.”

He did, and it went much better. He was fluttering all the time, but we soon got him pretty well painted. My brother was sitting on the edge of a trough facing the doorway. My back was to it. I was sitting on my feet. All at once the rooster seemed to make an extra struggle and away he went.

“What did you let him go for?” I asked.
“He is not done enough.”

There was no response, but there was a sad and solemn face, with head hanging low. I knew

something was up, though not a voice nor any noise had I heard. Rising, there stood mother in the doorway, with a sad and disconsolate face. She had the little book "bound in black" in her hand.

"My boys, my boys! Don't you know it is Sunday and that what you have been doing is wicked? Come and sit down with me. I want to talk with you."

We took a seat on the trough on either side with the near arm in her lap, and listened to her quiet, easy and earnest pleading to be good boys and not to be naughty. We thought it wasn't, that it was just play and fun, but she insisted that it was, done on Sunday. Then she read a chapter or two from the "little book bound in black," and explained it to us as she went along. It was good, of course, though I cannot recall the chapters or the teaching they expressed. I wish I could. I would read them again. We were then too full of spirit, life and, shall I say, mild deviltry, to have them impress us, saying nothing of restraining us. She remained with us a long time, quietly teaching and pleading, and until we began to get physically restless and uneasy to be moving and doing something. The great restraint on such spirits drives them mad, or at least, into recklessness. She plead with us to go in the house with her, but that to us was terrible. Then she begged of us not to play any more, to let the rooster alone. We finally prom-

ised we would not finish chalking the rooster, and she softly and slowly took her way into the house. After she had been gone some moments my brother had me boost him up that he might see over the wall and whether she had gone into the house. She was just entering as we did this.

We walked about the enclosure a little and then out into the open. Presently my brother asked:

“How red did we get him?”

“I don’t know, quite a good deal on the breast.”

“Do you think the red rooster will know him?”

“I hardly think he will.”

“If he doesn’t they will fight.”

“What is the wrong in going round to see if they have got together?”

“I don’t see as there is any.”

“Nor do I. If they are fighting, they are, our going don’t make them fight.”

Accordingly we strolled round the barn, slowly and as if on no errand, whistling and throwing sticks as we went, but there was no rooster there. On we went in the same way up and into the big yard, where sure enough he was. The red rooster not knowing him, had sailed in for a fight. They evidently had just begun and were going it with a vengeance.

We stood and watched them for a while and then got a stick to whittle, found a sunny place

where we could sit down with our backs against the barn. Settled in our seats, my brother said:

"This can't be wicked, to sit here in the sunshine and whittle and visit. If we hadn't come or should go away they would keep on fighting."

"I don't either. We are not making them fight. They were fighting when we came."

"Which do you think is going to win? The white one jumps the highest."

"He seems to be braver and pluckier, too."

"I wish the red one could beat."

"See him turn. He is going to quit."

"No, see, he has come back again."

"But he is cowardly about it."

"Well, he can't find any fault with us. We gave him a chance."

"There he goes, tail down, and the white one after him."

"He has given up. He won't turn again."

The white one was still boss and the red one continued to scratch and cluck, but no hen came to eat the grub he found.

Was that wicked for lads so full of life that they had to do something or go verily mad? Don't the boys now-a-days get up a fight with the neighbor's rooster, or watch a good fight between their own? Or have they become so good that when their own roosters get to fighting they go and stop them?

Chapped Feet

I wonder when the boys now lay aside their boots, or rather shoes, in the spring. Do they do it just as soon as they can stand the cold ground? We did fifty years ago, and I am sure as early as the fifteenth or twentieth of May, depending on the season. Is it not just fun to get your feet on the earth again? How the toes dig into the ground and help to run. How nimble of foot one feels, and how much faster one can run? How we hated boots. We shook them as soon as we possibly could, and didn't put them on in the fall till father or mother made us—till after there had been several frosts.

Do your feet get grimy with dirt, and don't those of some of you greatly chap and crack and even bleed? Ours did half a century ago, but still we would not put on boots. We preferred to go barefoot, even though we had sore feet. When the day's play and work are over and you have gone into the house preparatory for the night, does not mother call to you from the wash room? Don't you know what it means, and do you reply? Doesn't she call you a second and a third time? And then don't you hear father's strong and stern voice:

“ Boys, you go to your mother, and no more fuss.”

Then don't you start, twisting and half snarling, and doesn't father say:

“ Stop that, don't let me hear any more of it? ”

And when you reach the wash room are there not, according to the number of boys, one or two bowls on the floor, filled with warm water, and doesn't mother ask you to stand in them and let your feet soak for a time? When they have, doesn't she give you a chair to sit in, and doesn't she, out of her heart, after a day's hard toil, sit down on her feet, and, taking one foot at a time, begin to wash them, talking pleasantly the while? And when she applies some home made soap, don't you jerk and twitch your foot and half cry and talk naughty? Doesn't the sudden jerking of your foot often cause her to fall over? And does she not right herself and just as pleasantly proceed with the work, pleading with you to be quiet, that she is doing it for your good? And doesn't she get almost worn out with your naughtiness, especially when there are four such trials, four feet to wash? When they are finally washed and she puts on, if chapped, a solution of reduced vinegar, don't you fairly jump and dance and cry out, and then don't you hear father's stern voice:

“ Stop that. Let me hear another word and I will go out there? ”

When the vinegar has seared the wounds a little, does she not gently smear the foot with cream and softly rub it in? That is what they did long ago. Perhaps the mothers of today have pleasanter remedies, and perhaps the farm boys don't go barefoot. I don't know.

Think of the toil and sacrifice of a mother with three, or two, or even one boy, doing this every night all summer after a full day's labor. There were a few mothers years ago who did not do it, I remember, and their son's feet were verily black with dirt, but there were only a few of this class.

You boys of today, when you are older, as I am, will be ashamed of your naughtiness to mother, revere her memory and wish she could come back, that you could apologize and tell her how dearly you love her. Be good to her now, and then you will not have that to regret in after life. As you pass out of boyhood you will not again receive in this life such tireless care, such unselfish devotion, such a boundless love, limited only by her strength.

I make no apology for closing what I have here said with the beautiful poem by Whittier on *The Barefoot Boy*:

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy;
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

The Old Swimming Hole

I wonder if the boys go in swimming as much as they did years ago and have as much fun in doing it? Are there enough boys of you now to build a dam in the meadow brook? Years ago a lot of us would meet on an agreed upon evening at a certain point in the brook to build a dam. Each boy would agree to bring a board or plank for the purpose. Some would undress and get in the brook to hold stakes and planks in place, to press the sod thrown to them by the others in the proper places. Others would be scouring the fields for grass, stone and brush, anything to make it tight. What life and enthusiasm! As the water rises, doesn't it, all at once, sometimes break around the end of the dam in the soft bank and wash it away surprisingly fast? And doesn't it sometimes take your dam, too, when the end stakes give way? Don't you gather about, slap your legs and laugh, to see the rushing torrent? When the pond is all gone, doesn't it suddenly occur to you that it would be well to rush down the brook and save your plank? When you get back with them, don't you begin to think, to reason a little on the power of the water dammed, and to use some judgment in the selection of the next site? That is the first step in engineering. We often had to build several before we got one that would stand, and, I suppose, you do, if you are swimming boys.

How early, I wonder, do the boys of today be-

gin to go in swimming? Years ago we did in May, for I well remember a couplet my grandmother, who happened to be at home one evening as we were starting off for the swimming hole, repeated to us:

"Boys who go swimming in May,
Will soon lay in clay."

We impatiently waited to hear her as she requested, but as soon as said, we bounded off on the run, over the fences, across lots, disrobing as we neared the brook, that not a moment should be lost. Wasn't it sport as we swam, splashing the water, getting on to and sinking one another, throwing balls of mud against those who were quitting and on the bank to dress, making them come back in to wash, diving from the bank, and chasing one another up and down the stream. Glorious times, those.

Little Deviltries

There were a good many little deviltries at our home and in the neighborhood, I must admit in those distant years. I guess there were more than there are now. I like to think so, at any rate. Indeed, I do think that all the while we are growing more gentle, more kind and more loving. Our house, for some reason, seemed to be the gathering place for the boys of the neighborhood. When father and mother would drive away, we would lustily call to the boy in the next

house, and he to the next and so on. Pretty soon the road would be full of boys, on the run, to our place, where play, fun and some mischievousness would begin. Therefore, my brother and I should not be charged with it all, by any means. I cannot recall a hundredth part of the games and "deviltries" that were perpetrated, and it would not be worth while if I could, since they were the same as those done by other boys in those days, and probably more or less in these.

The first real deviltry that I recall was when my brother and I were four and five years past, respectively. Our father and mother had gone to Vermont and we were in the hands of Betsey Conner, the hired girl. Out in the road to play, my brother caught a frog. Holding it in his hands, he said to me: "If you will take the cover off the tea kettle, I will put the frog in the kettle and scare Betsey." It struck me as a fine proposition and I readily assented. Betsey was then preparing a meal. We slid into the kitchen, and as Betsey stepped out, I lifted the cover and he dropped in the frog. We had some square blocks in the corner of the room, with which we began to interest ourselves, that we might witness the developments a little later.

It was not long when Betsey rushed up to the tea kettle, with the tea pot in one hand, stooping over and taking hold of the tea kettle bail with the other, she tipped it up to fill the pot. As she did so she screamed out loudly, backed up a lit-

tle, sat down heavily on the floor, dropped her tea pot, and pulled the kettle off the stove on to the floor. We saw at once that we had overdone it, and that there was a "hot time" coming for us. We were so frightened that guilt plainly showed in our faces, and so plainly that Betsey got up and went at us without any ceremony. We had no trial of our guilt. She cuffed and spanked us most vigorously, and until there was a great mixture of blocks and lustily yelling boys. Whether the frog came clear out of the nose of the tea kettle or only stuck a leg out we never learned. We were too much disturbed to find out, and Betsey would not have told us had we inquired. We told father when he returned, what a whipping we had received, and instead of sympathy, came near getting another. Like many others, this piece of deviltry was never repeated.

Boy Inside a Barrel

I vividly recall the trick or game of rolling a barrel with a boy in it. Our yard was full of boys that day. Some one suggested the trick. A barrel was got, open at one end, and stood upright near us. The boys formed a circle and I repeated a sing-song jargon we always used to determine the one who should first do the trick. I am indebted to my sister, Alice, for the one we used. She alone has held it in her memory all these years. It was as follows: "*Onery, Lowery,*

Tickery, Tee, Hillibone, Crackabone, Temboree, Queever, Quaver, English Naver, Stringlum, Stranglum, Buck.” The boy on whom the word Buck fell was elected. The boys everywhere had, and I hear still have, a jargon similar to this, though hardly any two localities have the same.

The boy determined, it was all hustle and bustle to perform the act. The unfortunate chap happened to be my brother. He was laid across the open end of the barrel. Some one laid his hand across his hips and with great jollity cried out: “Double up,” and he dropped into the barrel. out of view, like a closed jack knife. Instantly the barrel was laid on its side, given a kick and away it went down a gentle decline, across the door yard and into the field, an entire distance of some ten rods or more. All the other boys on the run kept up with the barrel, and when it came slowly to a stop, eagerly peeked into it to see how brother enjoyed it. He was as limp as a rag, pale as a ghost, had nothing to say to the jeering boys outside, and the barrel was lined with his dinner. It didn’t look at all as if he had had a good time. It was very plain that he was sick. He made no move to get out, and so we pulled the barrel from him. He lay on the grass for a few minutes when, on getting fresh air, he sat up, soon stood up and then began telling us how fine and lovely it was, that it was the greatest ride he ever took. All seemed to doubt it, smeared as he was, and to think that his pretty talk was

to get one of us to try it. No one seemed inclined, all shook their heads and pretty soon took up some other game. That was another item of play that was never repeated.

Feeding Corn To Hens

One day some neighbor's boys were with us, when some one suggested making a hole through a few kernels of corn and tying the long hair of a horse's tail to them, and feeding them to the hens. No sooner was it suggested than the corn and hair were got, properly tied, thrown on the ground and some hens quietly driven to the spot. Spying the corn, they swallowed it suddenly. As soon as they had done so they began to sneeze and back up. We boys fell to laughing at a great rate, lay down on the grass and rolled and laughed at their antics. They kept up their struggles, scratching their throats with their toes, sneezing and coughing, till they got so tired they would sit down and tumble over, and then we would laugh some more. Getting tired of it after a while, we stepped on the horse hair and relieved them of their trouble.

It was not only naughty and wrong to do this, but actually cruel. I am almost ashamed to tell it, and would not were I not trying to tell a truthful story of boyhood life long ago. I hope it is better now, and that no such things are done.

Cutting Off Toes

When my brother and I were five and six, or six and seven past, I can not tell which, our playing was carried one morning to the extreme. Father had drawn some long, heavy logs into the door yard to be hewn for the building of a barn. They were up on low skids. It was Monday morning and father had just started for Canton as a juror. I began to run backward and forward on the front log to the house, when my brother appeared with an axe and began to chop, or probably I should say, chip, in about the middle of the log. He objected to my running on the log and insisted on my taking another, but I refused, saying it was my log, that I took it before he did. But he was obstinate, held his ground and kept pecking at the log. I got by him several times without much trouble, though he was threatening to cut my foot if I did not stop. On my last trip he called to me as I approached to stop, held the axe aloft and threatened to cut my foot if I went by. I thought I could pass before he could strike. Balancing myself on my right foot and holding the left up, watching him, ready to spring by when I thought the moment opportune, I made a spring, but his axe caught my left foot, just back of the toes, and nearly severed them. Then there was wailing and crying in dead earnest. This was play, different from anything we had ever had. There was great pain this time, and much blood.

Mother came rushing out, calm as ever, but heroic in the extreme. She had things moving at once. The hired man was sent for a doctor, my brother sent to get Judge Sanford, and soon many neighbors had gathered. When grandfather came and learned all the facts, he took it upon himself, in the absence of father, to whip brother soundly. I could hear him yell outside and didn't much care.

In an hour or so Dr. Sprague came. They put me in a high chair, with grandfather holding my shoulders. The hired man, a big burly fellow, held my left leg, while mother looked after the other, pouring out her pleading and sympathy all the while.

The doctor had a great bent needle of silver or silver plated, which he pushed up through the skin, near the edge of the wound. How it did raise up the skin before it would go through and how I did struggle and yell! It took them all to hold me, boy that I was. In the midst of it, for a change, the big hired man went over on his back on the floor, white as a sheet. Mother ran and soon returned with a dish of water, which she dashed into his face. At first I thought he was dead, but he soon began to revive. When he had, sufficiently, they resumed operations on me.

That was the saddest experience in my boyhood or in our neighborhood. Perhaps I should not here tell it, I don't know. I am giving boyhood life fifty years ago, and should I not tell its bad

side as well as its pleasant? Otherwise we cannot measure up the conduct of the boys of that day and this. We are growing better, though the spirit of deviltry is not yet eliminated from boyhood and will not be for ages to come. Why a healthy boy is so full of it, is more than I can comprehend. Up to a certain age they do not seem to sense what is cruel or wrong, and some of them, I am pained to say, seem destitute of all feeling, pity or sympathy. It is not so with little girls of the same age and why should it be with boys? It is comforting to think that it will not be ages hence, when the proclivities of our ancestors are more fully eliminated from our natures. I hope the farmer boys of today, have already reached a point, where they do not play so harshly, or do such cruel things as I have related herein.

The Dog and the Cows--Thistles in Pasture

I suppose there are thistles in the cow pasture still. Anything that is mean seems to thrive and live. Good things have to be cultivated and looked after with great care. It always seemed to me that this is wrong—that the law of nature should be just the reverse. But it is not, no doubt for some good purpose.

When late afternoon comes on I suppose the boys today still start out, whistling for the shepherd dog who comes bounding to you, jumping



BOY INSIDE BARREL



BOY AFTER COWS—THISTLES IN FEET

upon and often tumbling you over, so happy to take a trip that he can't contain himself. And don't you get up a little mad, and throw sticks and stones at him? And doesn't he run away drop his tail and look appealingly at you sidewise, saying, though your youthful mind does not catch it, "Don't be provoked at me. Don't throw stones. I like you, and I am so pleased to go with you that I wanted to tell you. I can't talk, and so I have to express myself by my actions." Don't you think that next to mother, you will find no more true and loyal friend than the dog? Did you ever read the couplet of Sir Walter Scott on the dog that went away on a tramp with his master who took suddenly sick back in the hills and laid down and died? The dog stayed by, nosed his face, watched him for a movement long and weary hours and nights, and died by him of starvation. John Fiske says it is the saddest and most pathetic ever penned.

"How long didst thou think his silence was slumber?"

"How oft didst thou start when the wind stirred his garments?"

In the last few years I have read of three similar cases, showing that the case of which Scott wrote was not an isolated one. So don't throw stones nor wantonly hurt the dog.

Though you stone him, as you start out, doesn't he follow or run ahead out of reach, then run playfully back to see if you are still cross? If he had been a boy and you had thrown stones at him he

would not have gone with you. He would have told you to go and get the cows alone.

Is there not now a main cow path from the barn yard well out into the fields, and then does it not take on many branches, all growing fainter till they are lost? Don't you follow the main one as far as it goes and then the largest branch, because of the smoother walking, and to keep free from the thistles? And when you come to a depression in the path filled with water after a rain do you not with your bare feet and bare legs nearly up to the knee, run through the water backwards and forwards making it splash and dirty, forgetting for a time your errand and when it comes to you, do you not run to make up lost time? And if you come to another puddle don't you forget all about your lost time and go through the same performance?

As you go listlessly along do you whistle and throw stones at the little yellow birds, ground birds and bobolinks sitting on the stakes of the fence? I hope you do not. I trust the boys are now better than when I was a boy. I regret to say we were doing it a great deal, but as I recall with pleasure we seldom ever hit one of them. It is a shame. They all gladden the field with song and make it cheerful.

When you reach the cows are you not hoping they will be in a bunch, and do you not always find them greatly spread out on the rear line? That seems to me the way I always found them.

When you get full sight of them, do you not begin to plan what is your best course to pursue to gather them into a bunch? You know the traits of each cow, which timid, which afraid of the dog, which dull and slow to start, and don't you plan accordingly? We did so fifty years ago. And don't you send the dog after the dull and slow ones? They don't much mind him, just turning as they move along, and shaking their heads at him just enough to keep him from biting their heels. As you yourself cut over to the right to start up a cow and when started, over to the left to start another, crying out all the while to them to move, the dog flying hither and thither, all animation, and wishing you would give him an order to go and bite their heels, don't you forget father's order not to set the dog on the cows, and do it every now and then? I did. And when running about the field, don't you now and then and pretty often get thistles in your feet, and don't they make you cross and cry betimes? Are they not so bad sometimes that you have to sit down, let the cows go for awhile, pull the injured foot as far up the other leg as possible, bend away over and make a long inspection for the object of your trouble? It was often the case when I was a boy. And if you are some little time at it, doesn't the dog come to you and kiss you as you sit there, and stay with you till it is over? And when you start off again, don't you sob a little and go prac-

tically on one foot for awhile? O, the thistles, how I hated them. But for them it would have been fun to take the dog and go after the cows. Perhaps the cows come to the barn now without the use of the boy and the dog. A feed of meal may bring them, or perhaps the boys now wear shoes. I hope so, if there are thistles.

Sore Toes--Stone Bruises

I wonder if the boys of today know anything about sore toes and stone bruises. They were common, years ago and the latter was a painful and most troublesome affair. The sore toes came almost entirely from stubbing them. If one got stubbed a little, that one was sure to get hit again and make it worse. A pack of boys could not take much of a run without at least one of them stubbing his toe, often compelling him to sit down and look it over and nurse it, the other boys going on, and, unlike the dog, leaving him to his fate. Sometimes it would be so bad he would go back home to his mother. In her there was always a friend. In most of cases he would soon get up and follow on, half limping and half jumping. When reaching the others, one of them, if he thought of it, might ask: "What was the matter? Stub your toe? Oh, that is nothing." Most every boy then had one or more toes bandaged, done up by his mother, all the while. A boy without a toe wound up was the exception.

And this reminds me of the story Mr. Lincoln used to tell. A stranger on the highway came to a boy who was in sore distress and inquired: "What is the matter?" and the boy replied: "O, I stumped my toe and it hurts too much to laugh and I am too big to cry." Many a boy was in that fix.

But the stone bruise was another thing altogether. That was usually on the heel, but sometimes on the ball of the foot. They seemed to be deep seated, down next to the bone, and very painful if pressed upon. It took them quite a time to show on the surface, but it did not take long to find out that you had one. If you made a misstep, or in any way pressed upon it while running or walking, you were pretty likely to sit down at once, pull up the foot and cry, "O, dear, O, dear," so painfully would it ache. And it would sting and pain for some time. On the heel was the preferable place to have them. Then one could hobble about pretty lively, using the ball of the foot, carrying the heel high up. If it was on the ball of the foot, the boy's walk, as you can plainly see, was a pretty awkward affair. They nearly always culminated in an open sore, but this soon got well. Mother was the only doctor.

I wonder if the boys have them now. I hope not. I have not heard of one in over forty years. If they do not go barefoot, then of course they do not. If I knew I should have one if I went barefoot, even though I were a boy again, I think I would wear shoes.

Woodchucks In the Wall

Do you have woodchucks still, and when you hear the dog barking for a time, do you run about to find out where he is, and when you spy him down in the meadow by the side of a stone wall, all animation, sticking his nose in the wall, then suddenly stepping back, wiggling his tail violently, and barking fiercely all the while, do you go on the run to him, well knowing what is in the wall? And does not the dog, as he sees or hears you coming, rush away to meet you and then back to the wall, repeating it till you reach the spot? And when you reach it, do you not half stoop with hands on your knees and move up and down the wall, and when you spy the woodchuck, do you not cry out: "There he is" and proceed to pry out the stone, no matter though it be a new wall, so that Sport can "at him?" Is not the dog fierce, and does he not get in your way, and do you not have to take him by the back of the neck and throw him over backwards, so that you can get at the stones that are in the way? And when you have secured a passage and let the dog in, doesn't he often get bitten on the nose half pulling the woodchuck out by the grip? Then doesn't Sport change his bark to a sharp "ki yi," turn about and rub his nose with both paws? Then don't you have to make a bigger hole in the wall before he will tackle him? When he gets him, doesn't he bite and shake him most

furiously? And are you not, as you watch him, proud of Sport? Do you patch up the wall or walk off and leave it? Do you know why you are proud of him or why you should be? I don't think you do, and I think it would be hard to explain, unless it be the animal that is in us. You and the dog have taken a life, and with about equal pleasure. Years ago we did the same, but I would not do it now. The softening influences of time, and a greater knowledge of the philosophy of life, have made me look differently, and more compassionately upon all such things. I now know not what moral right I had to take life wantonly, or even at all, except in defense or possibly for food.

Man's Work

I wonder at what age the boys of today are put to real work, not the plowing or the chopping of wood, but picking stones, piling wood, dragging, raking hay and milking. Years ago they were put at such work as early as ten years of age, and at fourteen, often put with the men hoeing and digging potatoes, cradling, binding grain, pitching hay and many other farm labors. I now think they were put at heavy labor at a too young age, and trust it is not now being done. Then it was claimed that it was good for the boys, that they grew under it, that it built bone and muscle and made them robust and strong.

On the contrary, in some cases, at least, I am now sure it stunted growth. There is not now the occasion for the pressing of boys into service that there was years ago, because of such great advance in farm tools and machinery, and I hope they are not worked as hard at a young age as formerly.

Wrestling

Years ago there could not be a barn or house raising, a logging bee, caucus or town meeting, without a "two ol' cat" game of ball, or wrestling contest, or both, among the men. Some of these, like the Davis boys of Stockholm, Augustus and Robert McEwen of Lawrence, Jonah and Rollin Sanford, and Rollin Bedee of Hopkinton, were men of great strength, and expert at wrestling. There was considerable excitement at all these contests, the people, as they always do, taking sides. A ring would be formed, the people intently watching the contest and taking part with their mouths, telling their pet as he would emerge from a terrific struggle: "Look out. Don't let him get that lock on you again. That is his favorite game. Don't you see he is playing for it all the time?"

Many of these contests did I witness as a boy, though, being a boy, I was not allowed to get to the inner circle of the ring. That was reserved for, or, at any rate, taken by the big, strong men.

Nearly all of the wrestling was what was called "collar and elbow," though some "side hold" and less "back hold" was done.

The lads would often gather by themselves and have a wrestling contest of their own. These were often quite as exciting and interesting as those of the grown men. I heard of several occasions when the men became so excited that they got to fighting, but I never happened to witness such a scene.

The games of today are scientific base ball, la crosse, hockey and basket ball, all harsh and dangerous except the latter, and only played in the cities and larger villages. The farmer boys must now find it difficult for amusements.

About every evening when the day's work was over, at every farm home where boys congregated, there would be wrestling of all kinds, and jumping in all ways, "pulling sticks," "turning broom handles," lifting heavy objects, till it became too dark to do so any longer. They were never too tired to indulge in these vigorous sports. Wrestling was even on the decline when I was a boy, and, by the time I had become full grown, say 1870, it had practically disappeared. I wonder if the boys of today indulge in wrestling at all. I have not heard of a wrestling contest in many years.

Straw Beds

After a day's work and these hard and long wrestling contests, we would go to our straw beds, with a rope corded bedstead, and sleep as only the tired and just can sleep. I wonder if the boys today sleep on a great bed of straw. We did in years ago. As I remember, the tick was filled about once every year. When first filled how "swelled up" and high they were. How we used to sink down into them. My brother, about as near my age as he could be without being a twin, and I, slept together for years. We had great sport in those big straw beds. In getting into them how noisy they were at first, till the straw got broken. And then, too, a big straw or coarse stalk would stick into us every now and then, making us open the tick and get it out.

If the boys today are using them let them be quite content. They are all right—and the "breeding" place of great men and women. More eminent men by a hundredfold slept on straw beds when boys than ever slept on hair mattresses. Simply try and get the latter when you are along in life, and lame, and stiff, and need them.

I wonder if the boys of today have great "pillow battles" after they go to bed. Of course they do not, unless there are two boys of about the same age who sleep together. There must be

at least two boys to have a good time at anything. We used to have pillow battles very often for some years. They would arise from all sorts of trivial causes, such as a warm discussion over having one or two comfortables over us, pulling the clothes out at the foot, taking the other's pillow, insisting on lying in the middle of the bed. These discussions would bring on a great scuffle and struggle on the bed, throwing it into a greatly mixed and dilapidated condition. One or both were sure to land on the floor, when a pillow would be grabbed by the open end and revolved till the twisted pillow case made a pretty firm ball of the pillow, when we would belabor one another terrifically over the head all through the chamber. After a time the chamber door would open and a stern voice would come up the stairway: "Boys, quit your fooling and go to bed. Do you hear me? If I hear any more noise I will go up there." Did we stop? Well, nearly so. Angered more or less, there were often a few more wallops, if either got a good opportunity, but seldom enough to bring father up to see us. Well we knew what that meant. Those pillow battles were great sport, since one could be so fierce and terrific, knocking one another over, and yet doing little or no harm.

Milking

How we used to hate to milk! I do believe that it was and is the greatest trial that comes to the farmer boy. It is so quiet and so prosaic to sit on a stool beside a cow and keep squeezing a teat, and when that cow is done, take your stool and go to another. I suppose you boys of today are put at it as we were, as soon as the grip of the hand becomes sufficient, say nine or ten years of age, beginning with the easy milking cows. Do not father and the men also at first tell you the easy ones and praise you? They did us. Do you know why? They don't like milking and so welcome any help, though it be the easy cows. But isn't it tedious and irksome to sit by a hot cow in the summer time for an hour or more when you want to play or go swimming, and especially during fly time? We used to milk entirely in the open yard. Now, I hear, the most of the farmers milk in a stable, even during the summer. In this you have one advantage over the boys of my time. The cows can't walk away and leave you sitting on the stool, nor do you have to follow them up as we did, carrying stool in one hand, pail in the other, approaching them gently when they came to a stop, saying softly: "So, boss; so, boss," and as we very gently took a seat have them walk off again. How out of patience we did sometimes get, following them up and pleading for them to stop! We couldn't whip them with



BOY MILKING



TEACHING CALVES TO DRINK

father in the yard, and for the further reason that if we did we could never get them to stand. So we had to smother our ill feeling, and that was a good deal for a boy to do.

But in the stable, they can, I suppose, switch their tails in the milker's face, as freely as in the yard. Perhaps the flies are not so bad in the stable. I don't know. When we got a good swipe in the face, how mad for a moment we would get! It hurts a boy that don't like to milk. I wonder if the boys now tie the tail to the cow's leg or put it under them on the stool and sit on it. We used to do so often, but never till driven to it by desperation, for the reason that when the cow wanted to strike some flies that were biting her and tried to use her tail and found she couldn't, she was quite liable to get nervous about it and walk off suddenly, making quite a mixture of milk, pail and boy.

Still, we got some fun milking out in the yard. All sorts of frolic were resorted to, to enliven the stillness and monotony of the yard. One would naturally think that while milking, men and boys could talk all the while, visit and tell stories, since they are only using the grip of the hand, but for some psychological reason, a milking yard is usually about as silent as a graveyard. I know no reason for it unless all are intent on their work to get through with it as soon as possible. To infuse a little fun into its dullness we resorted to all kinds of antics whenever we safely could.

If a hen came strolling by she was pretty sure to get a stream of the milk in her eye. How she would run and shake herself! Oftentimes it would make us laugh so hard we would fall off our stool and lose our cow. If no hen came along and we had an opportunity we would shoot a stream against the side of a cow opposite, being milked, to cause her to walk off and leave the milker wondering why she did so. At other times we would shoot a stream high up, that it might fall in a milk mist on a milker on the other side of a cow. Another trick was to milk into a fellow milker's pocket when we could. We had to do something to relieve the stillness and monotony.

To encourage us and to get us to milk with better grace, I remember father, on going to Vermont for a visit, told us he would give us a cent for each cow we milked in the morning, and a half-cent for each one at night, while he was gone. It was in the fall and the mornings at daybreak were mighty frosty. We were much elated, however, and asked the hired men to call us in the morning. They did so, but had to shake us rather violently to rouse us. We sat up, rubbed our eyes, and finally told the men we would come right along. When they had gone on, my brother said: "It is worth more than a cent a cow to get up at this time." "Yes, I think it is too," I replied, "but father has gone and we can't get any more." "Say," he retorted, "let us milk

more cows at night and let the mornings go.”
“No, I am going to try it this morning, anyway.” “Well, if you do I will.”

Accordingly we dressed and proceeded to the yard, rather dark, chilly and frosty. The cows were all lying down. We got them up very gently, so that they would not move away from the warm places their bodies had made. We earned six or seven cents each that morning and entered it in a book, with date, as father had directed. To see that much to our credit greatly pleased us, and we resolved that we would keep it up, but when the next morning came it was just as hard to rise, or a little harder. The novelty was gone. We knew what it was out in the yard. Brother said it was worth two cents, and I agreed with him. We dropped back on the pillows and were asleep. The men kept on calling us for a time, but we insisted it was worth two cents and stayed in bed. On father's return our bill was all evenings except the first morning.

They are now perfecting a milking machine, and I sincerely trust, for the ease and comfort of the farmer, and especially the farmer boys, that it will soon be an accomplished fact. Milking has become the hardest trial of the farmer, because of the want of boys and the scarcity of farm help.

Churning

Another task even more irksome and tiresome than milking was churning. It was worse than turning the grindstone, since in that case we had company, the man grinding the axe or scythe, and could talk more or less to relieve the situation. In churning it was just the boy and the churn and the churn couldn't talk. It was simply turn and turn, round and round. These churnings came every other day with us all the summer long, but less often through the fall. At first, when young and rather light for the work, my brother and I were both put on the job that we might "spell" one another. Later, when stronger, we alternated at the task. When working together we often had rather spirited confabs as to the time each had turned, and finally worked by the clock, five minutes each. Then warm differences would arise as to the speed each worked, the revolutions made in the five minutes. I thought I made more than my brother and so counted them, and called on him to make as many if it took him more than five minutes. He agreed, made the old churn hum, and at the end of three or four minutes said he had matched my "turns" and quit. Fearing he would count fast, I had counted them the best I could, and did not make as many as he, but he was stubborn and would not work any longer. After much bickering and some feeling we gave this

up and fell back on the five-minute period. When he would "soldier" I did also, and it sometimes took a long time to churn, but we did not do much of this when father was near by.

How often we would raise the lid and take a look at the cream for a sign that it was "coming." At this we became quite expert, though we were sometimes greatly fooled. There were times when it surely looked as if it would soon turn into butter, but it would not, and then in desperation how we did make the old churn hum. We got about every churn that came on the market, hoping to get one that would churn quickly, but we never did, that is, one that would churn quickly, every time. Sometimes we could churn in fifteen minutes, and at other times, doing our best, it would take two hours, and we never learned the reason, why the difference in time.

The boys of today escape all this, since the milk is all taken to the butter factory, a very fortunate thing for them. Churning was churning, sure enough.

Teaching Calves To Drink

I suppose the boys today have more of the work of teaching calves to drink than did we of half a century ago, since now I hear nearly all the bossie calves are raised to the age of a few months, when most of them are sold to drovers and shipped to market. Don't some of them act

mean and stubborn, and make you cross, and do you not now and then forget yourself and cuff them? They did to us boys fifty years ago, and probably they are just the same today. They do not improve as boys should, for they don't go to school. Do not some of them learn easily by just half sitting in front of them with the pail of milk between your knees, sucking your fingers and following your hand to the milk? Don't others refuse to follow your receding hand, or, if they do not, don't they let go as soon as the hand reaches the milk? Do you not repeat the operation till you get vexed and all out of patience? We used to. Then don't you put the pail half over their heads and try to force their noses into the milk, and don't you spill half or all of it over the calf and on the floor and then have to go and get some more? That was the way it was with us.

In my time only the boys did this work. It was too humble for grown men, and, besides, they did not have the patience required. On getting your new pail of milk do you not back the calf into a corner, then straddle his neck, set the pail in front, give him your left fingers to suck, put your right hand on the top of his head, gently lower the left hand, and when it reaches the milk, slowly remove the fingers from his mouth, and if he undertakes to raise his head, do your best to hold, and keep it there in the pail? That was the only way we could break a stubborn one to drink. By this course don't you have to try

many times, and is there not often a mixture of struggling calf, overturned boy and milk pail? There used to be years ago. Perhaps the boys to-day have an easier and better way.

Killing Calves

And now I come to what was to me the saddest and most painful thing in all my experience as a farmer boy. It pains me even yet to think of it. It did not any other boy that I knew of, and I often wondered why I should be so "chicken" hearted. And it has grown on me ever since. I am now more "chicken" hearted than I was then. In my boyhood time all the calves, except a half-dozen or so, had to be killed, and we had a large number. The boys of today escape nearly all of this, since nearly or quite all the calves are grown a few months and sold. I hope you are glad of it, for it is not or should not be a pleasant job for a boy of tender years to do. I do not just remember, but I am sure my brother and I were put at this work when nine or ten years of age. As I now feel that was all wrong. No boy under eighteen or twenty years should be called upon to do it. It has a tendency to make him hard and cruel of heart. The grown men, whose natures are formed, should do all such work.

My brother did not look upon it as I did, and it was exceedingly fortunate for me that he did

not. Had he viewed it as I did, I can hardly imagine what would have been the result. We would have been in a sorry predicament. As the first task fell to us, on reaching the barn, we found the bossie lying down and asleep with his head turned upon his side. My brother tapped him with his foot, and he got up and stretched himself, verily like a sleepy boy, extending one of his hind legs as far back as he could reach and then trustingly and confidently approached us to lick our hands. His coat was sleek, and his big, brown eyes trustful and confiding. Slowly he came to us, thinking we little boys would do him no harm, whereas we were there to kill him. He was so trustful and so handsome, with those warm and kindly eyes looking into my own I was all undone and could hardly speak.

“ Well,” broke in my brother, “ which are you going to do, knock him down or stick him? ”

Whimpering a little, I replied that I could not do either.

“ You have got to do one or the other. I’m not going to do both.”

“ I can’t do it.”

“ You can take your choice.”

I pondered as fast as my little brain would work. I knew instinctively that there was no use in going to the house to consult father. I was the older and he would order me to do it. At once I reasoned in this wise, and how happy I was when the thought came to me. It was this,

to wit: When the calf is knocked down he will be senseless and won't feel the sticking.

Waiting a little, my brother again asked: "Which are you going to do?"

"Can I have my choice for all we shall have to kill?"

"Yes, I don't care which I do."

"Well, then, I will stick them."

Accordingly he did his part and I mine, but well I remember what a task it was. The throat skin was so tough, and I so weak, I feared he would "come to" before I could get it done. And thus we did this work for several years. He kept his agreement, though I was fearing all the while that he would not. His part was far more agreeable to one who could do it, and, I guess, that helped him to keep it.

But a day came, just as I feared, when he bolted and canceled the old agreement. There were two calves to kill and father told us to go out and do it. On reaching the barn my brother said to me:

"I've got through, you can take your choice of calves."

I plead and begged of him to knock mine down, offered to stick both, but there was no use. He was both stubborn and obdurate. Nothing I could say seemed to have any effect upon him. Getting desperate, I told him I would give him the first quarter of a dollar that I obtained if he would do it. Mind you, that was quite a sum

in those days, but so set was he that it had no effect on him.

Utterly failing, and half crying, I started for the house.

“Where are you going?” cried he.

“To the house to see father,” I replied.

“That won’t do you any good. Come back here and select your calf. I want to get to work on mine.”

That seemed to be only fair and I did so, selecting for myself one asleep, partly under a sloping manger. Then I started for the house again, when he called out:

“What are you going to do with father? He will call you a big baby, and you are. Come back here and kill your calf like a man.”

But I heeded him not. Reaching the house, I found father at his desk reading his paper, when he, noticing my discomfiture, inquired:

“What is the matter?”

“Won’t you come out and knock my calf down for me?” I inquired.

“No; can’t you do it?”

“I can’t do it. I have begged my brother to do it, offered to give him a quarter, but he will not do it for me.”

“Can’t you knock a calf down?”

“No, I can’t, and never did.”

“Never did! How has it been done?”

“My brother has always done it, and I have stuck them.”

" Well, if you can stick them, I guess you can knock them down."

" No, I can't."

" Why can't you? "

" Because, when they are senseless, it don't hurt them and I can then stick them."

" What is your brother doing? "

" He gave me my choice of calves and I suppose he is killing his? "

" Well, if I am not ashamed of you. Here you are a great big boy, never knocked a calf down, and can't do it. You are a great boy. You ought to have been born a girl. Now you can take your choice. Go out there and kill that calf or I will put girl's clothes and a bonnet on you tomorrow."

This nearly killed me. The idea of wearing girl's clothes! What would the boys think of me? Wouldn't I look queer in them? If anything could nerve me, that would, and it did a little. I went back to the barn with a little stouter heart than I left it.

" What did father say to you? Did he not call you a baby? " my brother inquired.

" No, he didn't. He told me to go back and kill the calf."

" I knew he would."

I got the hammer, crawled into the manger from the front so as not to disturb bossie, peeked over, and there he lay, still asleep, and innocent of his fate. How glad I was. I feared all the

time that I was gone to the house that my brother would go and wake him up. Why he did not I could never see. He was intent on annoying me and even driving me to distraction. Such an opportunity never escaped him before. Had he done so, I should have been in a dilemma indeed. With the calf up, and coming to me with those warm, kindly eyes, I doubt if my horror of girl's clothes and bonnet could have driven me to strike him. Being down, eyes closed and asleep, I reasoned that I could hit him, and he would never know it, pass from sleep to death without conscious hurt or pain.

Accordingly, I got my hammer to swinging in the proper direction, when, turning my eyes away, struck with all my might. I had done it. There was the usual spasm of struggle, but the blow had done its work.

That was my experience in this line, and it was a most painful one to me. My brother, boy like, told all the other boys and they nagged and chided me for some time. I presume that some boys, and nearly all men who read these lines, will say: "He must have been a tender, chicken-hearted boy indeed. I don't wonder that his father threatened to put girl's clothes on him, and he ought to have done it."

Be that as it may, after many passing years I have still the same sensitive feeling against taking life. Indeed, it is even more acute than when I was a boy. Until I was sixteen or so I was,

like nearly all boys, fairly crazy to get a gun and go hunting crows, woodchucks, squirrels, part-ridges, etc.

Shooting Squirrels

On my last trip of this kind I entered a piece of woods into which extended a rail fence for some distance. Sitting down and listening in the stillness for the noise of game, I presently heard two red squirrels on the fence. I could see them. They were chasing one another down the stakes, along the rails, jumping from one to another, chirping all the while, and having the time of their lives. Perhaps they were brothers, perhaps mates. I don't know, and it doesn't matter. They were friends at least and enjoying life immensely.

With murder in my heart, I crept slyly and quickly to the fence unobserved. They were still as lively at their play as ever, and too busy to stop to be shot. I had a rifle shooting a single ball. The thought came to me that to kill both with a single shot would be a great accomplishment. Accordingly, I waited for some time for them to get in line. They finally did and I fired. I ran to the spot. One was dead and the other horribly mangled. Out of pity I killed him with a club. Suddenly, as I stood there, strange thoughts flitted through my mind—thoughts that had never entered my boy head or troubled me

before. "What have I done," thought I. "Isn't that a great piece of work? They were supremely happy—happy as ever two children were. Living out here in the woods, gathering their own food, disturbing no one. Was not life as sweet to them as to me? Was it not given to them by the same agency that gave me mine? What moral right had I to rob them of theirs?"

That was the mood into which I fell, and those are some of the thoughts that came to me, and they have been coming ever since. I shouldered my gun, quit my hunting, and returned to the house. I have shot nothing since.

And this is my story of farmer boy life half a century ago. There are many, many incidents that have been omitted, though I trust I have given sufficient to give my readers a fair idea of the trials, tribulations, sports and royal happiness of the farmer boy of long ago.

Trusts and Combinations

HE question of the near future is trusts, combines and great aggregations of wealth. As they shall be settled, in my humble judgment, lies the prosperity and even perpetuity of our free institutions. If they are to be allowed free reign, unlimited sway and with this, of course, unlimited power, so great is the selfishness of man (or should I say rapacity), that I see no escape for this now free republic becoming a plutocracy or some form of a monarchy. Wealth is power. Great wealth, a combine of mighty capitalists, has the force, potency and power of a mighty and well generated army. Great wealth is the mightiest master of the universe today.

The plain intent of a trust, though they always deny it, is to curtail output and in one way or another command the market. Within a few days I read that the great iron and steel trust collapsed and that steel rails dropped from \$23 per ton to some \$15 per ton. Where are the little blast furnaces and iron mills that used to be in operation all over the country? All the little mills, so far as we know, have disappeared.

The great flour mills of the west, fifteen hundred miles distant, are able by their volume of business, by the freight rates they are able to obtain, by the influence which their vast wealth and power command in a thousand ways, to place a sack of flour at the farmer's door, even in our inland towns, cheaper than the local mills can grind it. In consequence the little grist mills all over the country, which only a few years ago did a thriving business, are now either idle or doing only an existing business. The shrinkage in value of the country grist mills alone in the past years, because of the mighty mills of the west, is many hundreds of millions. We do not know, but venture the assertion that the people of St. Lawrence county pay Minneapolis, Chicago and other places annually for flour and feed at least a million of money. This is all wrong. The people of this county should raise all the wheat they consume, and especially all the coarse grain for stock feeding. That community is in the best circumstances which comes the nearest to raising its food supply for man and beast, and pays out the least money to distant parts.

Then, too, what has become of the village shoe maker, the wheelright, the tailor, dye house, etc.?

In the march of the race they have practically all disappeared from among the people, been taken up by great companies, trusts and corporations, using vast means, employing the most improved machinery and thus crushing out all local

mills, shops and individual work. Single factories in the east can alone make all the boots and shoes which the people of one of our most prosperous states require. Against a machine that can do the work of twenty or thirty men what can the poor cobbler do? No one will buy of him and keep the money at home if they can buy of the dealer for less money. We have not sufficient neighborly unselfish interest to do that. No, we are all so selfish that we all buy where we can buy the cheapest, heedless and thoughtless of where the money may go.

Our clothing, woolen and cotton, is nearly all made in distant parts and comes to us ready to put on. We pay for it and the salesman, less a small commission, remits the sum by check to some great factory and we have just that much less cash. What of it, say some? Have we all not a right to buy where we can buy the cheapest? In the abstract, yes, but if we are looking to the good of the neighborhood, no.

The tendency of the times, through invention, machines that verily breathe and speak, quick express, low postage, and more than all, great aggregations of wealth, is to make all rural communities mere dependencies, hewers of wood and drawers of water. This is the struggle that confronts the great mass of our people. Wealth has triumphed in England, France, Germany and in all the older governments. The rural classes in all these are poor and wretched.

To tell us that the great law operating on and controlling all animal life, including man, is the survival of the fittest, that the strong shall feed on, or control the weak may be true, but it is not very comforting or assuring.

In the last few years a new element has entered the struggle. Our country being so vast and so rich in all that tend to make a prosperous people, it has been found that single factories and industries, operating alone, could not control the market, and so of late years great capitalists have been combining, buying weaker plants, shutting their doors, thus limiting the output, etc. As it is now, almost all we eat, use or wear is in the hands of some sort of a trust combine or monopoly. How far it will be carried or where it will end, God only knows. We read in the papers that the coal combine alone took last year over forty million more for coal than the years previous. Who paid it? The consumers, of course. This village's share of this must have been several thousand dollars, and yet no one gave it a thought. So we read that it is with sugar, oil, coffee, tobacco, biscuits and a thousand other articles. These great trusts must, by the government, state or national, be controlled or held within bounds, else the people will at no distant day be in bondage. Is not the prime office of government to secure equal and just rights to all?

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